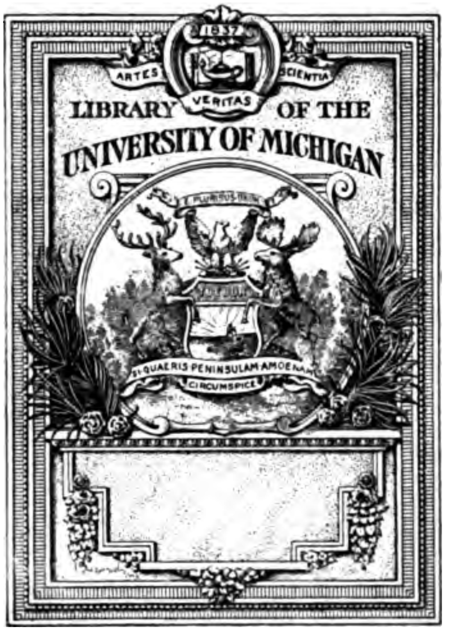

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THE BOOKMAN

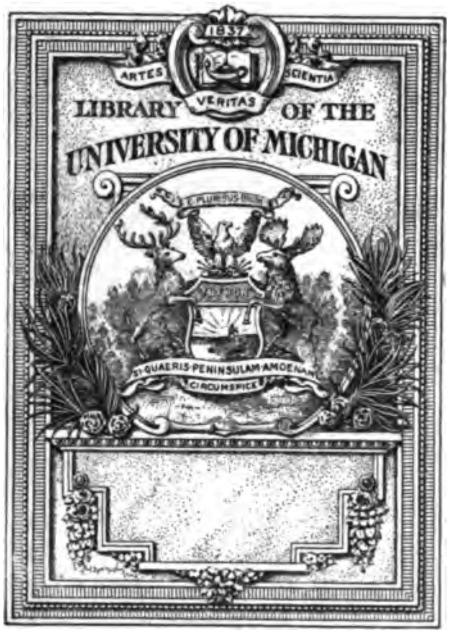
AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

VOLUME XXVIII

SEPTEMBER, 1908—FEBRUARY, 1909

"*I am a Bookman.*"—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
FIFTH AVENUE AND 35TH STREET


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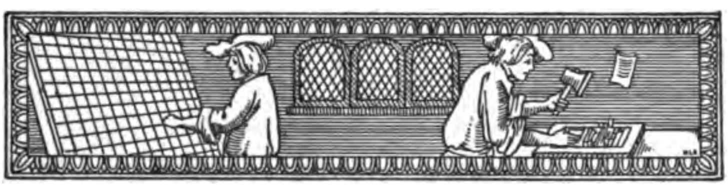
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THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

SEPTEMBER, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The New Theatre

Appointments to the executive staff of the New Theatre of New York and the general lines of its policy were announced on July 29th. The staff is to consist of Winthrop Ames, director; Lee Shubert, business manager, and John Corbin, literary manager. Both Mr. Ames and Mr. Corbin are graduates of Harvard, where they made a special study of dramatic literature. Mr. Ames has spent several years in studying the stage in America and Europe and was for four years in charge of the Castle Square Stock Company theatre in Boston. Mr. Corbin continued his studies of the English drama at Oxford and has been successively dramatic critic on *Harper's Weekly*, the New York *Times* and the New York *Sun*. Besides dramatic criticism he has written extensively on a great variety of subjects and contributed to many periodicals, and his published volumes include *Schoolboy Life in England, An American at Oxford, Which College for the Boy* and several novels. It is scant praise to say merely that he is among the best of our stage commentators. He is singularly free from the vices of that rather forlorn little body of men, avoiding cant on the one hand and flippancy on the other. He is not as sceptical as many about our native dramatic possibilities, and no one would be likely to take this new venture more seriously. Mr. Shubert is a successful and well-known New York theatrical manager. As to the policy, the founders say the New Theatre will not be given over to musical comedies and spectacles, but will produce mainly the "classics"; that its "primary object, as becomes an American institution, will be to foster and exploit American playwriting; and productions will be given each season to as many good original plays by American authors as it can secure." They deny that "it is intended primarily for the amusement of a small social set, or that its plays are to be mainly 'advanced,' 'faddish,' and 'literary.'" They say, in conclusion:

> It is too early as yet to announce the actors to be engaged for the New Theatre. There will be "stars" and stars of the first magnitude in its company, but the theatre is not to be conducted on a "star" basis. No performer will be allowed to overshadow the others to a greater extent than is warranted by the personal ability and the scope of the part assigned. It is hoped to secure a company every member of which shall be an artist in his or her line, and by proper direction to build up a working organisation by which every part in a play may be competently acted with the aim of giving that play, as a play, its fullest artistic effect.
>
> The financial scheme adopted by the founders is as follows: A low annual rental is set upon the land and building, and this the theatre will be required to earn in addition to its running expenses. But it will pay no profit. If funds accrue they are to be devoted to the general development of the enterprise.

This seems moderate and sensible and indicates that the men behind the enterprise have learned much from past fail-



JOHN CORBIN

WINTHROP AMES LEE SHUBERT

THE EXECUTIVE STAFF OF THE NEW THEATRE

ures. Of course it does not yet appear how certain obvious difficulties are to be overcome, but in the choice of staff and in the absence of high pretensions in its statement of aims it differs widely from the short-lived schemes which have made playgoers distrust the success of such attempts. There will be especial interest in the results of its efforts to "foster and exploit American play-writing." It is often charged that under present conditions a new playwright of any merit must submit his work, if he is lucky enough to get a hearing, to a few persons of the tradesman class, ignorant of the drama, more or less illiterate, unsympathetic with any artistic purpose, and self-complacently assured that they are experts in popular demand. The grounds on which new plays are accepted or rejected are by all accounts as trivial and stupid as one would expect from the class of persons with whom the decision rests. Such is the moral of a great many little stories that are floating about, and after allowing for the exaggerations of disappointed playwrights, there still remains a pretty strong conviction that if a play in any wise remarkable should be written, it could not under present conditions reach the stage. An American playgoer may be pardoned for not taking very seriously the damage done by this system hitherto. To be sure better plays have been excluded than those presented, but there is no sign that they were enough better to call for any lamentations over wasted talent. One may even be pardoned a profound incredulity as to the ability of his fellow-countrymen to write good plays. But as matters stand the doors seem to be closed in advance even to very moderate ability, and the New Theatre at least offers a chance.

❧

John Trevena

We have had occasion in these pages to speak in high terms of the work of the man who writes under the pseudonym John Trevena. In the preface to *Furze the Cruel* this writer said:

Almost everywhere on Dartmoor are Furze, Heather and Granite. The Furze seems to suggest Cruelty, the Heather Endurance, and the Granite Strength. The Furze is destroyed by fire, but grows again; the Heather is torn by winds, but blossoms again; the Granite is worn away imperceptibly by the rain. This work is the first of a proposed trilogy, which the author hopes to continue and complete with *Heather* and *Granite*.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS
John Trevena, author of *Furze the Cruel*

Heather, the second book of the trilogy, is to be published in this country some time this autumn.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Frederic S. Isham in the valley of the Ming tombs

John Trevena is a bachelor, not yet forty years of age. He passes a very secluded country existence, leaving Dartmoor not more than two or three weeks during the year. Physically he is far from strong, and is thus completely barred from the life of the town. The English critics have spoken of his knowledge of Dartmoor as being unique. He has lived on the moor for years, mixing with the commoners, studying them closely, and talking to them in their own dialect. The incidents which he uses in his stories are invariably actual ones. His first book, *A Pixy in Petticoats,* raised a storm in the village of its origin; the life of the author was threatened, and he was obliged to fly in rather an undignified fashion to another place. Last September, while walking on the moor, a rifle bullet whistled past his head, and he never learned who fired it. When working he often retires to a lonely little cottage on the top of a hill with a fine view of the Tors. There he lives absolutely alone with his dogs, doing his own cooking and housework for months together. Often he does not speak to any one for over a week. He seems to be a source of some terror to the nearest village, as the people, who are still superstitious, regard him as a magician practising his black arts in the solitude. This impression is no doubt heightened by his habit of talking aloud when he walks, and by his very unconventional style of dress.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Warwick Deeping, the author of *Bertrand of Brittany*, and Mrs. Deeping

Jack London at Sea

While the socialists are gloating over the grewsome picture of the impending social struggle that Jack London painted in *The Iron Heel,* and the powers that be are fixing his status once for all in the class of undesirable citizens, the irresponsible London himself appears to be taking matters very calmly. The photograph that we present herewith does not indicate that he is spending his days in brooding over the coming cataclysm. On the contrary, he looks remarkably well fed, happy and contented—for a socialist. But there are socialists and socialists. Mr. London is encountering some queer experiences in his cruise among the South Sea Islands. Not long ago he met at Papeete Mr. Russell McCoy, the Chief Magistrate of the curious communistic colony on Pitcairn Island, and received and accepted an invitation to visit at Pitcairn on his return to that side of the world in 1914. It will be recalled that the Pitcairn Island community is made up of the descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*. The Pitcairn Islanders are a remarkably self-sufficient body, and their intercourse with the rest of the world is of the scantiest. They discourage visitors as a rule, and inasmuch as there is no means of landing on the island save by small boats managed by the amphibious islanders, their discouragement is usually effective. It would be rather easier to "break into" the society of Fifth Avenue and Newport than to intrude upon the exclusiveness of Pitcairn, and so Mr. London may well look upon his invitation in the light of a social conquest.

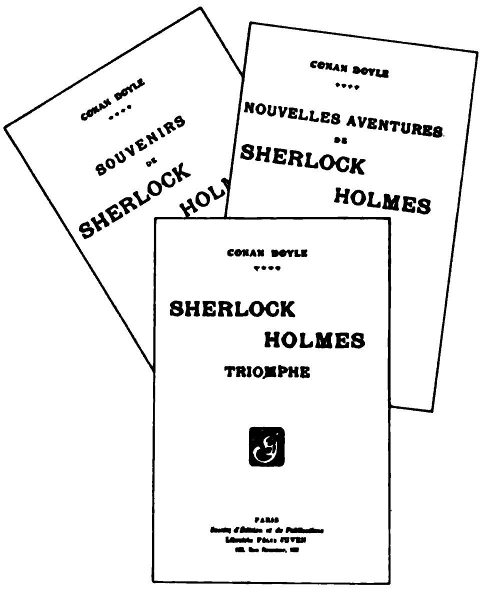


UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Jack London and Mrs. London on board the *Snark* in Apia harbour

French "Sherlockitis"

We wonder whether the new series of Sherlock Holmes stories which is just beginning in *Collier's Weekly* has not been in a measure inspired by the very remarkable triumph which our old friend has been enjoying in France during the past twelve months. Theoretically, at least—that is to say in the eyes of his professional colleague, M. Dubugue of the Paris



SOME FRENCH SHERLOCK HOLMES COVERS

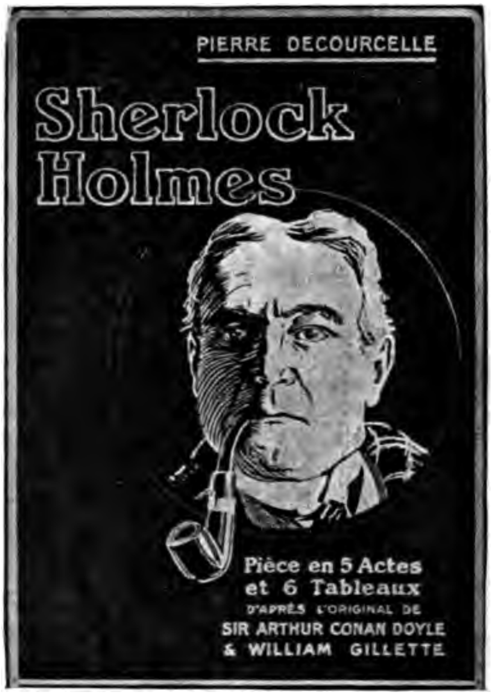
Police Secret—Sherlock Holmes has been for years a great personage, and a man worthy of monumental admiration. Practically, however, his French fame has been entirely a matter of recent months. But if the French were characteristically late in discovering him they have shown a characteristic enthusiasm that quite makes up for the long neglect. Paris has what may be described as a bad case of "Sherlockitis." Every other boulevard *flaneur* considers himself a Sherlock Holmes and goes about applying the science of deduction to the little problems of his daily life. Holmes's popularity is by no means pleasing to the Paris police. Whenever a crime is committed the average Parisian informs his neighbour that Sherlock Holmes would have found the culprit in half a day, and draws comparisons that are uncomplimentary to the French service. In connection with two recent sensational murders the Paris newspapers have been giving their versions of how these crimes were committed in the form of imaginary interviews with Sherlock Holmes. A short time ago a servant stole from his employers a box containing jewels to the value of two thousand francs. He concealed the booty in a hole in the ground in the Bois de Boulogne. When confession was wrung from him he declared that he had been so impressed by the cleverness of Holmes and the cunning of Moriarty as a criminal that he wished to imitate them and commit theft in a scientific and artistic manner.

We have been reading recently with fresh enjoyment the Sherlock Holmes stories in their French garb. Through half a dozen volumes we followed the old tales, "L'Association des Hommes Roux" (The Red Headed League), "Le Commis d'agent de Change" (The Stock Broker's Clerk), "Le Document Volé" (The Naval Treaty), "Pierre le Noir" (Black Peter), "L'homme à la Lêvre retroussée" (The Man with the Twisted Lip), "Le Visage Jaune" (The Yellow Face), "L'Entrepreneur de Norwood" (The Norwood Builder) and the rest. There was one title, however, which momentarily puzzled us. What could be "Le Champion qui Manque"? As we turned over the pages it soon became evident that this was no other than The Adventure of the Missing Three Quarter.

The real French triumph of Sherlock Holmes has been his theatrical triumph. For almost a year, on the stage of the Theatre Antoine, M. Gemier has been giving a very striking interpretation of the rôle first played by Mr. William Gillette. It is a somewhat Gallicised Sherlock Holmes that he presents, but still unquestionably Sherlock Holmes. There too may be seen nightly a very creditable Moriarty, and an appropriately phlegmatic "Vatson." While the French

version of the play, which is by M. Pierre de Courcelle, follows very closely the lines of the play by Mr. Gillette, some curious liberties have been taken with the names of the characters. Larrabee becomes Orlebarre. Sidney Prince, the little safe cracker, bears the impressive appellation of John Alfred Napoleon Bribb. The heroine in the English version Alice Faulkner, in the French play is Alice Brent.

The only radical departure from the Gillette play made by M. de Courcelle is in the last act. Previous to that the action follows the familiar lines—the home of the Larrabees and the visit of Sherlock Holmes, Moriarty's headquarters, Sherlock Holmes's rooms in Upper Baker Street and the interview between the detective and Moriarty, the Gas Chamber of Upper Swandam Lane (in the French play called La Chambre de Sommeil) and the escape of Holmes and the heroine, and finally, the scene in Dr. Watson's study. Here, however, it is Bribb and not Moriarty who is handcuffed while disguised as a cabman, and M. de Courcelle accounts for the arch villain in an added act. For this act the playwright has taken "The Adventure of the Empty House," the first story of *The Return of Sherlock Holmes*. The stage is divided into three parts; in the centre the street, on the left the room occupied by Sherlock Holmes, and on the right a room in the Empty House. In the dim light of a lamp the figure of Sherlock Holmes is seen in an easy chair facing the window, asleep. Into the room of the Empty House slink Moriarty and one of his men, bent on the detective's destruction. Moriarty's air gun is carefully aimed. "Adieu! Sherlock Holmes!" he says; there is a sharp click, and the recumbent figure in the chair tumbles to the floor. But Moriarty's moment of triumph is brief. Close to his ear there rings out a well-known voice, and from a side door there springs in Sherlock Holmes, followed by the emissaries of the law. The supposed Sherlock Holmes was merely a dummy.



A SHERLOCK HOLMES POSTER IN PARIS

Showing M. Gemier in the rôle played in America and England by Mr. Gillette



A CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT FOR A FRENCH NOVEL

This drawing is being used by the *Monde Illustré* to advertise Maurice Level's novel, *L'Épouvante*, said to be the most agonising story of the century

A Characteristic

The saying of undisputed things in an exceedingly solemn way is a common editorial failing and we do not profess to be any better than our neighbours, but now and then we read a leading article which sets us to wondering whether we really can be quite so bad as that. Here is one, for example, in the Chicago *Dial* on the proper books for summer reading and the proper kind of summer plays.

Juiceless reading is what no one wants in summer, however strange the tastes that may have been acquired at and for other seasons of the year. But because the reading suitable for summer excludes whole categories of books, there is no reason why it should select, from the categories of which it approves, only books of frivolous type, which make no demand upon the intelligence.

And from this he advances by cautious steps to the recommendation of the *Faery Queen* to the summer reader and of a "sylvan performance" of *Midsummer Night's Dream,* with musical accompaniment to the summer playgoer. Thus the mind may be preserved even in moments of relaxation. He is inclined to think—indeed he seems almost certain—that the mind should be kept alive all through the summer and, if possible, be strengthened for use again in the autumn, winter and spring. He asks

if there be not some better means of renewing the springs of energy and of restoring the lost vitality than are offered by sheer idleness. The wholesome work of re-creation goes on in idleness, no doubt, as it does in sleep; but possibly its pace may be quickened and its benefits enhanced by taking a little thought and exercising some degree of foresight.

Such thought and foresight ought, he thinks, to convince any man that while summer books and plays may well be lighter than winter ones, they should not be too light, but just light enough. That is the substance of the leading article on the first page of one of our foremost literary magazines—a magazine addressed to a small class of presumably intelligent adults. Nor is it an unusual instance. It is typical enough of our better sort of journalism to account for the frequent remark of foreign observers that our national literary vice is insipidity. It does seem strange, when you come to think of it, that persons of mature years writing in the most austere, literary and avowedly intellectual periodicals should so often address their readers in the spirit of the "Rollo" books—telling them that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, or



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

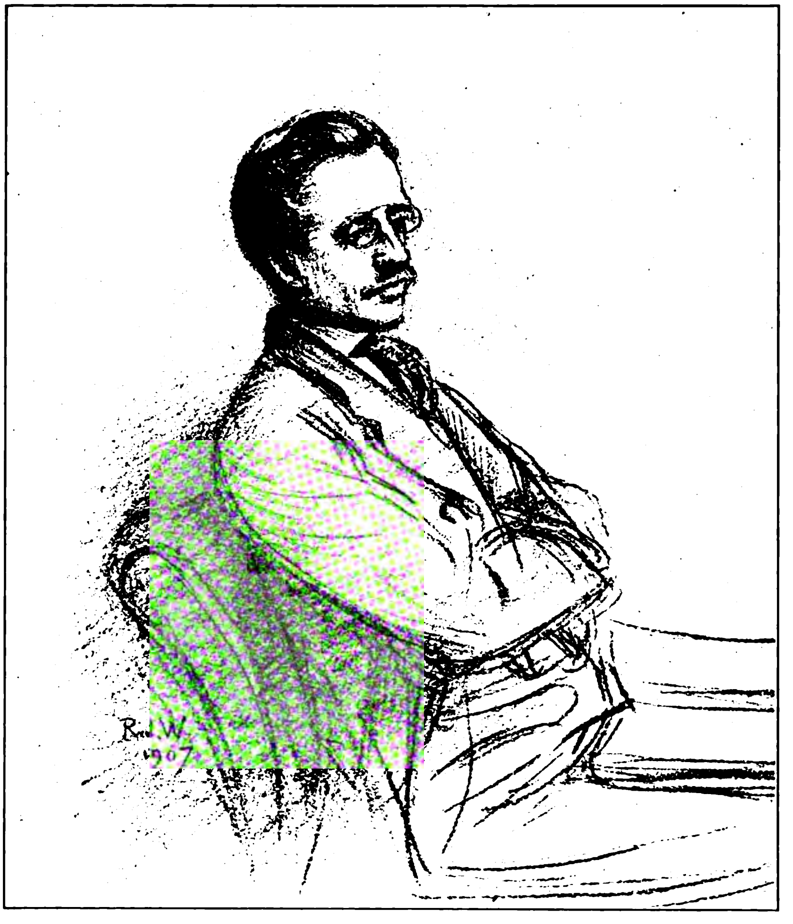
James B. Connolly, author of *An Olympic Victor* as one of the American team which won the Olympic games at Athens in 1896

that the devil always finds some work for idle hands to do. But there is no help for it. An editor of the *Dial* or even the *Atlantic Monthly* must at intervals talk to us greybeards as if he were Beechnut in the "Franconia Stories" and we were little Malleville. The maternal instincts of editors seem at times almost uncontrollable. Then perhaps the American public of all ages likes to be mothered—compare certain successful Presidential speeches with Dr. Watts's



From a recent portrait

F. HOPKINSON SMITH



FRANK WEITENKAMPF

hymns. Or perhaps it is a part of that "intellectual timidity" of which foreigners accuse our "thoughtful classes." At all events it is an inveterate editorial habit, possibly a race trait, and who are we that we should assail it, especially after a hot summer and with a mind unimproved by reading the *Faery Queen* or seeing a single "sylvan performance" of *Midsummer Night's Dream,* with or without a musical accompaniment? If, as our critics say, our journalism is as weak at the top as it is dirty at the bottom, it may be all in the plan of Providence for keeping the brains of the country busy at other things—blast furnaces, electrical works, industrial organisation, dentistry, tall buildings—things more distinctively American than intellectual magazines. Which is a pious conjecture and may justify us in echoing the sentiment expressed by Mr. Richard Watson Gilder in a verse that has often moved us strangely—

> Sometimes I think 'twere well to leave the
> Lord alone.

Frank Weitenkampf

Mr. Frank Weitenkampf, whose book, *How to Appreciate Prints,* is to be published late this month, has been for a number of years a very energetic and conspicuous figure in his own particular field. Mr. Weitenkampf is a New York man, having been born in that city on August 13, 1866. From 1883 to 1885 he studied

at the New York Art Students' League. He has written a great number of articles for encyclopædias and magazines, but his most scholarly work is his monograph in German on Artistic Lithography in the United States, published in Vienna in 1903, and certain annotated catalogues for the Grolier Club of New York, notably those on Lithography (1896) and Méryon (1898). Mr. Weitenkampf is the curator of the print department of the New York Public Library.



MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
Author of *The Circular Staircase*

Edward Peple

The Mallet's Masterpiece, a new novel by Edward Peple, the author of *The Prince Chap,* which scored such a success on the stage a year or two ago, is to be published this month. Mr. Peple is by birth a Virginian. His father, a Belgian, served as an officer in the Confederate navy. His mother's maiden name was Lowndes, an old family well known in Virginia, Maryland and South Carolina. After reaching maturity, Mr. Peple worked for several years in a Richmond bank, and then went to New York. There he was employed in an insurance office, and afterward as an expert accountant with The American Bridge Company. His first literary work consisted of several librettos for comic opera. These have never been produced. His first book was *A Broken Rosary,* written from his as yet unproduced play of the same name. This was followed by his unqualified success, *The Prince Chap.* Mr. Peple's other books and plays include*Semiramis, The Spitfire, The Love Route, The Silver Girl and Richard the Brazen,* the last-named written in collaboration with Cyrus Townsend Brady.



EDWARD PEPLE
Author of *The Spitfire*

Mr. Taft In Fiction

No matter what the author may have to say in the matter, readers of Mr. Frederick Palmer's new novel, *The Big Fellow,* will take it for granted that the hero of the story is the Republican candidate for the Presidency, and will remain



FREDERICK PALMER
Author of *The Big Fellow*

unshaken in this belief. The portrait is too striking, the incidents and background of the tale too significant to permit of any doubt. Nothing that the late Paul Leicester Ford could say would eradicate the impression in people's minds that in depicting the Honourable Peter Stirling the author had taken Grover Cleveland for his model. If Mr. Palmer attempts to deny—he will probably do nothing of the sort—that the big fellow is William Howard Taft, he will find his efforts just as futile.

H. P. Robinson

Harry Perry Robinson, whose *Twentieth Century American* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a younger brother of the late Philip Robinson, the well-known Anglo-Indian journalist, who was the predecessor of Marion Crawford in the editorship of the *Allahabad Pioneer*. Another brother is E. Kay Robinson, also an Anglo-Indian journalist, under whom Rudyard Kipling served his arduous apprenticeship on the Simla *Civil and Military Gazette*. To him Kipling dedicated *Life's Handicap*. At present E. Kay Robinson is the "Americanophobic" editor of the *London Globe*. Harry Perry Robinson, on the contrary, is thoroughly Americanised. He "went flat broke" in the Cœur d'Alene, made his way back to St. Paul, there founded the *Northwestern Railroader*, married a daughter of a prominent Minneapolis citizen, and otherwise thoroughly adapted himself to his new country and environment. As he once expressed it to the gentleman who is reviewing his book for us, "I light matches on my trousers and I say 'Sir.'"

The New Edition of James

A friend confesses to having indited a sonnet—which we have tried in vain to procure for publication—voicing his emotions *On First Looking into a New Volume of the New York Edition of Henry James*. We suspect the sonnet to be as worthy of Keats, in its way, as the title, for our friend is a true Jamesianer. For the devout worshipper there can scarcely be another joy comparable with that bound up in these volumes, in which



H. PERRY ROBINSON
Author of *The Twentieth Century American*

"the master" is bringing up one by one the very most significant of his works, with intimate, inimitable discourse of "origins" and "evolutions." The fine ecstasy is of course only for the ardent and avowed disciple; but even the unregenerate may concede the dignity and interest of this collected edition, which we reserve for more detailed comment. Unquestionably Mr. James is a figure of importance in English fiction; more than that, he is one of the keenest of critics. The prefaces to these volumes, in which he has, so to speak, turned the sharp edge of his critical faculty against himself, promise to constitute in their entirety one of the most interesting of personal documents. Besides, the edition is making accessible, after a lapse of time, some of the most curious and entertaining of his earlier fictions, and the books are admirable in typography and binding. It is not often that a uniform edition of the works of a living writer can be justified on so many valid counts.

Mary B. Sheldon

Miss Mary Boardman Sheldon, author of *Coffee and a Love Affair,* a short novel to be published in September, is a New



W. C. MORROW
Author of *Lentala of the South Seas*



MARY BOARDMAN SHELDON
Author of *Coffee and a Love Affair*

Yorker, born and bred. She had not been absent from New York for more than three consecutive months until eight years ago, when her desire for travel started her on her wanderings. After seeing Europe, she became enamored with South America, or at least with what she was told about it, and off she went on short notice to the United States of Colombia. There she lived on a coffee plantation and had many experiences such as are described in her book. Her enthusiasm for the life in that mountainous country is sincerely expressed in her novel.

Professor Münsterberg Again

Professor Hugo Münsterberg would be an admirable critic of this country if he only knew where his observation left off and his prepossessions began. In his article on "Prohibition and Social Psychology" in the August number of *McClure's Magazine* he prefaces an excellent summary of the arguments against Prohibition with this very fair and well-authenticated criticism—

No problem has in America a fair hearing as



SIR HUBERT VON HERKOMER

Author of *My School and My Gospel*

soon as one side has become the fashion of mind. Only the cranks come out with an unbalanced, exaggerated opposition and thus really help the cause they want to fight against. The well-balanced thinkers keep quiet and simply look on while the movement rushes forward, waiting quietly for the reaction which sets in from the inner absurdity of every social extreme.

But when he ceases to summarise other people's arguments and begins to offer some of his own, he is quite at the mercy of his temperament.

Puritanism has held back the real American spirit of artistic creation in fine arts and music and drama: prohibition without substitutes would crush still more the æsthetic spirit in the brain of man and would make beauty still more the domain of women. Her more responsive physiological constitution does not need the artificial paralysis of the inhibiting centres. The mind of the average woman shows that lower degree of checking power which small alcoholic doses produce in the average man. But just therefore she and men of the female type cannot carry on alone the work of the nation. A national life without the artificial inhibitions of the restraining centres becomes for the large masses a matter of mere practical calculation and righteous dulness. Truly the German, the Frenchman, the Italian who enjoys his glass of light wine and then wanders joyful and elated to the masterpieces of the opera, serves humanity better than the New Englander who drinks his ice-water and sits satisfied at the vaudeville show, world-far from real art. Better America inspired than America sober. . . . Man is schooling himself for the active and effective life by the temperate use of exciting beverages which playingly awake those feelings of success. The scholar and the minister and a thousand other individuals may not need this training, but the millions, the masses, cannot prepare themselves for a national career of effectiveness if this opportunity is taken from their lives.

And deprived of this source of emotional excitement, the country will inevitably seek more injurious substitutes—



MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

Author of *The Land of the Living*



THE SUMMER HOME OF MARGARET DELAND AT KENNEBUNKPORT, ME.

Zealotism in religious belief, tyranny and cruelty, sexual over-indulgence and perversion, gambling and betting, mysticism and superstition, recklessness and adventurousness, and, above all, senseless crimes have always been the means of overcoming the emptiness and monotony of an unstimulated life. . . . America under prohibition pushes the masses into gambling and reckless excitements and sexual disorder and money-crazes and criminal explosions of mind.

Part of which might do well enough in verse if set to rollicking music, and there are moments when all of it would pass muster in a toast. After an "artificial inhibition of the restraining centres"—several glasses of it—it might be possible to follow the reasoning. But at this moment of "calculated" sobriety and "righteous dulness" we cannot see the relation between ice-water and vaudeville or mysticism and no beer. We cannot even make out why the arts should flourish if the average man drank himself into the condition of the average woman. A sort of dry scepticism blights the whole argument for us just now, even though it rests on the powerful assertions that "the history of culture shows it on every page" and "history shows it abundantly." But as an expression of personal feeling it is on the whole ingratiating, proving that Professor Münsterberg must at times be very expansive and companionable. As "social psychology" it seems rather formidable and complicated, but it is really nothing but the good old friendly warning that

The man who does not drink at all and goes to
bed quite sober,
Falls as the leaves do fall early in October.

The only danger in the passage is that, as he says of certain other arguments, it may "really help the cause he wants to fight against."

John Jay Chapman

In the Preface to his *Four Plays for Children,* Mr. John Jay Chapman says the first two of the plays have been acted "and seem to present no special difficulties." But for this assurance we should have thought them no more appropriate for children than are the plays of Stephen Phillips or Percy Mackaye. They abound in wizards, witches, fairies and elves and are written in a smooth blank verse that should be easy to commit to memory, but one would not guess a childish audience from any limitation either of the thought or language.

I know not why this elfin knavery
Forebodes some greater grief; but it is so.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. BEATRICE HARRADEN

No matter what Miss Beatrice Harraden may write, she will always be remembered first of all as the author of *Ships that Pass in the Night*. The romantic interest of her new novel, *Interplay*, centres in the love of a famous Arctic explorer and the heroine, Harriet Rivers. The book has considerable to say of Woman Suffrage and of woman's activity in general.

These lesser agents and unthinking folk
Are still united in their element
With other great effects, both good and bad;
And in their innocency show a life
Whose fluctuations are accessory
To murders and to prayers they dream not of.

Such passages are not infrequent, and this occurs in one of the plays that have been acted. On the other hand there is a definite story and plenty of exciting incident. Mr. Chapman expresses the "belief that all children, however differing from one another in natural endowment, can be equally counted on to learn their lines thoroughly, and to work with unflagging enthusiasm over the production of a play." It is an interesting experiment, and its success would indicate the needlessness of writing so very far down as people do when they write for children. It seems, however, an odd turn for Mr. Chapman's energies to take. *Emerson and Other Essays* and *Causes and Consequences,* published about ten years ago and still much read and quoted, marked him as the most vigorous and original of the American essayists of the day. Since he ceased writing there has been nothing in that field at all comparable to either of these volumes. Dozens of pleasant little books on literature and life in general have appeared each year, and reviewers have said pleasant things about each of them. Few can be remembered for more than a week. Only the other day some one in all seriousness awarded the primacy to Mr. Bliss Carman, and nobody cared enough about the matter to protest. In these circumstances it is disappointing that the author of the Essay on Emerson should be preoccupied with metrical plays for children, however well he writes them.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I

THE gentleman who used to address us from British Columbia has removed himself to some hamlet in Wyoming, whence he sends us a disapproving and critical post-card. His sentences are neatly written and are picked out in red. What he says is hardly worth so much caligraphic care. He begins by remarking that we are "unnaturally benignant," and asks where is our vitriol. Another anonymous correspondent addresses us to the same purport. Both these persons seem to forget that we can answer only such letters as we receive, and that if our readers prefer to impart their inner confidences to us, or to ask politely for varied information, we naturally answer them in kind. Who are we that we should go about sprinkling vitriol on unoffending friends? The gentleman from the hamlet in Wyoming says: "Your guard is down." If he will only enter the tilt-yard over some interesting question, our guard will be fairly good, we fancy. As a matter of fact, a little sword-play would suit us very well; only we must have an opponent worth our while. We doubt whether even a third-class champion inhabits a certain hamlet in Wyoming, which we could name if we were able to decipher the post-mark on our correspondent's card.

II

Here is a reader who thinks that he is on the trail of a mystery.

DEAR LETTER-BOX: Will the astute editor of many titles kindly enlighten one who sits in darkness on the following proposition—as we say in the wild West:

I notice in your advertising columns that all the authors are content to appear under their proper names without the title of "Mr." prefixed, except "Mr." Winston Churchill and "Mr." H. G. Wells. F. Marion Crawford is there, quite simple, as it were, and Frank Danby—"Mrs." being put in as "Mr." Of course Jack London couldn't be other than plain Jack. Eden Phillpotts is something of a writer in the estimation of a good many readers, and even Paul Bourget can claim a following; but their publishers insert their wares over no "Mr."

Would you mind elucidating this?

AN OLD FRIEND.

Apparently our correspondent thinks that authors personally revise the advertisements which their publishers issue on their behalf; or else that the different publishers have united in some occult scheme as to the elimination of titles. Quite the contrary. The authors don't have anything to do with it, the publishers send in their advertisements without mutual consultation as to forms, and THE BOOKMAN prints them all just as they come in. Concerning particular cases, therefore, we advise our Old Friend to seek knowledge from the publisher or publishers in question. But there isn't any mystery about it anywhere.

III

Speaking of mysteries reminds us of the very delicate and difficult case to which we made an allusion last month. It brings in the Junior Editor but is really of no great importance except in so far as it involves our own views, prejudices, or feelings, or whatever you may like to call them; and because it is rather complicated when we come to explain it. Well! A literary gentleman in Canton, Ohio, sent a manuscript to this magazine. In reply he received his manuscript back with the following rather nice letter:

DEAR SIR: While we regret that at the present time we cannot find a place for "An Alphabet of Authors," we wish to thank you personally for the amusing letter which accompanied the manuscript.

Very truly yours,

THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN.

We should think that this would have ended the matter. But no. The gentle-

man returned the letter, underscoring scornfully the words, *at the present time,* and writing sarcastic things all around the blank parts of the page. Then he added: "Please hand the enclosed to the Senior Editor." Now how did he know that the Senior Editor knew nothing about his manuscript and that the polite letter was the deft work of the Junior Editor? Yet he must have known, for his sarcasm is directed wholly at the latter. It is quite uncanny. What he wrote about the Junior Editor we publish here, in part, and with some unavoidable expurgations. We believe in giving all would-be contributors a fair show. This is what he says:

> Along about the year 1970, an aged, white-haired man may be seen toiling up Murray Hill. He stops at the Rue Trente-Cinquième and enters THE BOOKMAN offices. Here may be seen His Sherlockian Majesty, the Rt. Hon. the Junior Editor, who looks up long enough from the nine-hundred-and-umpty-steenth series of Sherlock Holmes Adventures (still running in *Jollier's Weekly*) to tell the aged stranger: "Nothing doing. Come around next year, when we aren't rushed so much." The stranger looks around the palatial offices and observes a set of golf sticks in one corner. Lying on the desk is a volume entitled *What I Know About the Auto-Car.* Upon a shelf is a complete set of the philosophical treatises of Miss Carolyn Wells, with such ponderous titles as *Fluffy Ruffles, A Foolishness Anthology,* etc. . . . The stranger smiles as he notices these things, but he has no sense of humour. He only thinks he has. None but paid contributors are allowed to have a sense of humour. The stranger shuffles out of the offices and starts down Fifth Avenue, the Junior Editor telling him that on account of the failure of the corn crop on the Isle of Man, Hall Caine will write only one novel this year instead of two.

There is a good deal more of this, but what we have printed will show the pervading bitterness of the writer's mind. What we personally object to is the assumption that the Junior Editor is "His Sherlockian Majesty." Why, there are times when we hardly consider him a real Sherlockian at all. We have known for years that he considers *Rodney Stone* the best book that Conan Doyle ever wrote; and in the last number of the *Forum* he actually threw off a subtle mask and revealed a secret that even we had never suspected in all these years. He wrote (p. 128) of the "somewhat overestimated Conan Doyle of the Sherlock Holmes stories" and the "inadequately appreciated author of *Rodney Stone, The White Company,* and *The Refugees!!*" Shades of Moriarty! When did he begin classifying *The White Company* and *The Refugees* with real books? Verily, much motoring has made him mad. We cannot deal with him here in the office, for it would stop the whole machinery of the place; but we foresee that we shall have to take him out to at least four dinners and eight luncheons, and talk to him soothingly, and reason with him, before we can persuade him not to print literary opinions which would make a cat laugh. And to think of all the beautiful hours that we have spent with him over real Sherlockian problems! *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

IV

A gentleman in Detroit, Michigan, asks two interesting questions:

> Will you kindly answer two historical questions as to which I am unable to find satisfactory information? These are:
>
> (1) Is the King of England still called "King of Great Britain, *France* and Ireland," as was James I., for example, in the dedication of the English Version of the Bible?
>
> (2) One reads a great deal about Napoleon's faithful Mameluke, Rustem or Roustem, who slept at his master's door at night. But Rustem seems to drop out of history before the end of Napoleon's life, and he certainly did not accompany the Emperor to St. Helena. Can you tell me anything about him?

We answer: (1) It was stipulated in the Treaty of Amiens made by Napoleon as First Consul with Great Britain (1802), that henceforth the British monarch should drop the title "King of France"—a title which was naturally very irritating to the French ever since Great Britain had lost its last strip of French territory, Calais. In a small way, this concession gratified French pride

even more than substantial concessions of other kinds.

(2) Rustem, the "faithful" Mameluke, drops temporarily out of the Napoleonic narrative in 1814. When the Emperor had lost Paris, when Marshal Marmont betrayed the greater part of his army to the Allies, and when Napoleon at Fontainebleau was meditating abdication, then Rustem, no longer faithful, slipped away to Paris, and was seen no more. It it recorded that Napoleon felt this desertion more keenly than even that of Marshal Berthier, who deserted at the same time. During the Hundred Days, the Emperor found time to visit his resentment upon Rustem, for he had him arrested and confined in the Castle of Vergennes. Had Waterloo turned out to be a French victory and had the Napoleonic dynasty continued, it is likely that Rustem would have been shot or hanged; but of course, he was released by the Bourobn king and even received a small office under the French government. Later, Rustem went to England and was exhibited to curious crowds who were still under the spell of the Napoleonic fascination. Then the man appeared to vanish from the public view. In 1840, however, when the body of Napoleon was brought from St. Helena and was laid to rest in the gorgeous tomb of the Invalides with impressive ceremonies, a thrill of surprise went through the assembled multitude at the sight of Rustem, in his well-known garb as a Mameluke, following the remains of the master whom he had betrayed. The date of Rustem's death is unknown, but he certainly lived some years after the event just noted. There is quite a body of literature relating to him, consisting, however, mostly of pamphlets.

V

In the Letter-Box for June, we happened to remark that something or other "gave us a turn." An unsigned letter in a spidery handwriting asks:

> Please tell us just what "a turn" is, and the process by which it is accomplished.

"A turn" is a beautifully idiomatic expression, contributed long ago to the vocabulary of the English language from feminine sources. It can't be defined—and this is its chief merit: it is so elemental and yet so complex. If you have ever had a turn you will know; but if you haven't, then it simply can't be explained. Perhaps the French *crise de nerfs* comes somewhere near it, yet that doesn't convey the feeling of gaspy blankness which goes with a real "turn."

VI

When we reopened the Letter-Box we knew that erelong there would come to us a note from Cañon City, Colorado, written in a very remarkable hand; and with a small coroneted bird in silver embossed in the right-hand upper corner. In fact, we don't mind admitting that it was the hope of receiving such a letter that caused us to resume this department of the magazine. And we were not disappointed. Almost at once the letter came. It begins:

To
Our Colonel.

We have been preening ourselves over this ever since the first of June. No matter what the letter said. It was in disapproval of the advice given us by "A. C.," as to how to enlarge the circulation of THE BOOKMAN. "A. C." is already forgotten; but the remarkable writing with the small ocroneted bird in silver remains on our desk as a guerdon and perpetual inspiration.

VIII

Some one from Albany, New York, writes:

> I think that some time ago, you drew a distinction between "education" and "cultivation," and said that there were some test-words of language that serve to show when a person using them is merely educated and not really cultivated. Will you not kindly let me have a list of these words, or some of them?

Nothing would please us more. We append a small list of a dozen or so as a nucleus, and shall add to it from time to time such words and phrases as occur

to us—words and phrases which plainly show the user to be only half-baked and outside the pale of true Enlightenment. When any of the words are slang, it is to be understood that they are condemned not as slang, but as being the wrong kind of slang. We shall venture to describe the collection as

THE BOOKMAN'S INFERNO

"Along these lines."
"Brainy."
"Clubman."
"Dandy" (as an adjective).
"Exclusive" (as a social term).
"Gentlemanly."
"He (she, it) struck a new note."
"In touch with" (except in a technical term in military or naval discourse).
" 'Phone," for "telephone," either as noun or verb.
"Pleased to meet you."
"Social standing."
"Stylish."
"Up to date."

THE CASUAL READER

American Exemplars

I have been looking into a volume on *The Strenuous Career,* by the Rev. Madison C. Peters, because I thought it might be characteristic of the country in which I live. It is—and very familiar. I do not remember ever reading or hearing a serious remark about the Rev. Madison C. Peters as preacher or author. Not to imply that so widely quoted a person may not somewhere have been discussed with perfect gravity. I may have been so taken with the flash and noise of the reports of him in the newspapers that I did not look for any comment on them. They seemed of a kind more likely to be preceded by a "scare head" than followed by a thought. Moreover, owing to the quality of the remarks attributed to the Rev. Madison C. Peters, he seemed too "typical" an American to be quite real. I wonder, by the way, if other people ever have that feeling about some of their conspicuous compatriots—that they are too good for literary or journalistic purposes to be true to life, too reminiscent of novels, skits, satires, allegories, burlesques and transatlantic criticism to be real. Colonel Watterson, Hannibal Chollop, Senator Beveridge, Gilead P. Beck, Thomas Dixon, Chancellor Day, Hosea Biglow, Ella Wheeler Wilcox, Thomas Lawson, Benjamin Tillman, Jefferson Brick are among the prominent Americans whose names sometimes play this trick upon me. It comes no doubt from careless reading in newspapers, novels and books of sarcasm about America without trying to remember which is which. It is of course altogether irrational. I know, for example, that Colonel Watterson did not occur in *Martin Chuzzlewit,* but is occurring daily in some Southern State. I know that Senator Beveridge is not an invention of James Russell Lowell, but on the contrary a physiological fact, one of nature's cunning plagiaries. Yet for a moment there is that instinctive uncertainty—are they men or types? Do they belong to some story or to "American traits" or to the "public eye"? In the same way the quoted sayings of the Rev. Madison C. Peters made him seem symbolical, though I must have known all along that he was an authentic man.

The Strenuous Career contains, according to the title-page, "nuggets of wisdom," "keen and witty sayings," which reveal "to man and boy the secrets of success." However that may be, no American can disown it. It is indigenous to the United States of *Punch* and the *Biglow Papers.* It is written in a style which, like chewing tobacco, may have fallen from class to class, but which remains to this day none the less distinctively American—

The best way to prevent a gun from scat-

tering is to put in a single shot. Better to be a second-rate something than a first-rate nothing. . . . Success is ever on the side of the hustler. . . . Luck waits for something to turn up. Pluck turns up something. . . . Always keep your powder dry, ready to go off at any moment with explosive force. . . . Grapple like a man and you will be a man. Swim off and don't wait for anybody to put a cork under you. . . . Never despair! Don't whimper! Be up and doing. . . . There is always room at the top. . . . The two absolutely necessary attributes to reach the heights of success are strength and character, the former to be shaped by the latter. Manhood needs to be muscular and the muscle needs to be manly. But brain is more than biceps and the will more precious than the forearm. Better a will that can resolve like Napoleon or persevere like Washington than the power to lift a thousand pounds avoirdupois or swim the English Channel.

It has been the same so far back as I can remember, with hardly any change in the words. Grasp the handle of your being, young people, and strive upward to the light. All's well that sells well, young man, but Christian principles are good things and should be employed, whenever it is possible, even in your business. Be honest, be firm, be good, choose the right. "It may be better to deserve success than to attain it," but Rockefeller and Saint Francis were both members of the church. Of what do the lives of such men as Saint Paul, Martin Van Buren, Peter the Great remind us? "He who has pluck need not wait for luck." To what extent it has helped to fill the jails or the high places in this country may some day be determined by a patient sociologist. But to the echo-beaten mind of a casual reader it is interesting rather as one of the numerous democratic liturgies, pen-habits, thought-saving devices or mental petrifactions which make so many public Americans seem allegorical. After all, except in public, there are really no such men.

F. M. Colby.

THE ILLUSTRATOR AND HIS INCOME

MR. JOHN W. ALEXANDER, at one of the recent gatherings of "The Stowaways," a dining club of artists and writers, was telling some of his early experiences. One of the stories was of an attempt he made to interview and sketch General Grant, just after the close of the Civil War. *Harper's Weekly*, for which Mr. Alexander was then working, had not been altogether kindly in its remarks relating to the general. The editor, in starting young Alexander off on the job, warned him to avoid mentioning the publication he represented, if possible. General Grant received the young man very kindly, and the first lines of the sketch were on paper when the question was put.

"What magazine do you represent, young man?" asked General Grant.

Alexander was absorbed in his work. The general repeated his question. The artist glanced up, seemed to recover himself and replied, "Yes, this will take but a few minutes."

The question came again, louder, and the reply was, "Only a few minutes, I am sure."

"Young man, what paper do you represent? Where is this to be published?" roared the general.

Alexander gripped his cap and sketchpad and, terrified, shouted back, *"Harper's!"*

The old general gathered himself for a spring, and Mr. Alexander still declares himself firm in the belief that he would certainly have been kicked down the front steps of the Grant home if he

had not bolted. To think of our John W. Alexander, whose fortune from his paintings is nearly as great as his fame, as being in danger of General Grant's boot is laughable to-day. This happened during Mr. Alexander's illustrating days, when men were envied if they made a living from the work and when a competence was beyond all expectations.

That the illustrator is now being rewarded for his efforts is very certain. At about the time the author reached the plane of the automobile, and the playwright that of the French villa, the illustrator began investing in the shares of studio buildings. His interest in the bill of fare placarded in front of Beefsteak John's gave way before the charm of the dishes prepared by his Japanese servant, or the table d'hôte of Café Boulevard, or possibly a smart dinner party uptown. These changed conditions prove that the illustrator, having fortified his "feeling" and "genius" (and no thinking person doubts the value of these qualities), with practical and intelligent appreciation of the business relations he must sustain, has found time to apply some of this combined force to the end of creating a commercial value for an artistic thing.

Gibson and Parrish

No one questions Charles Dana Gibson's ability to portray life, to picture it as few can write it, with an intensity that is so true that at times it has been almost brutal. And no one can say he is less an artist because he accepted a contract that netted him $100,000 in four years. Mr. Gibson has also a proper appreciation of the worth of his name and reputation when applied to other lines of work. Rumour has it that on one or two occasions he has designed and had built homes for his own use, and after living in them for a few months has found that he must spend the next year in Europe. Using these data for advertising purposes, Mr. Gibson's real estate agent has been able to secure very wonderful prices for these homes. Maxfield Parrish is another artist who is not working in vain; substantial reward seems to come to him, hand in hand with honour. The publishing house that controls his work pays well for the privilege; or, in more definite terms, $1,000 for each painting he delivers to them.

Howard Pyle

Howard Pyle, the greatest painter-illustrator of historic America we have ever had, receives $10,000 per year from the Harpers for a portion of his time. He lives quietly in Wilmington, Delaware, one hundred and fifty miles from the offices of his publishers. In addition to the work this contract involves, Mr. Pyle has found time to write and illustrate a number of books and execute commissions for mural decorations for various public buildings. While no positive statement may be made as to the exact amount of his income, it may safely be said to average $20,000 a year. Besides these very substantial earnings, there was a time when Mr. Pyle was the highest priced art editor in the country. This was when S. S. McClure had in mind the publishing of another magazine. Mr. Pyle was induced to come with the company on a salary to be paid at the rate of $36,000 per year, or $18,000 for three days a week, all the time Mr. Pyle would consider taking from his painting.

Remington, Clark and Wenzell

Frederick Remington might have won fame as an author, or taken high rank as a sculptor, had it not been that his ability as a painter has overshadowed his other talents. They have all contributed to the very comfortable fortune he enjoys. Walter Appleton Clark, though dying in comparative youth, received $15,000 a year on contract from *Collier's* for the last year and a half of his life. Soon after his death a sale of his pictures netted several thousands. And this suggests a point of interest in the work of the "big men" in illustration. Practically all of them to-day sell only the right to reproduce their work, retaining the used originals for themselves. A. B. Wenzell is paid $250 for the reproductive rights to his paintings, and usually finds no difficulty in selling the originals for a couple of hundred more. Howard Pyle saves

his originals, calling them his life insurance, and expecting them to take the place of that protection.

The Newspaper Artists

The established illustrator of to-day has other advantages over the artist of twenty-five years ago—he may live most anywhere he pleases or travel anywhere his fancy takes him. Provided he carries his work along, he may be in Paris or Munich; out on Western plains or up in Eastern mountains. In fact, there is no other profession or calling that pays its successful men so well and that at the same time gives them half the freedom. Of course there are exceptions to this rule: there are those men who, through choice of subjects or peculiar line of work, are compelled to spend most of their time in the city. But usually they find their greatest interest in living hard by the spot that produces the material they need. And be sure these men are rewarded, and that right substantially. Take those on the newspapers, for example: John T. McCutcheon, that happy cartoonist of the Chicago *Tribune*, receives $20,000 per year, or about $55 per laugh; and that is not taking into account vacation days, when pay goes on just the same—for the laugh he might have produced. It is McCutcheon's ability to draw the sunny side, to make his assaults upon corruption in high places carry a smile with them, that gives the extreme of value to his work. In contrast, however, is Bradley, of the Chicago *News*, who has encompassed a goodly fortune by his ability to picture life as stern reality and vice as anything rather than enticing.

The Funny Men

Newspaper cartoonists and caricaturists are not the only ones on the art staff of the daily press that are well paid. Dan Smith, the crack newspaper illustrator, receives $65 a day from the New York *World*. For fear that he might acquire more than his share of this world's goods (no pun intended), Mr. Smith works but four days a week on the newspaper and manages very comfortably on his yearly income of $13,520. When it comes to the "funny" men of the daily press, the men who draw Buster Browns and Tiny Tads, Panhandle Petes and Newlyweds' Babies, most any of them receive salaries equal to the income of the average successful business man. In fact, Outcault, the originator of Buster Brown, has been accused of having made $100,000 a year for several years out of the popularity of that much-drawn young man. Windsor McKay broke all records when he was keeping three series of comics going and starring on the vaudeville stage as well. His strength, ability and ambition seem without limit. Who, even ten years ago, would ever have thought an artist capable of turning out such weird, imaginative work as Little Nemo, Sammy Sneeze and The Dream of a Rarebit Fiend, week in and week out, and at the same time do a turn, with the support of his creative pen, to the delight of New York's "continuous" audiences? Mr. McKay, rather than resembling the impracticable and idle dreamer the artist is often charged with being, more nearly resembles one of our captains of industry, whose tireless devotion to his undertakings has made him a marvel even in our day of never-ending toil.

E. A. Abbey

Art now has so many and such diversified avenues of expression, and so many of its followers are considered, oftentimes against their will, specialists in some one of its branches, that little attempt is being made here to introduce them in the order of their merit; certainly not in the order of their earning capacity. As is the case with all of the fine arts, the men doing the most serious and lasting work find the way most difficult. It is quite certain that our best illustrators have been longest in arriving; yet the man who, through some original method of treatment or cleverness of ideas, has been able to jump to the front, deserves credit as well as compensation. His work may be a long way from even the more reasonable requirements of art, but he generally knows this and admits that he entertains or pleases without in-

structing. The best of these men usually find their weakness later on, and many of them have sacrificed the greater portion of a princely income that they might bring themselves into repute with their fellows and produce something lasting. Yet there are those who have risen rapidly without compromising their standards. E. A. Abbey may well be considered the most striking example of an artist who early found the smile of Fortune directed on him, while he was working, without deviation, toward his highest ideals.

When but nineteen years old he was taken on *Harper's,* and after seven years of service for them in this country the publishing house sent him to England. While no certain record is available as to his earnings during those first years, there can be no question but that they were sufficient for all reasonable demands. It was not so very long after his establishment in England that he was able to secure almost any price he cared to ask for his illustrations, *Harper's* paying him $1,500 for page drawings. Abbey does little, if any, work for reproduction these days, as his time is occupied with larger tasks. If fame had not been his at the time, it would have come with the painting of King Edward's coronation, by royal command.

The "Popular" School

Of the men whose incomes have increased by leaps and bounds, until there is scarcely a way to reckon them, there may be a half dozen. The financial advancement of these popular artists may reasonably, if reason could be attached to anything so sensational, be compared with the meteoric rises of the young men who have stepped into Wall Street and stepped out again with a fortune. The only real difference is that the gambler usually loses what he wins in a shorter time than it took him to acquire it, while the popular artist is generally sure of acquiring for several years at least.

Christy, Fisher and Hutt

Howard Chandler Christy is said to have "cleaned up" $80,000 in one year; which sum is something more than the combined salaries of all the members of President Roosevelt's Cabinet. This may be an exaggeration—it probably is, and it should be. Yet that it is possible for Christy to make such a sum and that it is probable his income for a twelvemonth has climbed well up toward that figure, is proven by the fact that his royalties on an edition of one portfolio of drawings, the execution of which probably occupied less than a month, was $13,000 the first year it was out. The advertising value of Christy's name is so great that he has been offered handsome studio-apartments rent free if he would only move into them and establish the reputation of the building. Harrison Fisher is another popular artist who has found the public very practically appreciative. His career in many respects has been similar to that of Christy's, also his income; though it is doubtful if the latter has ever reached the high-water mark set by Christy's star year. Record has it that Fisher's brush brought him $20,000 in seven months at one time. Henry Hutt is also a member of this class. In ten years he sprinted from a four-dollar-a-week artist's "devil" in a Chicago engraving house all the way to a seat of honour in the real artists' club. While the first years of Mr. Hutt's "career" were somewhat stormy, at least they were proportionately short. He early found himself and fixed a rising scale of prices on his work. This proved an excellent plan, the only change necessary in the programme being a readjustment of the scale in order to frighten off the buyer with a limited purse. The real. financial success of these three men, Christy, Fisher and Hutt, lies in their ability to produce. Except when selling stuff on a royalty basis, the prices paid them, while seemingly enormous, are actually not record-breaking.

The Leyendeckers

The Leyendeckers, while working along different lines from those followed by the three prolific ones just mentioned, and with vastly different ideals, are yet to be classed among the popular artists. Like Hutt, both of these men heard the call of the Muse above the confusion of

a Chicago engraving house—the same engraving house, in fact. Instead of running to girls' heads, the Leyendeckers have won great sums from drawing men. The writer some two years ago had the pleasure of calling at Mr. J. C. Leyendecker's studio with a request for a magazine cover design; no suggestion was advanced as to subject and no limit set as to price; but in reply to this offer Mr. Leyendecker could only say that his time was booked for a year ahead, and that it was out of the question for him to consider a commission to be executed within that time. As to the prices these men receive, *Collier's* pays F. X. Leyendecker $500 for each drawing he makes for them; while his brother contents himself with $350 per drawing from that source.

Figures and Incomes

There are many other illustrators who have received substantial reward for their work, as well as achieving an enviable reputation from the production of pictures that will last. Arthur I. Keller probably has more de luxe editions of our best American classics to his credit than any other illustrator; and to show the prominent position the illustrator occupies in these volumes it is only necessary to mention that they are known as the Keller Edition. Louis Loeb, before he abandoned illustrating that he might have the more time to paint, was paid $500 a picture on the work he did for *Collier's*. F. C. Yohn is just now adding to his income as well as reputation in making the round-the-world trip with the fleet. This is supplying him with material for years to come as well as for the delightfully sketchy work now appearing. Peter Newell, the creator of a number of children's books that interest the grownups, is another author-illustrator-cartoonist who has climbed high. Will Bradley made art pay long before he accepted *Collier's* offer of $1,000 a month as their art editor. J. M. Flagg received $3.500 for the drawings he made during the month of last October. *The Associated Sunday Magazine* recently paid him $1,500 for twelve days' work. And that means literally twelve *days,* for during the twelve evenings he knocked out comics at the rate of $30 per evening. Hy. Meyer, with his comics, children's books, theatrical posters and page each Sunday in the *Times,* is not falling much short of $10,000 a year. When Harry Ogden was working under contract for Wanamaker's and the Strobridge Lithographing Company, he received $5,000 a year from each of them and was able to turn out about another $5,000 worth of work from miscellaneous commissions. J. V. McFall has received $2,000 from one publication (*The Associated Sunday Magazine*) for illustrations made since the beginning of 1908. Several years ago he refused a salary offer of $8,000 a year.

There are fully a score of younger men who are doing serious work and who promise much for the illustrations of the future. W. J. Aylward, N. C. Wyeth, Arthur Becker, Schoonover, Kemp, Townsend, Covey are among these, and they are the men who are occupying the high places in our best publications today. Their incomes will range from $2,000 to $10,000 a year.

The Women Illustrators

Illustration has proven a remunerative calling for women as well as for men; and in their competition the women have two, at least, advantages—their industry and their facility. The women artists are, as a rule, very diligent and work with great rapidity. Their rapidity, however, often tempts them to slight a drawing, provided the general effect is satisfactory. This combination of conditions has brought them good incomes—but not fabulous. Sarah S. Stillwell Weber ranks high among the women illustrators—probably because she lacks the characteristics just applied to her sister artists. Mrs. Weber works few hours a day and without haste; but there are several publishers always waiting and willing to pay $150 or more for any cover she cares to draw. Elizabeth Shippen Greene, Jessie Wilcox Smith and Violet Oakley own a goodly mansion of colonial design, built of the cheques received from their publishers. Rose O'Neill Wilson selected one of the

cool days last month to make $200. From morning till night—and she had commenced and completed a drawing that brought her that sum. Of the other women artists, May Wilson Preston, Alice Barber Stephens, Charlotte Weber Ditzler and Grace Wiederseim each average more than $5,000 a year from their drawings.

The Foreign Group

The English illustrators, like the French and German, are not paid so well as the American, though many of them have found something close to riches come their way when they have turned to painting. Frank Brangwyn and Frank Craig are able to secure the top prices from American publishers, and while their work found ready sale at the best terms offered in England, yet they have both turned to the galleries for the greater reward for their efforts. Few think of Whistler as an illustrator and fewer still know that there was a time when he attempted to illustrate so commercial a thing as the report of a United States Coast Survey Commission. The reason why more has not been heard of this is on acount of the etchings being refused because the Commission did not approve of Whistler's way of drawing trees. These etchings were recently sold and brought fabulous prices. When J. J. Shannon visited this country not long ago he found many willing sitters. The portraits of the late Bishop Potter and Mrs. Potter were done at that time. Mr. Shannon spent four months in this country and carried back eighty thousand American dollars to show for his efforts, to be changed into English pounds. Mr. Shannon usually receives $10,000 for a portrait commission.

Mèryon, the great French etcher, failed both of reward and appreciation during his life. He died in an insane asylum, mad from disappointment and actual want. His etchings, a few copies of which are carefully guarded in the Astor Library, are now beyond price. John W. Alexander, in many respects our greatest painter, began his art career making wood cuts for *Harper's*. Mr. Alexander now commands the highest price for his work, his wonderful murals in the Congressional Library at Washington and Carnegie Institute, Pittsburg, giving proof of its worth. Abbey, as a painter, received $200,000 for his work in the Boston Public Library, and spent $50,000 for accessories. John Singer Sargent made £60,000 in one year painting portraits of the mighty ones of England; £1,000 would be the price for a most unimportant commission. The Ethel Barrymore cover that Sargent painted for *The Ladies' Home Journal* occupied one day of his time and netted him $1,000.

The painters of other days give some interesting, as well as sad, examples of what artists are paid—and are not paid. Corot, for one of his wonderful landscapes, considered himself fortunate in receiving 650 francs. This picture was auctioned off last June, at the Hotel Drouot, a great Paris auction house, for 101,000 francs. The purchaser is a dealer, who expects to profit by another sale. Velasquez was paid about $400, or its equivalent, a year as Court Painter and Master of Ceremonies under Philip IV. of Spain. Yet Titian, living at an earlier period, built a palace from the proceeds from his pictures. Rembrandt, who first made himself rich and famous, also building a palace, that he furnished with all the luxury of the East, afterward lost everything and died in poverty.

Whistler, as might be expected, furnishes a fitting climax and conclusion to this recital of the artist's chance to gain riches. His portrait of Carlyle, painted in three or four days, brought $4,000—the income for a year of many a man who is considered to be "doing well" in the business world.

Amos Stote.

CONCERNING THE AMUSEMENTS OF WOMEN

IT would be a great benefit to women if they could be induced to regard amusement in the simple way that men do, and give up the idea that, unless combined in some way with self-improvement, it needs an apology. A man is never ashamed of desiring entertainment pure and simple, and, having decided upon a form of amusement, pursues it with entire single-mindedness and an unblushing disregard of its frivolous character. If such plays as *The Sunken Bell, Hedda Gabler* or *Peer Gynt* do not amuse him he does not go to see them. The fact that they are triumphs of dramatic construction, full of literary merit, or "classics" in their own land does not move him; nor does he consider any apology necessary for his firm refusal to attend plays given in strange tongues. The average woman, on the contrary, can never entirely rid herself of the idea that amusement by itself is an unworthy object, and that to be made presentable it should be combined with something educational.

It is to this feeling that we owe those dreary entertainments that are given from time to time, sometimes score a brief success, and then disappear, amid complaints on the part of the originators that nothing really intellectual has any chance in this country. The performers in these entertainments are often women, they are generally managed by women, are invariably attended by women, and are remarkable for the very slight demands which they make upon the brains of the audience as contrasted with the heavy drafts upon their credulity.

Perhaps the commonest form of improving entertainment is the drawing-room "talk," a sort of degenerate lecture. Fifty years ago, before books were as cheap and as plenty as they are now, the lecturer was a real force in our civilisation. Then some man of known ability, master of his subject, would impart his knowledge to an audience eager to receive it. Now a band of idle women, too indolent to read for themselves, assemble to hear what some other woman, poorly equipped for the task, has to say about art, the works of some obscure writer, or, theme upon which her ignorance is generally the most colossal, the drama. Were the women who attend these "talks" a little more sincere they would confess that they were bored by them; were they a little more intelligent they would realise that they were certainly not being instructed.

It is interesting to notice the development of these "talks" from their humble beginnings of thirty years ago, when the course began with "The Lake Poets," was followed by "Shelley, Keats and Tennyson," lumped together for convenience' sake, and ended with a comprehensive view of "Lowell, Whittier and Longfellow." The subjects of these lectures were taken in chronological order (no other system was dreamed of), which led to strange and unhallowed unions between such writers as Emerson and Poe, Lowell and Whitman, or Dickens and De Quincey. The talks on art generally began with "Greek Sculpture," with photographs handed about among the audience, and seldom went further than "Great Painters of the Sixteenth Century."

From these simple beginnings have sprung the discourses upon every imaginable subject to which we are invited to listen in the course of a winter. One woman advertises a series on "The Great Religions of the World," in which Mrs. Eddy and Mme. Blavatsky are treated with the same seriousness as Buddha and Mahomet; another offers a "Complete Synopsis of Herbert Spencer's Philosophy" in six lectures, while a third reaps a rich harvest by means of a course on "Browning's Religious Belief as Manifested in His Poetry." These last lectures are particularly successful, as most of the women who attend them have long

since given up Christianity as too warping and limiting a form of belief for their aspiring minds. ("I can *breathe* in the Buddhist atmosphere," cries the advanced thinker whose faith has been shattered by a perusal of "Robert Elsmere.") And this being the case, they are eager to find the talented of the earth at one with them on this subject. To learn that Darwin did not accept Christianity makes them feel as if they had discovered Evolution; to know that Huxley was an agnostic gives them a share in his biological researches, while Matthew Arnold's gentle regret for an outgrown faith invests them in their own eyes with the critic's mantle.

Somewhat similar to these talks are the readings formerly so much in vogue, and, like the talks, unworthy descendants of a noble sire. There are those still living who heard Fanny Kemble read and can recall the emotion excited by this young girl's matchless interpretation of Shakespeare; and, although many declare that the art died with her beautiful and gifted kinswoman, Mrs. Scott-Siddons, there have been others since then whose rendering of the great writers could hold an intelligent audience enthralled. But that time is past and a reading now is apt to mean a young man inflicting upon an audience his own play in blank verse, unaccountably rejected by Broadway managers, or some of his unpublished poems, in which passion and obscurity strive for the mastery.

The keen pleasure felt in listening to music is emotional, not intellectual, yet women try to make it an instructive experience, and to their efforts we owe what is without exception the most dreary form of entertainment known—the concert of folk-songs, sung without any accompaniment. Taking for their motto, "The less tune the more edification," these enthusiasts are particularly strong in concerts of music composed when harmony was in its infancy, and melody, as we know it, almost unknown. The real shallowness of these critics is clearly shown in their attitude toward the popular tunes of the day, of which they speak with the utmost contempt. It would surprise them to learn that such a thorough musician as Mr. Harvey Loomis has recently declared that the street melody, the "coon song," is the folk-song of America; that it is the most original music composed in this country, and that its rhythm, its unique rag-time, makes it the most interesting folk-music in the world.

Great enthusiasm is manifested over obsolete instruments, one young woman having scored an artistic triumph by means of a species of zither with only three strings and no frets, with which she accompanied what she called "lilting," but which seemed to the ordinary hearer a sort of recitative by one whose voice had long since passed its prime. But the height of artistic impudence was lately reached by the performance of an ambitious young person, who, realising that the short cut to distinction was by the way of cultured eccentricity, chanted Arabian lyrics, accompanying herself on a tom-tom. The strong point about these singular entertainments is that as there is no standard that may be applied to them, criticism resolves itself into an expression of individual taste.

Dancing has been a favourite pastime from the earliest dawn of history, and a desire to move in time to music is instinctive in those whose sense of time and tune is strong. It is a perfectly simple and primitive diversion, natural to youth and high spirits, but of late even this has fallen under the influence of those who love to read some obscure and intricate meaning into the simplest and most natural of arts.

About twenty-five years ago a theory was advanced, based upon the teaching of the actor Delsarte, that the movements of the body should be as expressive as speech. Surprise was to be indicated by one set of gestures, hatred by another, etc., and all the motions of the body were to be harmonised one with the other into a poetic whole. To this beginning may be traced the enthusiasm for the presentation of dances, Egyptian, Assyrian, Phœnician, which, let them be labelled with a sufficiently remote historical or geographical name, never fail to draw a large, though almost entirely feminine, audience.

In one respect these artistic dances are alike—there is never any attempt to keep time to the music. That is what makes

them artistic. Good step-dancing—a delight to the person with a strong sense of rhythm—is scorned, but let any woman appear in Greek draperies and sandals and pose to melancholy music, and the cry of appreciative rapture arises from an audience which thinks it is learning something. One young woman gives a series of "Phœnician Dances," the music for which (the lady being somewhat at sea concerning Phœnician instruments) consists of a sort of flute and a drum, and is of the most agonising description; another achieves success in a "Dance of the Meadows," chiefly remarkable because it is done barefooted; a third expresses her young heart's emotion in a dance entitled "The Dawn of Love," the programme explaining minutely what each gesture and movement is supposed to mean, while another, with an audacity bordering on genius, announces that words are superfluous to express thought—motion suffices—and in proof of this dances the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyam, her audience following the poem with such close attention that it is to be feared that the finer points of the performance are frequently lost.

But the craze of women for an entertainment which shall combine culture with diversion shows more plainly in their views of theatre-going than anywhere else. The taste for the drama is as inborn in human nature as that for dancing, fiction, or sweets, and appeals to the same primitive instincts. Why will not women recognise this fact and be willing to consider the theatre as a source of amusement, not instruction? Whatever it may be in other countries, here it is a means of recreation. Men go to the theatre after a day of hard work, and demand amusement, not culture. That is why a light, amusing play runs so much longer than poetic dramas like "Becket" or even those of Shakespeare.

This view of the theatre is one that women are loth to accept. They insist that the stage ought to be as powerful as the pulpit in its elevating effect upon the community, and instance the old morality plays to prove their case. It is useless to point out to them that the theatre of to-day fulfils a very different purpose from what it did three hundred years ago, when so few people could read that the spoken word was relied upon in all its forms as a means of instruction. They are bent upon "the elevation of the stage," and are warm in their support of all attempts in that direction in the shape of Independent Theatres, Theatres of Arts and Letters or any kind of endowed play-house that is proposed.

A performance of *In a Balcony* or *In a Gondola* is sure to bring out flocks of women, for here is no uncertain ground. It is perfectly safe to be enthusiastic over Browning, for his reputation as a poet is established, and moreover is not subject to any of those fluctuations which wait upon the fame of the living. The fact that these poems, although written in dramatic form, are not adapted for the stage, having almost no action, has no weight with the women who compose the audience, to whom the mere name of Browning is synonymous with an advanced stage of culture.

Perhaps it is the sex-protest, common to so many of Ibsen's plays, that gives that dreary dramatist such a large following of women. At a performance of *Hedda Gabler* or *A Doll's House* the audience is composed in nearly equal parts of the morbid woman, the woman with a grievance against some man, the woman who is misunderstood, and the woman who feels sure that she is acquiring mental stimulus. Plays in blank verse, intended to be read, not acted, and shunned by the sophisticated, are also listened to with a feeling of intellectual exaltation. It is poetry, it is not amusing, therefore it must be improving.

Two forms of cultured amusement flourish greatly in those summer colonies of artistic and literary folk which are dotted over the Eastern States. The Greek play is more frequent where college professors gather, and is always alluded to as "so delightful." If given in Greek, the enjoyment is heightened, although not one of the women who applaud so lustily knows six words of that language. An out-of-door performance of *As You Like It* is the second of these artistic treats, and here again the searchers after improvement are on sure ground. It is always safe to admire Shakespeare, and the fact that at an out-

of-door amateur performance only those close to the actors can hear them does not detract in the least from the enthusiasm displayed by the women present.

Plays in a foreign tongue are attended by throngs of women, who insist that they can appreciate the acting even if they have no idea what the actors are trying to express. To admit that one cannot follow a French play is a confession of ignorance which few women are willing to make; and yet to understand Mme. Rejane needs an ear accustomed to the French tongue. This form of affectation is especially prevalent in Boston, where a woman created a genuine sensation by refusing an invitation to go and hear the Russian players on the ground that she did not understand Russian.

Perhaps the greatest triumph of improvement over enjoyment was the success which rewarded the bold Scandinavian who gave readings from Ibsen's plays in Norwegian. It would be safe to wager that not three persons in the audience knew any Norwegian; there was no scenery and no acting. He might just as well have read the multiplication-table as far as his hearers were concerned, but this man actually got more than one audience to listen to him and to insist afterward that they had enjoyed it.

Of course the audiences at these performances are almost entirely composed of women, though occasionally one of them brings with her a reluctant man, whose righteous indignation she endeavours to soothe between the acts. Not long ago the writer sat in front of such a pair at a performance of *Ghosts,* and listened with interest to the protests of the man as the ghastly story unfolded itself.

"What the devil am I here for?" he asked introspectively, at the close of the first act; and from that time on he ceased not his disparaging comment until the curtain finally fell upon the gibbering Oswald, when, turning upon his companion, he said savagely, "Well, this has been a jolly Saturday night's fun!" and stalked from the theatre, followed by his wife, who was sufficiently depressed by the play to be sure that it had been of a high intellectual order.

Why cannot women be as frank about their recreations as men are? Why insist upon "an uplift"? Surely to be able to amuse this toiling world is a divine gift; why be ashamed to profit by it?

Mary K. Ford.

LOVE'S CUP

Life's richest cup is Love's to fill.
Who drinks, if deep the draught shall be,
Knows all the rapture of the hill,
Blent with the heart-break of the sea.

Ah, drooping wings that trail the ground,
Ah, sudden flights to worlds above,
Ah, thorns, among the roses bound
About the brows of those who love!

Robert Cameron Rogers.

TEN YEARS LATER—THE MOST CELEBRATED CASE IN HISTORY

BY ALVIN F. SANBORN

In Two Parts—Part I

A year and a half ago the cables brought us the brief announcement that the portfolio of the French Ministry of War had been given to a certain General Picquart. It was not thought worth while in most places to say anything about the antecedents of this person or to hint that his history contained anything of particular interest. Yet ten years ago this man was the most reviled and the most lauded, not merely in France, but throughout the civilised world. He was the very incarnation of one side of "The Most Celebrated Case in History." "Picquart," wrote the late George W. Steevens in "The Tragedy of Dreyfus," "the Dreyfus Case is Picquart." And his personal obscurity to-day, outside of France, is wonderfully typical of that case—Ten Years Later. Two or three months ago the ashes of Émile Zola were conveyed with great state to the Pantheon. In the midst of the ceremonies a shot rang out—an attempt had been made on the life of Dreyfus. For a moment the world remembered. But it was only for a moment. And his personal obscurity to-day, despite his high office, is wonderfully typical of that case—Ten Years Later. Of the present lives of those men, now apparently forgotten, but whose names so short a time ago were on every other tongue in Europe and America—the unfortunate Dreyfus, Paty de Clam, Scheurer-Kestner, Démanges, Mercier, Boisdeffre and Labori—"The Most Celebrated Case in History, Ten Years Later," tells.

A LITERARY artist could easily construct an absorbing and thrilling romance, drama or dramatic poem out of "the most celebrated case in history" by taking such liberties with the truth as are commonly accorded to the romancer, dramatist or dramatic poet. He might picture the despised Jew Dreyfus as a haggard, half-starved prisoner on the desolate, storm-beaten Ile du Diable; and this same Dreyfus, ten years later, purged of every taint, courted by the powerful, adored by the masses, and idolised by the army from which he had been ejected with loathing and scorn. He might picture Émile Zola, the author of that marvellous piece of invective, *J'Accuse,* as a knight of truth and justice surrounded by a hooting, threatening mob; and the remains of this same Zola, ten years later, conducted with splendid pageantry to the Pantheon of national heroes amid the bravos of a populace delirious with the joy of redressing a grievous wrong. He might picture the brave and handsome Picquart, as another knight of truth and justice falsely accused, ostracised and imprisoned for his loyalty to his convictions; and this same Picquart, ten years later, as the official chief of the army of his country, making superhuman efforts to reform the vicious system of which he had been one of the victims. He might picture General Mercier as a sort of fiend in human form, torturing and gloating over his prey at Rennes; and this same General Mercier, ten years later, feeble of body, broken in spirit, and racked with remorse, hiding away from the abhorrence of his fellowmen. And so on through the list of the protagonists of the world-famous Affair. And thus, by employing only high lights and deep shadows, by invoking poetic justice and avenging Nemesis on every page, by tampering—oh, ever so little!—

with reality, he would produce a soul-stirring work that would make incomparable reading.

In preparing even so slight a review of the vicissitudes of the Dreyfus Affair as a magazine article permits, the temptation is strong, almost irresistible, for a person with the slightest literary feeling or dramatic sense to proceed as the romancer, the dramatist or the poet would proceed. But, alas, there are the facts, the inconvenient facts! "To think," says the broad-minded philosopher of J. H. Rosny's novel, *Le Bilatéral,* to his revolutionary friends, who are ardently convinced of the possibility of making the world over by a mere formula in a day—"to think that there are multitudes of brave souls who, like you, see only white and black! Nothing but white and black! Why, *citoyens,* the complex is grey, all shades of grey!" From start to finish, the Dreyfus Affair was complex, if ever anything was, appallingly complex. From start to finish it was (in spite of numerous striking episodes) grey—all shades of grey. On both sides, generous hearts fought and suffered for what they believed to be justice and truth. On both sides, social strugglers and self-seeking politicians intrigued and sinned. On both sides fanaticism distorted the vision of the upright. On both sides, the motives were mixed, the corresponding acts were mixed, the moral and material consequences of the acts were mixed. On both sides, motives, acts and moral and material consequences were neither black nor white, but grey, all shades of grey. Hence, this article must be—the more's the pity, from a literary if not from a human point of view—a plain study in greys.


Les Hommes du jour

Général PICQUART

It is safe to say that the central figure of the Dreyfus Affair, Dreyfus himself—is it because he is the most unlucky or the least magnetic of men, or both?—has fewer friends and admirers in his triumph than he had in his distress. He has failed to win over his antagonists (the unbridled anti-Semitic and royalist organs continue with impunity to refer to him as *le traitre*), and he has contrived to get himself disliked by nearly all his former champions, who cynically affirm that "his innocence is his principal virtue."

For fully two years after his pardon, Dreyfus was in a highly nervous state, woke often in the night, under the impression that he was still on the "Ile du Diable," and, to rid himself of the hideous nightmare, was wont to get up and pace the floor. He passed the winter and spring of 1900 with his elder sister at Villemarie, close to Carpentras, in the south of France, and finished his cure in Switzerland, near Geneva. Justly dissatisfied with the law of reparation of 1906, which accorded him less* than he would have obtained in the natural course of events and which rendered it impossible for him ever to attain the highest grades in the army, he demanded his retreat at the end of a year. He is now living with his family in the Parc Monceau quarter of Paris in a corner apartment house of the Boulevard Malesherbes, which differs in no essential respect from a hundred other apartment houses in the same district. Never having recognised that his cause was a political one, he refuses persistently to "play

*Picquart, on the contrary, was accorded by the same law more than he would have obtained in the natural course of events.



ALFRED DREYFUS TO-DAY

Despite the official honours which have been accorded him as a compensation for his years on Devil's Island, Dreyfus has fewer friends and admirers in his triumph than he had in his distress. He is disliked by nearly all his former champions, who cynically affirm that "his innocence is his principal virtue." He lives with his family in Parc Monceau Quarter of Paris.

politics." He is neither an anti-militarist nor a rabid anti-clerical. In short, Dreyfus is the "least Dreyfusard of the Dreyfusards"—a fact which the majority of his ex-champions can neither understand nor forgive. He limits his social relations mainly to his kindred and intimate friends. He appears rarely in public, but makes it a point of honour to attend the ceremonies which commemorate the important incidents of his Affair. Fired at, on the occasion of his last public appearance (the "Pantheonisation" of Zola), by the aged militarist Grégori, the wound he received was so slight that (by a sort of paradoxical piece of ill-luck) it did not even serve to render him interesting, as a really serious injury would have done. The very bullet mysteriously disappeared, "refusing," to cite one of his enemies, "to remain in his arm." The Assizes trial of Grégori will bring Dreyfus before the public again necessarily; but there is no reason to suppose that it will confer upon him the prestige which he has thus far been impotent to acquire. It is only fair to explain that the handful of his former supporters which remains loyal to him is exceedingly loyal, and will not admit for an instant that he is cold, selfish and ungrateful. Joseph Reinach, for instance, says: "Most men are so constituted that simplicity of bearing and of speech in the great catastrophes of life or in the first moments after a victim who has escaped them has become an historical personage, is the least comprehended of moral beauties.



THE MONUMENT TO SCHEURER-KESTNER

Which was dedicated a few months ago in the Luxembourg Gardens

The general verdict was that Dreyfus continued to play his rôle badly because he played no rôle, remaining simply himself. His modesty in displaying his sentiments was taken for dryness. This heart, full to overflowing, but which did not overflow, passed for empty."

The so-called "Apotheosis" of Émile Zola was the most pitiable apology for an apotheosis of which it is possible to conceive. Whether Zola's title to a place in the Pantheon is clear or not, the event proved that the country is not yet ripe for such a glorification of the author of the *Rougon-Macquart* novels and of *La Débacle*. If anything could have reopened the Dreyfus Affair, the effrontery of the party in power in thus defying the sentiments of a large and respectable portion of the community would have done so. As it was, the "Pantheonisation" of Zola was the signal for a spontaneous outburst of public indignation; and if the transferral of the remains had not been accomplished by a stratagem, there is some reason to doubt whether it could have been accomplished at all.

Unlike the body of Voltaire, which, after lying in state, in the midst of flowers and greenery, upon the ruins of the Bastile, was placed in a grandiose cortège, that took several hours to cover the relatively short distance to the Pantheon; unlike the body of Victor Hugo, which lay in state over night under the Arch of Triumph and was borne to the Pantheon amid the plaudits of hundreds of thousands of adorers; unlike the bodies of Carnot, of Berthelot, and of the other men, more or less great, whose translation to the national mausoleum has occurred in the midst of the enthusiasm, or at least without the disapprobation, of the people, the body of Zola was transferred in an undignified and well-nigh clandestine fashion, that suggested unpleasantly body-snatching. At dusk, when the majority of Parisians are at their dinner-tables, it was rushed across the city at break-neck speed and by narrow, unfrequented streets, as if it were the corpse of a beheaded criminal des-



THE TEMPORARY TOMB OF ÉMILE ZOLA



THE ARREST OF GREGORI AFTER HIS ATTEMPT UPON THE LIFE OF DREYFUS

tined to the potter's field or to the municipal laboratory—the hearse having been isolated by a skilful manœuvre of the Prefect of Police, M. Lépine, from the following carriages, which would have caused it to attract public attention. On the Place du Panthéon, where the hearse was obliged to show itself, it was greeted by imprecations from thousands of throats. A wagon of funeral wreaths was overturned and the wreaths were trampled under foot. For a few moments the anger of the crowd swelled so high that it looked as if it might not be possible to transfer the bier to the catafalque which awaited it, and that it would be cast into the Seine, as the manifestants were demanding. (*"A l'eau! A l'eau, Zola!"*) Indeed, had the organisers of the translation chosen a Sunday or a holiday therefor, the chances are that such would have been its fate.

The ceremony of the following day, while not unimpressive, was "national" only in name. It was distinctly the affair of a faction, the address, which was delivered by an obscure member of the Ministry, failing to rise above sectarianism. During the exercises the hostile demonstrations were resumed outside the building, where innumerable street-hawkers did a thriving business in caricature sheets and picture postal-cards denunciatory of Zola. Not only were the people,



THE SCENE AT THE PANTHEON DURING THE CEREMONIES ATTENDING THE TRANSFER OF ZOLA'S ASHES

in the name of whom Zola was honoured, not permitted to participate in the exercises, which would have been impracticable, perhaps; but they were not allowed to file past the catafalque* after the ceremony was concluded, in accordance with the immemorial usage of such occasions. The bier was lowered into the crypt immediately, and the entire Pantheon was hermetically closed to visitors for three or four weeks afterward—to the great annoyance of the provincial and foreign tourists who had included the famous structure in their

*This programme was announced the day before the ceremony, and hence cannot be attributed to a sudden access of nervousness caused by the attempt of Grégori upon Dreyfus.



GENERAL PICQUART TO-DAY

Picquart's elevation to the lofty post of Minister of War is said to have been due to Prime Minister Clemenceau. Picquart has become a strict militarist, and holds no intercourse with the man he defended so ably. According to some, Picquart, the Minister of War, is chiefly occupied in making France forget Picquart the Dreyfusard.



MAÎTRE LABORI TO-DAY

Since the conclusion of the Dreyfus case the brilliant advocate has been retained by the defence in a number of sensational cases, the most noted of which are these of the phenomenal woman swindler, Thérèse Humbert, and of the diamond fakir Lemoine. Recently he conducted successfully the suit of Senator Charles Humbert against *Le Matin* for defamation. Labori has a picturesque country seat, where he spends his leisure time.

sight-seeing programmes. The journalist who declared facetiously that Zola had entered the Pantheon "by the servant's stairway" was not so very far from the truth.

It must not be supposed, however, that all this display of bad blood was due to the rôle of Zola in the Dreyfus Affair. Numbers of the working-people who approved of Zola's *J'Accuse* have never forgiven him for his *L'Assommoir,* in which he slandered gratuitously, they believe, their class. Many soldiers, who bear him no grudge for *J'Accuse,* have not forgiven him his *La Débacle,* in which he slandered, they believe, their



COLONEL DU PATY DE CLAM, THE EVIL GENIUS OF L'AFFAIRE

On the eve of the translation of Zola's ashes to the Pantheon Du Paty de Clam compelled *L'Aurore* (the newspaper in which Zola's *J'Accuse* letter originally appeared) to print on its front page a letter, also entitled *J'Accuse,* in which he defended himself against the charge of being the torturer of Dreyfus. The lapse of ten years has neither greatly increased public respect for Du Paty's abilities, nor has it shown him to be the monster he was painted during the excitement of the Affair. He is now stationed at Versailles.



GENERAL ANDRÉ TO-DAY

General André, who as Minister of War made possible the second revision that resulted in the complete rehabilitation of Dreyfus, became intoxicated with his success and went to arbitrary extremes. He was obliged to resign under a cloud.

class. The soldiers who were subjected to the supreme humiliation of paying honours to their defamer on the Place du Panthéon displayed admirable restraint under the trying ordeal; but they had their proxies in the crowd. The French peasantry, profoundly indifferent to *J'Accuse,* have not forgiven Zola *La Terre,* in which he slandered, they believe, their class; and if there were few peasants in Paris on the day of his official glorification, there were hosts of indignant persons who retain holy memories of the pure and noble peasant homes in which they were reared. Similarly, many clerks have not forgiven him *Le Bonheur des Dames,* and many bourgeois, *Pot-Bouille,* in which they were respectively maltreated. Finally, a great body of high-minded citizens, who admired the moral fervour of *J'Accuse,* agree with Maurice Barrés, who said recently in the Chamber, "The works of Zola have served in the entire world to cause the virtues of our society to be misunderstood."

The triumph of the brave and handsome Picquart, which must appear positively dazzling from so far away as America, appears somewhat less brilliant at closer range. His elevation to the lofty post of Minister of War surprised no one here, his well-known intimacy with Clemenceau, who is afflicted with a veritable passion for domination, having rendered it inevitable that the latter should call Picquart to his side sooner or later. "There is only one man," said Reinach anent the events of the year 1900, "who exerts any influence upon Picquart, and this man is he who of all men believes least in men—Clemenceau. Picquart is mastered like a woman by this heartless juggler of ideas."

There is a pretty widespread impression (shared, for the matter of that, by many of his friends and admirers) that



HENRI ROCHEFORT TO-DAY

Rochefort, who carried on a vigorous Anti-Dreyfussard campaign in his paper, *L'Intransigeant,* ten years ago, is now attached to *La Patrie* and *Le Figaro.*



"THE VISION." BY PAUL RENOUARD

This painting was exposed in the Salon of 1908 (Champ de Mars). It was pulled down and trampled upon by an enraged Anti-Dreyfusard. The vague figure, in the upper left hand corner, is Colonel Henry with his throat cut.

Destiny has carried Picquart higher than his capacities warrant; that he is more successful in the picturesque rôle of moral hero than in the sternly practical one of administrator. He is being endlessly chaffed for the unwarlike tastes of which De Pressensé made so much in his Picquart biography—is called "the carpet knight," "Georgette," "the Chopin of the Ministry of War"—not because these tastes are esteemed unworthy of a soldier in so artistic a country as France, but because they seem to leave no room for the energy which was expected of him. According to Victor Méric, Picquart Minister of War is chiefly occupied in making the country forget Picquart the Dreyfusard. "Picquart has jumped," he says, "to the other side of the barricade." Picquart the patron saint of the anti-militarists is charged further with having become more militarist than the militarists. This ardent champion of justice in the army has grown lukewarm with age, it is said, and shows no signs of undertaking the military reforms for which he was believed to yearn. Finally, he is charged with having become (is it from his disillusion with Dreyfus?) an Anti-Semite, or rather with having allowed the Anti-Semitism which was always in him to come to the surface. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that he openly expressed disgust in the *Gazette de Lausanne* (April, 1906) that important positions in the two ministries, War and Marine, on which the national defence depends, were being given to Jews. "The great charm which his modesty conferred upon Picquart," to quote Reinach again, "could not hold out against the flatteries of the coteries and the solitude in which he lived over and over his dramatic adventure"—a very delicate and French way of affirming that Picquart acquired some time ago what in plain English is called "a swelled head."

Maître Labori, the brilliant, ebullient advocate, who had been chiefly known as the defender of the Anarchists before he undertook the cause of Dreyfus, has since been retained by the defence in a number of sensational cases, the most noted of which are those of the phenomenal woman swindler, Thérèse Humbert, and of the diamond fakir, Lemoine. Very recently also he added to his laurels as counsel for Senator Charles Humbert in the latter's successful suit for defamation against *Le Matin.* Maître Labori was the founder of *La Grande Revue* and *La Revue du Palais,* and is the author of a twelve-volume work entitled *Le Répertoire Encyclopédique du Droit Français.* He is also a member of the Chamber of Deputies. He washed his hands years ago of the Dreyfus Affair, which made him for a space, it is true, the most talked-of lawyer of two continents, but which brought him otherwise little but vexation, disenchantment and misfortune. Maître Labori has a picturesque country-seat named "Le Prieuré des Basses-Loges" at Avon (Seine-et-Marne), where he spends as much time as his manifold activities permit.

The modest and conscientious Maître Demange, to whose dignified attitude at Rennes even his adversaries paid tribute, continues to be the Dreyfus family lawyer, as he was before the Affair. Disliking the limelight as much as Labori enjoys it, he avoids sedulously public notice; but, like Dreyfus, he attends religiously the occasions commemorative of the Affair.

General André, the Minister of War, whose persistent and thorough search in the safes, the cupboards, the drawers, the pigeon-holes and the portfolios of his Ministry brought to light the new evidence which rendered possible the second revision that resulted in the complete rehabilitation of Dreyfus, unfortunately got so intoxicated with his success and his exceptionally long lease of power that he came to practise an arbitrariness and an intolerance which none of his predecessors had exceeded. André took office with two fixed ideas—to finish once for all with the Dreyfus Affair and to purge the army of every officer who was tainted ever so slightly with clericalism. To the latter end, he organised, with the aid of one of his subordinates, Capitaine Mollin (a son-in-law of Anatole France), a vast system of espionage of army officers, to which the Masonic lodges of all France supplied, through the intermediary of the Grand Orient, secret reports, called "fiches." This contemptible tale-bearing

system was exposed in the Chamber, and André was obliged to resign under the blackest sort of a cloud. "One of the saddest duties of the historian," says Reinach *à propos* of this disgraceful incident, "is to be obliged so often to show men spoiling with their own hands a work which has done them honour. This was the case of André. Those who cry out the loudest against injustice, when they acquire power do not put it at the service of justice. André employed against officers of the former état-major the tactics of the former état-major."

Scheurer-Kestner, the sturdy and unpretentious Alsatian senator, who may fairly be called the pioneer of the revision movement, since he struggled almost single-handed for months, died at sixty-six, on the very day the pardon of Dreyfus was granted. He has been honoured by a bust in the vestibule of the Senate and by a beautiful monument in the Luxembourg Gardens, which was dedicated February 11, 1908. In spite of the risk of drawing a distinction which will appear to some invidious, one may venture to say that Scheurer-Kestner stands out (thanks, perhaps, to the intervention of the Grim Reaper) as the purest glory of the Dreyfus side of the Dreyfus case. Belonging solely to its historic period, he was mercifully spared the spectacle of and possibly participation in the petty bickerings and the unlovely displays of vanity and vindictiveness which were to follow.

Ludovic Trarieux, president of the "League of the Rights of Man," to whom Scheurer solemnly confided the leadership of the Dreyfus cause when feeble health forced him to relinquish it, and who died insane in 1904, has also been accorded the honour of a bust in the vestibule of the Senate and of a public monument (Square Denfert-Rochereau). Trarieux, who entered the fray as a Republican of the most moderate type (he had even been hostile to Gambetta), was trembling on the verge of socialism when he lost his mind.

General Mercier, it goes without saying, possesses but the shadow of his former authority. Nevertheless he is a force to be reckoned with, "disabled," as we say in America, "but still in the ring." Although a very cordially hated man, the most cordially hated man, probably, of his day and generation, he retains a considerable allegiance. He is by no means an outcast on the face of the earth, as has too often been affirmed, and he is neither worn out in body nor broken in spirit. On the contrary, it would be hard to find anywhere a more vigorous man of seventy-five physically and morally. In the streets of Paris, where he is a familiar figure, he attracts attention by his erect carriage and elastic step; and when he chances to meet a former adversary he looks him square in the eye without flinching. He has conquered a seat in the Senate since the verdict of Rennes, but rarely takes the floor there, public speaking being little in his line. Whether this robust old age is to be attributed to an absence of conscience or to a clear conscience, opinions differ. But if General Mercier is really the villain his enemies make him out, it must be conceded that he is a phenomenally well-preserved one.

Du Paty de Clam (whose name stirred American risibilities mightily ten years ago, because it suggested so irresistibly one of our national tidbits) has kept the public aware of his existence all this time by means of frequent communications to the press. A few weeks ago, on the eve of Zola's translation, Du Paty compelled* the *Aurore* (in which Zola's *J'Accuse* had originally appeared) to print on the front page a letter also entitled "J'Accuse," wherein he defended himself spiritedly and not too unsuccessfully against the charge of being the inquisitor and the torturer of Dreyfus—a charge which the Dreyfusard Reinach, for that matter, had already shown to be greatly exaggerated—and accusing Zola, in his turn, of having made himself the echo of false and calumnious accusations. Altogether, it may be said that the lapse of ten years, if it has not greatly increased the public respect for Du Paty's peculiar mentality, has shown him not to have been the monster he was painted during the excitement of the Affair. He is now stationed at Versailles.

*French law obliges a newspaper to insert an answer to a personal attack. This answer may be presented at any time within twenty years.

(*To be concluded*)

SIX BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

A. I. Dasent's "John T. Delane" *

It seems, perhaps, a little odd that in this age of biographical gleaning the first life of Delane should have waited to be written till he had been dead thirty years. The lapse of time has, to be sure, made the task rather easier in one important respect; by removing, that is, many of the obstacles of personal allusion and comment which must necessarily have faced the biographer a generation ago. Meantime the memory of the man has been kept alive, or rather embodied, in the memory of his work. The greatest editor of the greatest newspaper the world has seen, and that during the period of its highest influence, must have made a mark which, whether or not publicly connected with his name, no single generation could well efface. As for Delane, rigidly, superstitiously almost, as he maintained his anonymity as a writer, no person of his day was more distinctly or generally recognised as a power among men. The only thing at all like it we have seen in this country is, of course, the instance of Greeley and the *Tribune*. In some ways the analogy is close. For a time the *Tribune* came near being to America what the *Times* was to England; and Greeley had the confidence of Lincoln as Delane had that of Palmerston or the Queen. But the *Times* was the greater journal, and its editor the greater power. Lincoln himself said that the *Times* was the most powerful thing in the world, except perhaps the Mississippi. And this was true because for many years it succeeded in expressing, more clearly than it was expressed by any single Parliament or Government, the sense and the will of the English people.

The Mr. Dasent who is author of this eventual and sufficient *Life* is a nephew of the great editor, and son of his contemporary and right-hand man in the conduct of the *Times*. The elder Dasent wrote an article about Delane shortly after his death which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine*, and which it was his intention to expand into a biography; but, says the son, rather vaguely, "unforeseen difficulties prevented the realisation of his project." It remained for a later hand to sift and arrange the mass of correspondence which supplies the chief substance of the present volumes. The task has been well done; the result is an extremely clear picture of an extraordinary man. John Delane was John Bull himself, ruddy, portly, and mutton-chopped; a healthy person, of dining, shooting, farming tastes; a person well satisfied with his estate of Englishman. But he was John Bull at his best, with his instincts under control, his faculties refusing to be stultified by prejudice. He seldom if ever made the British mistake of underrating his enemy. He represented public opinion, but *enlightened* public opinion; and there is no higher achievement for journalism than that. The *Times* became arbiter of public action, and often a mainspring of it. Viceroys, prime ministers, the Queen herself, found it necessary to take Delane into consideration, to consult him in matters of importance, to explain to him in confidence their plans and their motives. Delane became editor of the *Times* at twenty-three. He was under thirty when Lord Aberdeen wrote him (in 1846), "You have at this moment a great deal in your power. I may almost say that the question of peace or war is in your hands." Always thereafter he is being confided in or appealed to by the leaders of both government and opposition as the one person in the empire whose support is of greatest moment. Yet no private communication was ever made use of for copy, and Delane was often embarrassed by receiving confidential information as to facts which he would have learned through ordinary channels and would then have been free to publish. The editorial policy of the *Times* seems to have been as little as possible in-

*John Thadeus Delane, Editor of the *Times:* His Life and Correspondence. By Arthur Irwin Dasent. With Portraits and Other Illustrations. New York: Imported by Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

fluenced by all this private communication with those who were or wished to be in power. Enemies were not lacking to charge that the editor was amenable to social and even pecuniary bribes; but no such charge was ever substantiated. A certain apparent colour was lent to them by Delane's very active social life, and certain passages in his correspondence now published seem to show him not inhumanly intangible by private considerations. For instance, we find him writing genially to Dasent, toward the close of his career: "Please publish in large print a little letter Rosebery has written upon the House of Lords, signed, *"Semper ego auditor tantum."* It is a remonstrance against the exclusion of peers under fifty from any share in the debates.

"I won £20 from him, which makes me anxious to oblige him."

It is certainly an odd aspect of the career of Delane's career that he should have been so much of the time an absentee from the official chair. Often he is dissatisfied with the second-hand knowledge gained from his official correspondents, and is off to Paris or the Crimea to see things for himself. But more often his absences seem purely an indulgence. He is always dining out, and often visiting at country-houses or entertaining at his own Ascot place. He was quiet and reserved in large companies, and only let himself go among a few intimates now and then; but there is no doubt that he enjoyed in a perfectly simple way the social pleasures of the ordinary Englishman. He shot and coursed, played billiards and bowls, with that healthy and ingenuous sense of thereby fulfilling the lot of man which belongs enviably to the Briton. He loved racing, and no doubt had keen satisfaction in pocketing Lord Rosebery's £20. But whether he was in the office or not, the *Times* went on, and always with a sense, at least, of his guiding hand at the helm. It is evident that the flexibility of his method was made possible largely by the superior efficiency of Dasent.

The attitude of the *Times* during the Civil War has been hard for America to stomach; yet Delane's attitude was merely that of his class, an error of judgment, not of intention. At the time of his visit to America some years before the outbreak of the war he shows merely the disposition of the ordinary English traveller. The grounds for his commendation of New York are as comic as they are evidently sincere: "I am disappointed in what I have seen of this city. It is not half so well built as Boston, and this, which is the best hotel, is not better than that at Chicago. But the climate is a great improvement on the West. There (three days ago) I left snow, the thermometer at 20°, here we have a nice damp muggy atmosphere such as you might have in London."

The details of Delane's relation to events and to the leading men of the day are most interesting as brought out in the letters here published. Palmerston, Peel, Disraeli, Gladstone, all looked upon him as what the biographer justly calls him, "the spokesman of the educated public." And there is a sense in which an impersonal Spirit of History might judge him greater than any one of them: "Ministers put forth their speeches at intervals and relapse into silence. Delane, in the exercise of his duty as editor of the *Times*, served the interests of the nation without intermission, without relaxation, heedless of parties or personal favour, from hour to hour with all his heart and soul, and to the very utmost of his ability."

H. W. Boynton.

II

H. P. Robinson's "Twentieth Century American"*

Of making English books about America there is no end, and seemingly none to the avidity with which America consumes them. But within the decade or so, a marked change has come over their spirit. Time was when the British tourist seemed quite to forget that his English words were as legible to the Americans about whom he wrote as to the English for whom he wrote, and that

*The Twentieth Century American. Being a Comparative Study of the Peoples of the Two Great Anglo-Saxon Nations. By H. Perry Robinson. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

there was a larger market for English books on the Western than on the Eastern çoast of the Atlantic. Small blame to him for forgetting that, since his American "circulation" in those days did not do him the least pecuniary good. But his book was apt to be "indicative of the general absurdity" of America, as Thackeray says that the caricatures and street songs of London when the Prince Consort arrived to claim his bride were of that of Germany. Dickens, in fact, seems to have indicated the motive of his own long-subsequent *American Notes* and *Martin Chuzzlewit* by the words he prophetically and most undramatically put into the mouth of Mr. Anthony Weller, in his advice to Mr. Pickwick to cross the seas to escape the vengeance of Mrs. Bardell: "Then let him come back and write a book about the 'Merrikins as 'll pay all his expenses and more, if he blows 'em up enough." To be sure, twenty years later than Dickens's visit, Anthony Trollope wrote a book about this country which was avowedly intended to appease American wrath against the Manes of his mother, whose cisatlantic sojourn was some fifteen years earlier than that visit. He did not succeed, for his own book was held to be evidence of that "Certain Condescension in Foreigners," while the *Domestic Manners of the Americans*, the book for which he sought to atone, really needed no atonement, as any American will acknowledge who reads it now, being only a record of the impression a frontier town, such as Cincinnati was in 1828, was bound to make upon an English lady. Doubtless we were a skinless nation in those days.

Our integument has been indurated, we may suppose, by the precise circumstance which has chiefly conduced to the change of tone in our British visitors. the national success of which we and other people are now conscious. At any rate nothing can be "nicer" than the tone of the recent British tourists. They stroke us with the lie of the hair, instead of rubbing us against it, and we purr and admire their discernment. Mr. William Archer in his *America To-day*, Mr. G. W. Steevens in his *Land of the Dollar*, Mr. Muirhead in his *America, the Land of Contrasts*, what could be nicer? And it is not at all necessary to impute to these amiable authors a determination to speak unto us smooth things. What makes them pleasant, and profitable even for reproof, is that they talk "on the level" and not as from high to low, as they used to talk. The British palæosaur, who required to be assured whenever he read a book of travels of the superiority of the Briton who stayed at home, is so nearly extinct that there are only one or two British journals which still make a specialty of Americanophobia, and they do not seem to make a shining success of it. Almost the last of the old-fashioned *de haut en bas* British tourists was that Sir Lepel Griffin, twenty odd years ago, of whom Matthew Arnold expressed the hope that his duties in India did not require insight into the working of institutions, Matthew Arnold who was accused in his turn of exhibiting toward America also that "certain condescension" which he observed toward his own countrymen. It is true Mr. H. G. Wells has made a prognosis which is unfavourable so far as it is intelligible.

But Mr. Robinson's book is by no means in the category of these rapid "reisebilder." There is nothing at all superficial or cursory about his work. He can say, with Burke before him: "If I do not know America, my ignorance is incurable, for I have spared no pains to understand it." To have gone almost straight from Oxford to a mining camp in the Far West, a quarter of a century ago (on the same excursion, by the way, on which that strange sprig of aristocracy, the Honorable Bethell, whose name is here discreetly disvowelled, left his mustard-coloured trail across the Continent, pursued by rage and laughter), to have worked back to the Mississippi and worked up a journal to success, to have worked up a gold-standard propaganda among railroad men in 1896, to have given American hostages to fortune—these are facts which the volume does not contain and indeed a knowledge of them is not needed to attest the author's competence in experience for his "comparative study." It is the sort of equipment which, given an equivalent endow-

ment, should fit a writer to produce a classic upon his theme, a work comparable not with the "side lights of a car in motion" of the rapid tourists, but rather with the deliberate studies of Tocqueville and Bryce. And the endowment is there also, in a mind at once observant, reflective and candid. A classic accordingly the careful reader will be apt to acknowledge that Mr. Robinson has produced.

Not a "British classic," perhaps, so much as what one may call an American classic. Mr. Bryce's monumental book may be said to be the product of theory checked by observation; Mr. Robinson's of observation settling into theory. The former method is perhaps the more consonant to "the dignity of history"; the latter unquestionably tends the more to legibility. What if many of the anecdotes are of a superficial triviality which would make Clio or Mr. Bryce hesitate to repeat them? They may be all the more illuminating for that. *"Ridentem dicere verum quid vetat"* is at any rate classical, and there are here many anecdotes so illuminating that an explicit moral is superfluous. So the good Emerson recounts that when he was challenged by his English friends in London "whether there was any American idea," "I fancied that one or two of my anecdotes made some impression." Many of Mr. Robinson's anecdotes are of this kind, although of one, set forth on page 103, the present reviewer is bound to say that, if he trusted his own memory, its blankness would lead him to ascribe the story to that maker of so many "good things," "Benjamin Trovato."

Mr. Robinson finds the essential community of the English-speaking nations where most students have abandoned the quest for it, in our old friend "Anglo-Saxondom," to which he ascribes a quasi-scientific value as the historical source of the English version of "Liberty" and "Equality," if not of "Fraternity." He employs it as synonymous with Individualism, to which few will differ with him in attributing the peculiar successes and glories of the English-speaking peoples. Professor Freeman would have said "Teutonic," and quite as plausibly, though to be sure modern Germany by no means exemplifies it so forcibly as the "Germania" of Tacitus. To be taken very seriously, Mr. Robinson's limitation should have been developed much more in detail. The main difference between contemporary England and contemporary America, undoubtedly is what Mr. Gladstone called "the love of inequality" in the United Kingdom, in contrast with the impatience of it in the United States. Mr. Robinson finds the British inequality, with all its fortifications in law and usage, a mere Norman overlay of the essential "Anglo Saxon" qualities of the race. If so, it is a veneer very effectively applied, since it is plain that in the international industrial competition the British industrialist still works, in comparison with his competitors, American and other, as Sir William Napier said the British soldier fought, in comparison with the French private with a marshal's baton in his knapsack, "in the cold shade of aristocracy."

It were a hopeless attempt, with the space at command, to discuss the book in detail. Every chapter, almost, is an incitement to an article. And it is not to be supposed that the author is engaged in the mere distribution of emollients. Contrariwise, he deals criticism round both lands. That criticism which will excite most opposition in England is perhaps the contention that there is more "culture" here than there. (The author disclaims this conclusion, but it looks unavoidable.) That which will certainly excite most on this side is that the American standard of chivalry toward women is lower than the English. This is the kind of criticism that we find it hardest to submit to. That Mr. Robinson manages to make it without enraging the American reader is final proof, not even of the fineness of his tact so much as of the admirableness of his temper. Heredity and environment have in truth made him bipatriotic, as they have made some favoured few bilingual. No more valuable contribution to the "understanding" has been made than this volume, and surely there is no cause to which an English-speaking or English-writing man can do better service by contributing.

There are some few slips, such as will

occur when one trusts to his memory without verifying everything. Memory for memory, since the means for verification are not at hand, the Sicilian murderers in New Orleans who had escaped the law were not "hanged in a public square in broad daylight," but shot to death in an alley. And surely it shows oblivion of the "common heritage" of Boswell to ascribe to "Sydney Smith" the saying of the great Doctor that "a woman's preaching is like a dog walking on his hinder legs. It is not done well; but you are surprised to find it done at all."

Montgomery Schuyler.

III

GALSWORTHY'S "VILLA RUBEIN"*

No discriminating reader, already familiar with *The Island Pharisees* and *The Country House,* would be likely to dispute the claim of any new novel from the pen of Mr. Galsworthy to the right of careful critical attention. The first natural impulse, however, upon discovering that *Villa Rubein* is not a new work, but one that appeared eight years ago in England, and is now for the first time issued in America, is to conclude hastily that it is probably an early, immature effort, and therefore not worthy the expenditure of any considerable space. Yet this conclusion would be an error of judgment, both in relation to the book in question and to the bigger and more general question which it raises. As a matter of fact, the first books of new English authors are seldom of such self-evident importance as to secure a simultaneous hearing in America. The much more usual course, even in the case of writers of considerable promise, is for America to remain placidly unaware of their existence until after some years of patient endeavour they make a lucky hit with a story of such obvious bigness that our publishers wake up to the commercial advantage of securing it. And if the big book lives up to its expectations, whether it be *The Divine Fire,* by May Sinclair, or John Trehena's *Furze the Cruel,* or the case at issue of Mr. Galsworthy's maturer works, it is a foregone conclusion that before long these authors' earlier volumes will make a bid for a belated hearing, on the strength of the newly acquired reputation.

*Villa Rubein. By John Galsworthy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Now there can be no doubt that this is a perfectly fair and legitimate procedure, if, as in the present case, it is made quite clear to the public that the book is an old one, not a new. But an added responsibility rests upon the reviewer to point out the relation of such an earlier work to the later, more conspicuous volume, not merely in order to prevent any misunderstanding of their relative importance, but also to point out the character and direction of the author's progress, and draw important inferences as to his probable future. If we take up *Villa Rubein* in this serious spirit, the first impression we are likely to get is one of surprised interest at the distance which the author has had to travel in the eight years that have passed since its appearance. It would have taken an uncommonly audacious and farsighted critic to discover and proclaim, on the strength of these quiet, unassuming pages, a coming genius, soon to be hailed by an over-sanguine press as "one of the few novelists who really count," whose books have "some of those generous qualities which make *Vanity Fair* the wholly delightful work it is"—a judgment to which the conservative London *Athenæum* recently committed itself. It is only fair to say frankly that any one who looks to find in *Villa Rubein* the broad understanding of life, the keen, satirical insight into British social conditions that characterise such a book, for instance, as *The Man of Property,* must inevitably meet with disappointment.

And yet *Villa Rubein* is well worth reading, even though one had never before heard of John Galsworthy or *The Man of Property.* It is a somewhat structureless yet charmingly natural chronicle of the love of a young Austrian painter for an English girl, who happens to be spending the season in the heart of the Tyrol, along with her half-sister, Greta; her step-father, Herr Paul; her uncle, Treffry, and other members of a rather unique and for the most part quite

lovable family. Like many another young painter before him, Harz, the Austrian, in his early, bohemian years, has had a bitter and prolonged struggle with poverty and hunger; and seven years before the story opens he became involved, in what seems to the reader a rather harmless way, in an abortive anarchist plot; and only by great good luck evaded the police and gained the frontier. Even now, after seven years, he runs no small risk in returning to his native land. This, falling casually from Harz's lips, is for two-thirds of the book the only bit of concrete, palpable structure. The rest is just a series of suggestive meetings, lingerings, desultory chattings of many inconsequential matters by a number of people well worth the knowing, in whose future welfare the reader finds himself insensibly becoming more and more concerned—and always in the background the unforgettable charm of the Austrian Tyrol. But the German step-father cannot look with equanimity upon a marriage between his dead wife's daughter and a penniless painter with anarchistic tendencies; and when it is apparently easy to get rid of him merely by mentioning his name to the police, the temptation is too great for Herr Paul to resist. Such is the situation when Uncle Treffry takes a hand in his favourite niece's love affairs and straightens them out, although at tragic cost to himself.

Such, in the briefest available form, is the substance of this placid and really enjoyable little tale, which more than once reminds one of Mr. Marion Crawford's early effort, *A Roman Singer*. If you are not expecting too serious a picture of life, or one covering too broad a canvas, you will find that *Villa Rubein* well repays the slight initial effort needed to reach the heart of it. And if, on the other hand, you are interested, as a student of Mr. Galsworthy's methods, in studying his development, you will quickly discover that, while he has shown astonishing growth in the technique of his art, in the scope of his purpose and breadth of canvas, he already shows in this early book the keen understanding of human nature, the trained powers of observation, the striking ability to seize upon one or two salient tricks of speech or gesture, and through them make us see and understand the dominant qualities of a man or woman. Whether judged by itself or as a measure of his subsequent advancement, *Villa Rubein's* publication in this country can only heighten, not diminish, the reputation Mr. Galsworthy has already won.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

IV

René Bazin's "Redemption"*

The opening chapters of René Bazin's new novel, *De Toute Son Ame,* promise a well-defined conflict between labour and capital. The stage is prepared with the accustomary settings. The contamination of the work-shop, the weariness of the toil and the dull hatred of the poor, prompted by personal resentment rather than by doctrine, are contrasted with the egotistic self-complacency and collateral bigotry of the rich. Stalwart men begin to march threateningly against the factory-owner and melodrama seems certain. Yet instead of being the theme it shades, with softer rustic scenes, into the hazy background of a somewhat idyllic story. With the early burning of the factory its problems also pass from sight and only its occasional echo is heard motivating the characters of the novel. In fact, the entire emphasis of the story is placed on a subtle delineation of a young milliner, Henriette Madiot, born for success and the joy of life, yet gradually awakened by the sadness and poverty about her to a sense of the world-pain. One soon sees the author has a delicate pen far better adapted to the fragile moods of girlhood than the sterner sweeps which lie potential in the background.

Localised in the small village of Ville-en-Bois, near Nantes, amid the shop-women and fishermen, the plot itself, while interesting, is neither novel nor compelling. But barring an irritating tendency to soliloquy and the expedient of an obvious soul-revealing diary, it serves quite skilfully its purpose of supplying sufficient incident to carry on the

*Redemption. By René Bazin. Translated by Dr. A. S. Rappoport. New York: Scribners.

development of the sensitive girl past the poverty of her childhood, through the tender awakenings of young love, over the natural struggle between her instincts and her environment, to the realisation of her womanhood and the necessity of personal sacrifice. Through contact with her unfortunate co-workers and the rough edges of the social scheme that bound the monotony of living, she gradually conceives an all-possessing passion for the poor. It thrills her and moves her into an almost fanatical belief in the value of her mission; for when she discovers she was herself a nameless child she is estatically impelled to give up the man she loves and the uncle who has reared her, to enter the sisterhood of service.

It is just here the book, so full of honesty and kindliness, lacks conviction to the Anglo-Saxon. Henriette's sincerity is without question and perhaps she acts reasonably within the limits of her character; but the author is not content with that. He asks us to go outside the character and to be moved by an almost needless sacrifice which sends a strong-armed lover into loneliness. The necessity of her act is not made convincing and the reader suspects Gallic sentimentality rather than inevitable logic. Consequently, while the pathos is undeniable if unanalysed, the only thought which remains emphasises the truism that most sacrifice is inherently selfish, since others generally suffer by reason of it. She forgets the obligation due to the love she has inspired.

There is so much charm in the character of Henriette, however, her slightest hues and variations are caught by the author with such intimate understanding, that it may be over-captious to take this ethical objection too seriously. It certainly does not make the reader forget the strong-armed Etienne, whose love is so simple and so uncivilised, nor the gentle uncle with his military pride and his masculine tenderness. The shop-girls, too, while typical, are sharply contrasted, and in Marie, who struggles uselessly against the call of her temperament, the one real tragic note of the story is struck.

There is a suggestion of Daudet in the style: the same simplicity touched with poetry, the same intermingling of nature's moods with man's. Yet it lacks realistic vividness. Indeed René Bazin excels in translating impressions of the whole rather than in carefulness of detail. The descriptions of the Loire, with its varying moods as it flows through the story almost like a *motif*, contain a haunting quality which makes one feel instead of see. Because of this peculiar descriptive power and his ability to unravel the skeins of simple souls, it is not difficult to realise the reason of René Bazin's great popularity in France today.

George Middleton.

V

Edwin Davis French, Engraver*

The collecting and study of book-plates; the work of foreign and American engravers has long been followed by a small army of bookish people and represents a phase of collecting that is at once absorbing and sane; and what is of serious importance in these piping days of commercialism is that the intrinsic value of such collections has recently been proven by the large prices realised in several instances where collections have been disposed of in the auction rooms.

Book-plates engraved on copper have been the first sought for by the collector, and the foremost name, for more than a decade, among American engravers has been Edwin Davis French, whose death occurred a little more than a year ago. The first anniversary has been remembered by a memorial volume which has recently been brought out by his friends. The volume begins with an account of the rather remarkable life of the artist-engraver followed by a consideration of his art, which in turn is followed by a complete check list and description of the various states of all the plates from his hand.

The son of an engraver of no little fame, we learn that Mr. French began his career as an engraver of jewelry and

*Edwin Davis French. A Memorial. New York: Privately printed. 425 copies on Italian paper, 50 copies of Imperial Japan Vellum. 1908.

silver. His success was almost immediate, and soon he was in charge of the engraving room of one of our largest manufacturers of silverware. This period of his life was spent in New England, but finally he moved to New York, and from that time on he became identified with the art schools and societies of the city, his association increasing in prominence until he was made president of the Art Student's League, an office which he held for two terms, and from which he retired in 1891. He then became one of the trustees of a larger organisation, the American Fine Arts Society.

It was as late as the year 1893 that Mr. French became interested in the book-plate as an art production, and made his first engraving. This initial effort represented a humorous conception which was thoroughly characteristic of the man, and the story of which is best told in the words of his biographer:

His attention had been called to book-plates by the collection that his sister-in-law, Miss Helen Elvira Brainerd, then a librarian in Columbia College, was making.

Merely for the jest he engraved, somewhat coarsely, following old English models, what was to all appearance a book-plate, now in its way famous. It was heraldic—shield, crest, and motto: *u sepe ars so ap* (use Pears' Soap), disposed on the ribbon underneath. This he printed roughly on old paper and slipped into the little collection, whose owner was for a time mystified by it; and, somewhat as the ancient heralds on the appearance of an unknown champion, amateurs of to-day have since been puzzled by the novel blazonry, and by the motto so apparently an uncouth mixture of Welsh and Latin. This was in the autumn of 1893. The jest soon became earnest, for Miss Brainerd was rightly entitled to a book-plate in place of the sham, and Mr. French designed and engraved his first serious copperplate.

Mr. French now decided to give his future to copper engraving and to make a specialty of *Ex Libris*. He engraved an announcement of this intention to send out to prospective clients, but, his biographer states:

He took a natural pride in the fact that he never had to distribute this announcement, for after he had once started he never needed to consider whence the next commission might come. He always had two or three plates in progress, commissions were waiting his hand, and there was correspondence that looked yet farther into the future.

When his life closed at the end of 1906 Mr. French had engraved 298 book-plates, each possessing a charm of its own; a gem in design or beauty of line. Such a remarkable record, covering only a period of thirteen years, was sufficient to distinguish him as master of the art in his own country.

As is so often the case where the artistic temperament exists, Mr. French was endowed with other gifts. We are told that he was an excellent amateur musician from his early youth, and a linguist by nature. This latter gift produced a deep interest in the classical languages, which he read with remarkable ease, and to the great enjoyment of his friends. Later in his life he developed a marked interest in Volapük and finally in Esperanto which succeeded it.

Engraving as an art was nearest his heart, however, and his interest in this was a genuine loyalty. He had pride in its traditions and took a great satisfaction in being allied to and recognised in it. Naturally his best productions were those in which the least restriction on his freedom in composition existed, but it was inevitable that many of his clients should require that certain undesirable features be incorporated in the design or composition, or make changes affecting the artistic composition of the design. In such cases he was deferential always, and tried in every reasonable way to meet the wishes of his client; but it is recorded that in one instance where a client insisted on an alteration which ruined the artistic effect, that the engraver erased his name from the plate.

The memorial volume contains twelve plates, printed from the original coppers, and two excellent photogravure portraits of Mr. French. The view of the Harvard Quadrangle is in some respects the most attractive plate shown, and one has only to study it carefully to realise the mastery of the engraver's line, revealing as it does the genius in suggest-

ing the most delicate effects of light and shade as well as the various textures of the objects which go to make up the composition.

The biographical portion of the volume has been delightfully written by the engraver's friend of many years, Mr. Ira H. Brainerd, who gracefully acknowledges his indebtedness to a number of Mr. French's intimates and acquaintances.

The mechanical makeup of the volume is very satisfactory, although it might be criticised in some details, such as the size and heaviness of the type of the running head and combination of type faces on the title page. However, it is easy to praise the format of the book in general. It is printed on a beautiful hand-made Italian paper, and bound simply but appropriately in antique paper boards, with a linen back and paper label.

Laurence Burnham.

VI

The Book: Its History and Development

The history of the book as a mechanical production has always held a certain interest for the layman as well as the one who is directly connected with the work, and the layman's interest has been materially increased during the last decade through the numerous books and magazine articles which have appeared covering various branches of the subject. Now a valuable contribution to this literature has recently appeared in a volume having the title *The Book, its History and Development,** by Cyril Davenport. The author opens with an account of the first known "records," beginning with rock inscriptions, and in historical sequence treats in a necessarily brief but comprehensive way the various mechanical processes from the history of paper making to the description of tooled bindings. As an authority on modern and ancient bindings Davenport occupies a unique place, and the chapter on this subject is particularly thorough and complete.

A valuable feature is a list of the "Books to Consult," which appears at the end of each chapter. The volume is remarkably free from technical terms, and the interested reader who desires to inform himself as to the history and development of book-making, as well as the many processes through which a volume passes, cannot afford to miss this excellent contribution.

*The Book. Its History and Development. By Cyril Davenport, V.D., F.S.A. Illustrated. New York: D. Van Nostrand Company. 1908. Price $2.00, net.



ENGLISH FROM A FOREIGNER'S POINT OF VIEW

THE woes of a foreigner grappling with the peculiarities of the English language are numberless. I have come to this conclusion in view of the experiences of a great many foreigners from different parts of the world, and, still better, after some years' struggle on my own part to master the intricacies of this tongue, of which the Germans are accustomed to speak as "a monster having two mouths, with one of which it speaks German and with the other Latin." Only *two* mouths?—speaking *two* languages? The Germans would have come nearer to the truth if they had multiplied these numbers by a dozen or a score.

When a boy I heard a fantastic Turkish legend which, to my mind, aptly illustrates the actual facts concerning the origin and formation of modern English. After creating the first parents of each of the races, so the story runs, Allah took a large piece of meat, and cutting it into slices, distributed them among these people to serve them as tongues. But for some reason the Englishman was absent while the others received their share. At last he came to the presence of his Maker and in mute humility begged Him to put a tongue into his mouth. But nothing was left of the meat. So Allah was obliged to cut a little piece from the tongues of all the others, and joining these pieces, He thus fashioned a tongue for the Englishman.

This story seemed merely amusing to me as a boy; but when I came to this country and began to struggle with English, I found, to my exasperation and sorrow, that the legend approached the facts too closely to be amusing.

Not long ago I was talking with two educated American women about the difficulties of a foreigner in acquiring English. During the conversation I asked, "Do you know how many letters and combination of letters are used to represent the sound *sh?*" They confessed they did not, having never thought of it—"two or three, perhaps four." On stating that there were more than half a dozen of them, they demanded proof; and when I put down on paper these words—*sugar, shoe, tension, chaperon, social, ocean, obnoxious, nation, issue, conscious*—their astonishment was great. Here are ten different symbols for the same sound. I acknowledge this is an extreme case, but a little consideration will bring to notice marked singularities in almost all the other consonants.

A literary young man asked, "Miss —— I suppose you are familiar with *Crabbe's Tales?*" The young lady scornfully replied, "I was not aware that *crabs* had *tails.*" The young man hastened to add, "I should have said *read Crabbe's Tales.*" Still more scornfully the young lady replied, "And I was not aware that *red* crabs had tails, either."

Many foreigners have attempted to discover a system in the spelling of English words; but, to their dismay, they have found that it was like the Irishman's flea—when they had it, it was gone. While grouping with satisfaction such words as *exceed, proceed,* that ended in *ceed,* they came upon other words, such as *accede, recede, precede,* that ended with *cede,* with no earthly reason, and cast their short-lived satisfaction to the winds. *Deceit* and *receipt* would not come under the same spelling. All these peculiarities impose upon a foreigner's memory a heavy and intolerable burden. A learned man has said that the English language is "the most barbarously spelt of any cultivated tongue in Christendom," and I do not think that any one can dispute the assertion.

The orthography of the English language does not by any means cover the whole of a foreigner's troubles. One of the most perplexing features of the English tongue is the fact that, as a rule, the same word has different significations. My dictionary attributes to the verbs *see,*

lead, hold and *draw* 14, 18, 19 and 32 meanings, respectively. Now, for a foreigner to be able to distinguish all their various meanings is a herculean task. The words which have only one or two meanings are comparatively very few. Is it surprising that a foreigner is often puzzled by the numerous and sometimes opposite meanings of many an English word? Just for an illustration consider the perplexity of a persevering Frenchman arising from the word *fast,* as is shown from the following dialogue:

"Zis horse, sair, he go queek, what you say?"

"Yes, he is a *fast* horse."

"Ah, pardon, monsieur, but your friend say he make *fast* his horse, and he tie him to a post so he no go at all."

"Very true: he is made *fast* by being tied."

"Ah, zat cannot be: he cannot go *fast.* But what you call a man that keeps *fast?*"

"O, he is a good man that does not eat on *fast* days."

"But I have seen one bon vivant, who eat and drink and ride, and do everyzing. Ze people say he is a bad man—he is very *fast.*"

"True, that is called living a *fast* life."

"Ah, certainement: zen all ze days of his life must be *fast* days."

"Certainly they are."

"Eh, bien. Does he eat every day?"

"Certainly he does."

"Zen how can he keep *fast?*"

"Why, he keeps going, to be sure."

"Vy, you tell me to stand *fast* when you want me to keep still, and go *fast* when you want me to run—how can I understand?"

Once, while talking with a schoolteacher, I said: "I hear you are leaving us; I hope you are going for good." I cannot forget the lady's amused expression as she understood that I wished her well.

Take the words *up* and *down.* Last summer the selectmen of our town put up on the roads signs bearing the legend, "Autos Slow Up." I do not even now understand why it should not as well be "slow down." If both expressions are permissible, will some one explain the difference between "slowing up" and "slowing down"? The following telephone conversation illustrates some of the singular uses of these bothersome words. To a request of a friend to speak to Mr. ——, Mrs. —— replied: "I'm sorry, but my husband isn't *down* yet—I mean, he isn't *up* yet. I'm letting him sleep late this morning. He was so *down* last evening over his office troubles that he was about ready to give *up.* He says he'll be *down* as soon as he gets *up.*"

And may I say a word in regard to the variety in pronunciation which perplexes the foreigner? He justly expects uniformity in this matter; but he is doomed to disappointment. Take that word *pronunciation;* some give *s* and others *sh* sound to the *ci.* He gives the long sound to the first vowel in *patriot* and somebody calls him down and declares that a short sound ought to be given to it. He goes to the dictionary and discovers that both of the pronunciations are correct. There are a vast number of words which are pronounced in two ways, or differently accented by different people, and the dictionary supports these various pronunciations.

The adult foreigner may, in the course of time, master most of the peculiarities of English; but after years of experience he is forced to confess that to acquire perfectly the American "accent" is simply impossible. He cannot eradicate entirely the "accent" peculiar to his own native tongue.

Now, to sum up: All the foregoing statements tend to show that in acquiring the English language one must learn each word by itself. He cannot be positive about the spelling and pronunciation of any word without consulting either a dictionary or a well-educated person. If he suffers himself to be guided by the similarity of letters, he will, sooner or later, learn that *break* will not rhyme with *freak,* nor *sew* with *few, horse* with *worse* and *shoe* with *foe.* Once, in speaking to an audience, I pronounced the word *cleanliness* as though it were "cleenliness." You can imagine my chagrin when afterward I saw my error. Why should the first syllable in *cleanliness* be pronounced differently from *clean?* Many a similar mistake has taught me the lesson that when I meet a new word I must not rely upon my judgment as to pronunciation and accent, unless it is a very simple word. To master such a broad language, each word,

each phrase, each idiom by itself, requires great patience, perseverance and long-suffering. It is said that the English language is the hardest of all languages except the Chinese. I am told that what makes the tongue of the Celestials particularly difficult is that one must learn its several thousand characters one by one. But, pray, tell me what am I doing in learning English if not tasting the experience of a Chinese student? If I know ten or twenty thousand words, I affirm that I have learned each of them separately; noted their peculiarities in construction, pronunciation, accent and definitions *one by one*.

All the irregularities, inconsistencies and absurdities of the English language may seem amusing to American-born people who have forgotten their school-day experiences. But they are far from funny to a foreigner. The struggle to grasp all the intricacies of English orthography, pronunciation and accentuation is sapping the life-blood of many a foreigner who is anxious to learn American manners and customs. Much has been said and written about assimilating the foreigners who come here; but the American people do not seem to consider seriously the fact that the greatest barrier in the way of assimilation is the difficulty in acquiring the English tongue. Without a medium of intercourse the foreigner cannot come in contact with the native people. He cannot understand their civilisation. Without reading he cannot have a correct knowledge of their customs and institutions. The sooner he learns to read and speak English, the more quickly he will come to an understanding of American society and democracy.

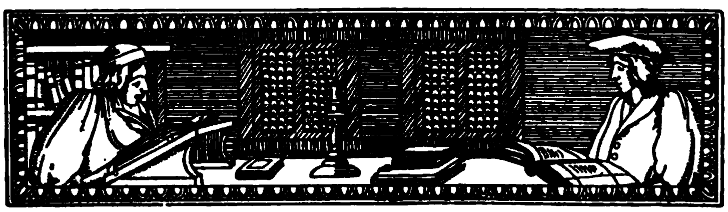
English has an opportunity to become a universal language. The main difficulty that is retarding its spread throughout the East is its orthographic confusion. Therefore I hail with satisfaction every project that tends to simplify it. Every simplification will render it easier of acquirement by children, who will be spared many a vexatious and nerve-racking experience, and relieved from the burdens that are overtaxing their memory. The simpler the language is, the easier it will be for a foreigner to master it, to understand American civilisation, and to fit himself for true citizenship; and whatever hastens the simplification of the English language will further its spread throughout the world; nations will have an oportunity to know each other better, and the cause of universal peace will have won one of its greatest triumphs.

H. T. Torosyan.

THE SOWER

The poet plays the liberal sower's part
  The four glad seasons long,
For through the world in every fallow heart
  He sows his seeds of song.

Clinton Scollard.



BRONSON HOWARD

FOR many years before his death, Bronson Howard was known as the Dean of American dramatists, and was looked up to with respect by the whole host of younger writers. Not even his admirers would claim that he had genius; but he had a very effective talent, which he put to good use by sincere and diligent labour. His plays seem scarcely destined to endure in the repertory of the English-speaking theatre; but it is noteworthy that half a dozen of them, written anywhere from twenty to forty years ago, are still performed by stock companies season after season and continue to entertain thousands of auditors. They seem still less destined to endure as literature, though they have the solid merit of telling the truth, and telling it with firm structure and efficient style—the reason being that Bronson Howard, in the large sense, conveyed no message. His plays, taken as a whole, do not give expression to a well-articulated body of belief concerning human life; and for that reason he stands lower than great dramatists, like Ibsen, or even lesser dramatists with a message, like Mr. Henry Arthur Jones. His plays were important in the theatre of his age; they will hardly seem important out of the theatre in the years to come. Nevertheless, the career of Bronson Howard will bulk large in the history of the American drama, whenever that history comes to be adequately written.

Mr. Howard was in many important ways a pioneer. He was the first American who, being neither an actor nor a manager, earned a steady livelihood from the theatre and amassed a fortune through writing plays alone. In the practical sense, therefore, it may fairly be said that he created in America the profession of dramatist. But he was also a creator in a deeper sense than that. He began to write plays at a time when the American stage seemed hopelessly provincial. The majority of new plays were imported from England; and these, for the most part, had been adapted by their British authors from French and German sources. But Mr. Howard saw no reason why American audiences should be fed mainly on British revisions of Continental dramas; he believed that in the life of America itself lay material for plays of more immediate and more vital appeal. For his first piece, *Saratoga,* he selected a subject from the contemporary social fabric of his own country; and ever afterward, throughout his long career, he wrote only on American subjects. Even when he laid his scene abroad, in France or in England, he kept his leading characters American, and took hold of his subject with hands stretched across the sea. Nowadays, when Mr. Fitch and Mr. Thomas and so many of our newer playwrights have made commonplace to theatre-goers the maxim that the drama should begin at home, we are likely to forget that it was Mr. Howard who led them into the path they are so profitably following. Just as he created the profession of dramatist in America, so also Bronson Howard created the drama of American life. He established in our country the comedy of manners and the drama of the home. *Shenandoah,* though neither the first nor the best of the countless plays which have been written about the Civil War, was the one piece which placed the war play upon a definite footing and made it a factor in the history of our best dramatic effort. The drama of American business, which latterly has been attempted in such plays as *The Lion and the Mouse,* was firmly established as far back as 1887 by Mr. Howard's able and interesting piece, *The Henrietta.* He remains to this day the only American playwright whose work has been as uniformly successful in London as in New York; and *Saratoga* enjoys the distinction of being the first American piece to be translated into German and acted in Berlin.

But the importance of Bronson Howard in the history of the American drama

lies not so much in the fact that he was the first to explore so many fields as in the weightier fact that he explored them thoroughly. He was endowed with a wise insight into many different phases of character, and with a sympathetic understanding of them. He was singularly sane in his outlook upon life, unfalteringly just in judgment. He was entirely efficient in his command of whatsoever mood might be demanded for any moment in a drama. His comic touch was gay and hearty, his pathetic touch was tender and real; and every scene that he wrote was pervaded with sincerity and earnestness. His work was honest always. During the many years when he was the most popular playwright in America, he never yielded to the temptation to write too quickly or too much. He always wrote deliberately, and revised over and over again, even after the production of his play.

This earnestness and honesty of labour was the cause of that technical certitude which was evident in all his plays. His career covered a period of transition from the conventionalised drama of the mid-Victorian epoch, with its asides and soliloquies, its symmetrical balance of scene against scene, its set speeches, and its other reminiscences of the apron stage, to the studiously realistic drama of the contemporary theatre, disclosed behind a picture-frame proscenium. The whole process of this historical transition might be traced by studying the Bronson Howard plays in chronological succession. He always kept pace with innovations and wrote according to the best theatric conventions current at his time of composition. He was not himself a revolutionist in the form and structure of the drama; but as soon as new forms and methods of construction had been shown effective by the best European writers, Mr. Howard would join them on the new ground. His early plays seem old fashioned to us now, because they were built and written according to conventions now outworn; but his last play, *Kate,* which was published only a year and a half ago, is absolutely up to date in form. Because he was a progressive artist set in a period of transition, a facile adaptability to altering technical methods was demanded of him. He was forced to build in successive different ways and write in successive different styles as time proceeded; but the remarkable thing is that the plays at any point in his career stand illustrative of what was best in dramaturgic technic at that particular point in the transition.

When *Aristocracy* was produced, in 1892, Mr. Howard was fifty years old; and after that he practically retired from the active labour of composition. He had done his work and made his fortune and established his position; and thereafter he left the stage to younger men. Until his death, however, he remained closely in touch with the theatre. He was the founder and the president of the Society of American Dramatists, and did everything in his power to encourage younger writers to maintain the best traditions of the American stage. His criticisms of new plays were both searching and stimulating. He was quick to recognise merit and showed always a kindly eagerness to foster it. He was immeasurably helpful in his conversations with younger dramatists concerning the technic of his art and theirs.

Thus, in his later years, he moved about in literary and dramatic circles, a dignified and respected man. The great domed head lightly fringed at the sides and back with white hair closely cropped, the high broad forehead knotted in deep lines between the eyebrows, the look of eager concentration in the eyes, the slow, firm, interested voice, the catch of intaken breath which was the prelude to his laughter, the short, stocky, solid build of body, the commingling of dignified reserve with hearty congeniality—these were some of the external features of the Dean of American dramatists. He was neither quick nor brilliant in his talk; his utterance was somewhat hesitant; but he thought thoroughly and talked earnestly and what he said had weight.

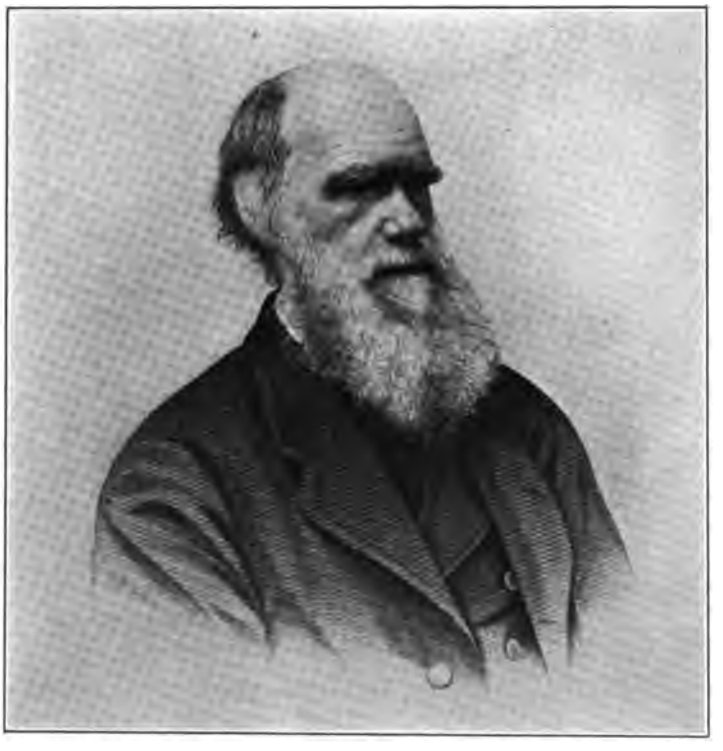
Clayton Hamilton.

THE CENTENARIES OF 1909



EDGAR ALLAN POE

Born January 19, 1809 Died October 7, 1849



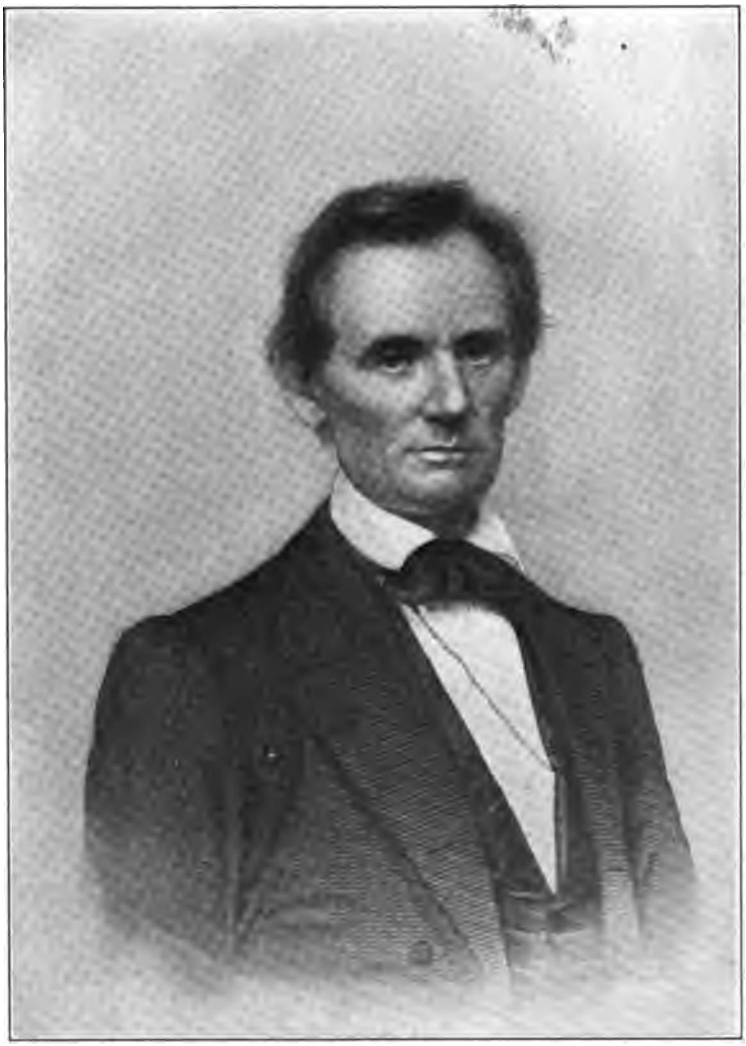
CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN

Born February 12, 1809 Died April 19, 1882



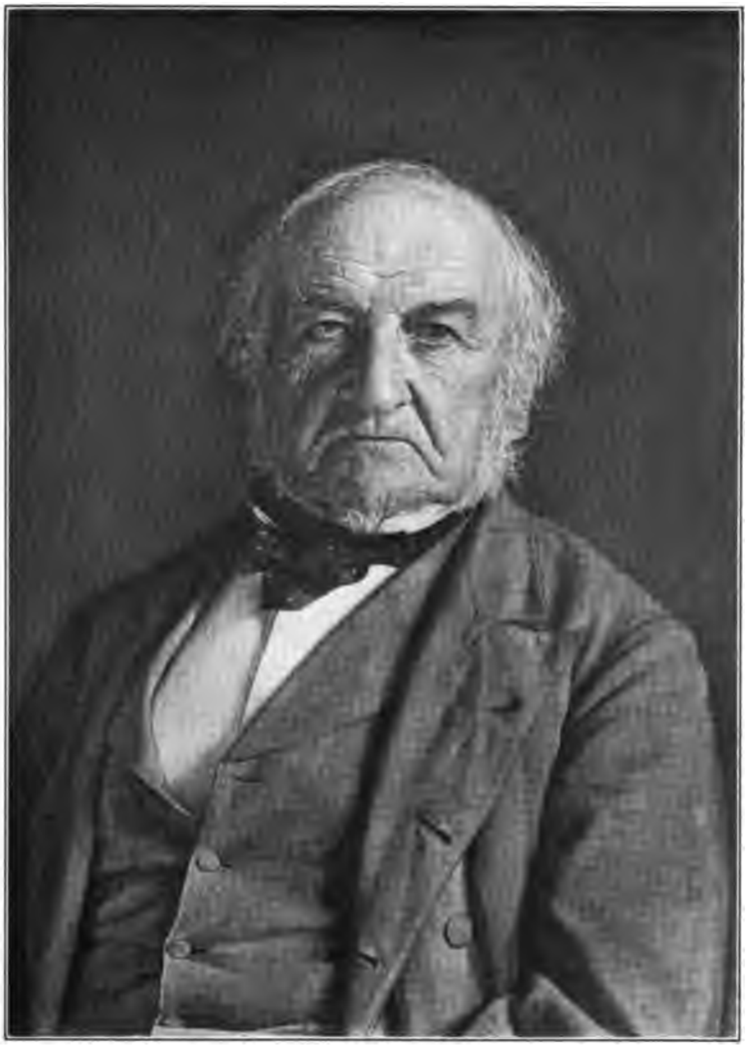
FRÉDÉRIC FRANÇOIS CHOPIN

Born March 1, 1809 Died October 17, 1849



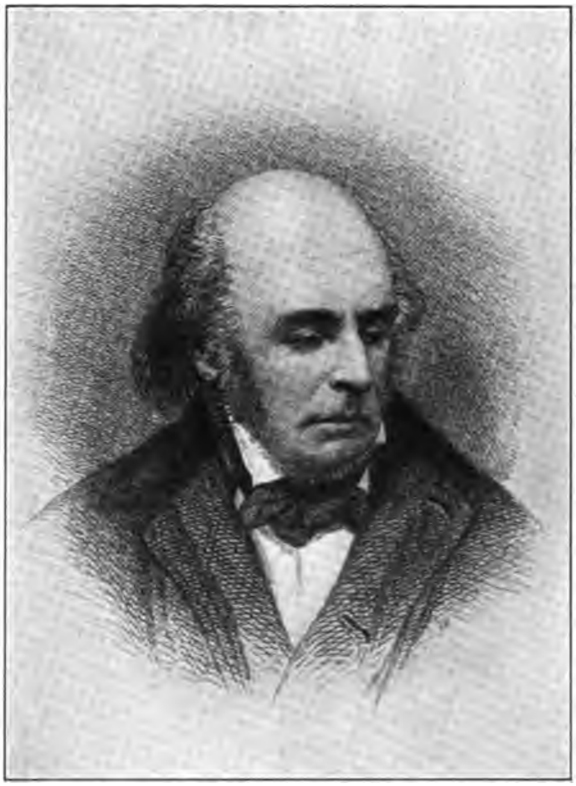
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Born February 12, 1809 Died April 15, 1865



WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

Born December 29, 1809 Died May 19, 1898



EDWARD FITZGERALD

Born March 31, 1809 Died June 14, 1883



JACOB LUDWIG FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHÔLDY

Born February 3, 1809 Died November 4, 1847



ALFRED TENNYSON

Born August 6, 1809 Died October 6, 1892

TIME-WORN FORMULAS AND SOME RECENT BOOKS

IT was Mr. Marion Crawford who placed upon the philosophic lips of his Ram Lal the dictum that proverbs were the sayings of the wise put up in portable doses for the foolish. This dictum still holds true if we extend its scope to cover many a hackneyed utterance of the professional literary critic; and among others that very common, eminently safe, and somewhat colourless reproach, that a book lacks originality of plot. If we stop for a moment to consider that the art of story-telling is not an art that dates from yesterday, but, on the contrary, one that stretches back to the first awakenings of civilised thought, along with the discovery of flint arrowheads and stone hatchets that all the big, fundamental crises of human life were long ago formulated as thoroughly as the different openings of the game of chess; and that the most that the biggest of our modern novelists can hope to achieve is a slight variety by involving new types of people in the old, familiar situations, it does seem a trifle trite, a trifle purposeless, to censure any modern novel on no better ground than its lack of originality of plot. And yet, of course, we all of us, sooner or later, come across some commonplace, inoffensive book, and, more than likely, one not seriously worth the effort needed to annihilate it, and which, nevertheless, exasperates us into a foolishly savage attack upon it for being built upon substantially the same formula as a dozen better books of earlier years. Obviously, there really is something the matter with these irritating books, something that we have tried to express in "portable doses for the foolish"; and if it is not their lack of originality, it would seem worth while to find out what the fault really is.

Now, no one is likely to quarrel with the definition that plot is the underlying framework, the organic skeleton on which the living tissues of a story shape themselves. The possible varieties of plot are as many as the possible varieties of bony skeleton in the world of vertebrates. But nature, more subtle and more resourceful than art, finds no difficulty in achieving an infinity of different, even though it builds upon the self-same frame. It never occurs to us that two horses or two cats or two men are deficient in originality, though their respective skeletons be so similar as to be indistinguishable. Accordingly it may be laid down, almost as an axiom, that the primal fault of any novel which we carelessly stigmatise as unoriginal, is not that its bony framework bears too close a resemblance to some other and better book, but that it lacks the substantial flesh needful to cover those bones! That is the real trouble with such a book; its ribs show through, its joints protrude; it has a pervading, pathologic leanness that foreshadows the literary churchyard. What is needed most in any book is the solid avoirdupois of character and motive, rather than the mere thing done, the act of impulse or of chance. And that is why a writer of the calibre of Maurice Hewlett may follow down the beaten path of Scott and Dumas—a path, by the way, that history had already kindly beaten for them—and none will rise to hint that *Richard Yea-and-Nay* or *The Queen's Quair* lacks originality.

But so far all that has been here set down is upon the fair and reasonable supposition that the internal structure of a novel is of normal, natural growth, such as may be classified by the comparative anatomist of literature. There is, however, a mongrel type of novelist who sees no shame in the deliberate begetting of monstrosities—who will callously admit that they pilfer from Thackeray and Balzac, from G. P. R. James and Albert Ross the various elements that seem to them available, and out of these construct a strange, discordant piece of patchwork, a dime-museum freak that is

neither fish, flesh nor fowl. And because such abortions of fiction are little more than bones, protruding through their skin, there is small wonder that the separate bones are quickly identified and referred to their proper origin. The desiccated mermaids sent us from Japan will always be the front half of a monkey and the hind half of a fish—and nothing else, no matter how ingeniously they are joined. For can we not see for ourselves each rib and vertebra protruding through the parchment-like outer envelope?

Accordingly, let us stop the practice of putting up the little wisdom we may have in portable capsules; and instead of saying: This plot lacks originality; it is the same old skeleton! let us take the trouble to explain and differentiate. And in that case we must say, either that the skeleton plot is a perfectly sound and good one, though it sadly needs to take on flesh; or else that no amount of flesh will disguise the fact that the plot is not an honest one, but a deliberate fake, built like Frankenstein's monster from a conglomeration of bones of better books.

And really this is the foundation fault of most of the time-worn formulas that strike the healthy-minded readers as so hackneyed. Of all the novels of the prolific George Barr McCutcheon, *Brewster's Millions* is the one least likely to be charged with unoriginality, least likely to be thought of as built upon an established formula. Yet the plot which requires of the hero the performance of some strange, difficult, often grotesque and paradoxical feat, within a more or less definite limitation of time, is one of the commonest and oldest types known to fiction. To say nothing of the host of modern applications of this formula, of which Jules Verne's *Around the World in Eighty Days* is a good example, the *Golden Ass* of Apuleius, the only full-length Latin romance that has come down to us in its entirety, is an equally good instance; while back of that are a long succession of myths and fables, of the *Beauty and the Beast* type, all involving the basic principle that the ultimate happiness of hero and heroine is conditioned upon their achieving something not only difficult but the opposite to what the outside world conceives it well for them to do.

But the so-called "hackneyed plots," the really over-worked formulas, have no such venerable ancestry. A type of plot two thousand years old possesses a certain sterling worth which even a very poor craftsman cannot wholly ruin—just as it takes a phenomenally bad actor quite to spoil the lines of a Shakespearean play. The time-worn formulas of to-day are worn because they do not deserve to last—because, like tawdry, imitative jewelry, there is nothing of sterling value underneath, when once the surface gilt is gone. Few of them can boast a remoter ancestry than *The Mysteries of Udolpho, Monte Cristo,* or *The Wandering Jew;* many of them go no further back than *The Dolly Dialogues* or *The Prisoner of Zenda.* And whatever the fault may be in the modern imitations, it is very seldom a fault to be traced to their prototypes. There were no protruding ribs, no fleshless limbs in the lightest weight books of Anthony Hope's earlier years, whatever may be said of the gaunt and sorry travesties that claim him in their lineal descent.

"Sir Richard Escombe"

Sir Richard Escombe, by Max Pemberton, comes conveniently to hand as a good illustration of the plot which is not necessarily any the worse for being somewhat time-worn. To say that a certain novel would never have been written but for some other earlier and better book is merely to indulge in one more of those words of wisdom put up in portable capsules; for in this way only half the truth is told. The whole truth would run somewhat in this form: No book, good or bad, would ever be written, had it not been for some other book or books, either better or worse, that antedated it. Without Plutarch, we should never have had *Antony and Cleopatra;* without Poe and Gaboriau, we should never have had Mr. Meredith Nicholson. But that does not lessen the fame of Shakespeare, nor add merit to *The House of a Thousand Candles.* Accordingly, it does not seem worth the while to attempt to trace the literary pedigree of Mr. Pemberton, or to point out just what debts he owes

to Conan Doyle, to Stanley Weyman and other modern purveyors of English historical fiction. It needs only a surface examination to discover that the plot of *Sir Richard Escombe* is very distinctly of the time-worn type. The loyal soldier and daredevil lover, who is wrongfully accused of treason to his king and infidelity to his lady; who is ever just on the point of vindicating himself, and always just prevented, by pride, or fate, or the lady's wilfulness; and who, nevertheless, rescues the lady from the open shame his enemies would put upon her—all this we have had again and again, countless times, in the France of Louis XIV., the Germany of Frederick Barbarossa, the England of a Tudor Henry, a Stuart Charles, and more than once, as in the present case, of a Hanoverian George. All this, however, is interesting merely as the comparative anatomy of fiction. What ought to suffice the average reader to know is that the bones are sufficiently well covered to make it possible to forget them. Mr. Pemberton is not an exalted type of novelist, but he understands his craft well. His people have individuality; they hold attention, not merely for what they do, but for the reason why they do it. And his special motive—the dissolute orgies of the ribald brotherhood of Medmenham Abbey; the inflexible rule that any brother who, within those walls, draws sword in defence of a woman's honour, is bound by oath to commit suicide before another sunset; and the final successful attempt, after repeated failures, to lure Kitty Dulcimore into their power, when, penalty or no penalty, Sir Richard's sword must inevitably leap from its scabbard—although it makes equally inevitable melodrama, is nevertheless melodrama of the carefully matured, carefully selected variety, that with a judicious blending of realistic detail may be warranted not to offend the sensitive literary palate. In other words, it would be easy, by shutting one's eyes and taking a book off the shelf at random, to find this year a much less satisfactory volume for idle-hour reading than this same *Sir Richard Escombe*.

The Five Knots, by Fred M. White, adds one more to the long list of feeble offspring for which Wilkie Collins's *Moonstone* accepts the blame of fatherhood. Oriental jewels, obtained by fraud or crime; hidden in England by the thief, who knows that their possession is a sword hanging over his head; and finally hunted down and recaptured by silent, crafty, mysterious men from the East: this, the plot of the *Moonstone*, is also the bare skeleton of *The Five Knots*—and unfortunately every rib protrudes painfully through its scanty outer covering. Mr. White has done better work along these same lines, and it is to be hoped that he will do so again. But that does not alter the fact that the personages who move like mechanical dolls through *The Five Knots* have no apparent excuse for living, save to respond jerkily when Mr. White pulls the strings. While as for the underlying secret of the book, the mysterious death that strikes down one victim after another, without leaving a mark—the final explanation that it is due to a wet bandage which in shrinking presses five silken knots against the skull with such force as to cause congestion of the brain, leaves us with at least a pardonable degree of scepticism.

"The Five Knots"

For all its ingenious disguise, *The Castle of Dawn*, by Harold Morton Kramer, belongs none the less to the honourable order of Time-worn Plots. It is just the old, familiar story of a man and a maid who never met before, and who chance to find themselves imprisoned together in an ancient castle, high up on beetling crags; and, sharing the perils of captivity, they come to love each other, and incidentally win their way to freedom. A good old feudal tale, usually, fully of robber baron, and outlawed bandits, amid a wild setting of Balkans or Carpathians. All that we need to do is to juggle a little with the drops and the stage properties; substitute for the Balkans the mountains of Tennessee; for feudal days, the present twentieth century; for ancient castle, a picturesque triumph of modern architecture; for robber barons, a choice assortment of South American rascals, intent on overthrowing a Latin republic;

"The Castle of Dawn"

and then, if instead of the usual kidnapped prince and princess, we substitute two young, attractive, utterly inoffensive American citizens, waylaid through mistaken identity, and insistently told, against their strenuous denials, that they are husband and wife—then we get, to all intents and purposes, the substance of Mr. Kramer's irresponsible hammock novel. The surprising thing about *The Castle of Dawn* is, not that it is a mediocre novel of its kind, but rather, that being so obviously built according to formula, it should be anywhere nearly so good as it is.

"The Blue Peter"

To the average masculine reader, the new instalment of "sea yarns," by Morley Roberts, bearing the title of *The Blue Peter,* comes as an invigorating breath of salt air. To those who seek for them, there are resemblances, of course; echoes from Marryat and Smollett, from Joseph Conrad and Morgan Robertson, from the whole long line of men who have written understandingly of fog and wind and wave. For in any line of creative work, the workers who are really worth while learn from each other and hand down a slowly growing body of technique, that becomes the common possession of all who follow after. It is not too much to say of Morley Roberts that he is one of the very few writers of to-day who live up to the best traditions of the sea story; and while his plots are sometimes lacking in freshness, this scarcely matters, because it is not the stories themselves but the art with which they are done, that really counts. Take, for instance, the opening story of "Extra Hands on the *Nemesis,*" in which the captain and crew of the good ship in question, goaded beyond endurance by insufficient pay, spoiled food and a choice assortment of outrages on the part of the owners, Messrs. Gruddle, Shoddy and Co., take advantage of the kindly fate that places the four members of the firm within their power. and for once in their lives "got even," regardless of consequences, by turning their persecutors into the forecastle, and giving them a taste of their own methods. One recalls, of course, the closely parallel story by Morgan Robertson, of the shanghied crew, made up exclusively of sailors from the Great Lakes, who revolt against the sterner discipline of the ocean, and turn the tables on their officers by assigning to them the rôle of able seaman for the rest of the voyage. In the same way, "The Overcrowded Iceberg"—which tells of a shipwreck in a fog, in which all hands would have perished had not the flat surface of the berg that wrought the damage been large enough to accommodate them to the last man, and thus laden floats relentlessly southward, into warmer currents, growing hourly smaller and harder to hang on to—reminds one at once that many years earlier Jules Verne utilised the same idea in a lengthy volume entitled, unless memory is at fault, *The Field of Ice.* But these resemblances one notes without concern, or more than a mild interest; because, in Mr. Roberts's stories, the point of interest focuses not upon what happened, but upon the people to whom the happenings occurred. A hundred other crews may have revolted, and turned unwelcome passengers into the forecastle; the important fact is that this thing happened to Messrs. Gruddle, Shoddy and Co. Countless icebergs may have melted away from beneath shipwrecked crews; the point of Mr. Morley's yarn is that this happened to the captain and crew of one particular ship, and we want to know how they feel and what they do about it. And other earlier versions of this time-worn plot do not have the least bearing on the case.

"Into the Primitive"

If *Into the Primitive,* by Robert Ames Bennet, had been a somewhat better piece of work, it might have served admirably as a text for the whole question of the ratio between merit and novelty of plot. Unfortunately, the quality of the book is not good enough to hold its own against the handicap of a much overworked situation. The problem of what a man and a girl, shipwrecked on a desert island, are going to do with the situation and with themselves, already lacked novelty before Louis Tracy utilised it for his *Wings of the Morning.* But since that popular success, each season has brought forth its share of variations on the theme.

Only last month we had *The Blue Lagoon*, a book possessing considerable ability for picturesque narrative, a certain virility of thought, and a good understanding of human nature. These are the qualities which, in the main, are lacking in Mr. Bennet's *Into the Primitive*. The book which he obviously meant to write would have been well worth the writing. He seems to have had in mind the unusual and trying situation of a delicate, fastidious, arrogant girl, and a snobbish, overbearing, inefficient man, stranded on a desert coast and forced to look for succour to the quick wits and firm muscle of another man, of coarser fibre, but of the type that can do effectively the thing that requires to be done. This other man has been snubbed, ignored, deliberately insulted by both of his companions, up to the day and hour of the shipwreck; and on the ship he has borne their treatment silently, knowing that their world is not his world; but, stranded on a coral reef, the three survivors quickly realise that their social standards demand a readjustment. The coarser, more virile, more primitive nature assumes the reins of government; the effeminate snob accepts his authority through fear; the girl grants him obedience, first from diplomacy, then from admiration, finally from love. And incidentally she learns the contentment and the pride that come from the consciousness of work well done. This is the book which Mr. Bennet might have written, the book that he so nearly did write, and would have written had he seen his people even half as distinctly as he saw his incidents. But as it stands, the book he actually wrote shows us three people so inconsistent, so extravagant, so nearly caricatures of themselves in what should be the strong points of the story, that it is difficult for the reader of mature mind to take them with fitting seriousness.

"The Gates of Life"

The Gates of Life, by Bram Stoker, needs only a passing comment, lest any one, recalling the uncanny strength of that author's *Dracula*, of a few seasons ago, should mistake this new volume for another attempt along the same weird line. On the contrary, *The Gates of Life* deliberately avoids the least hint of the supernatural and aims to be a straightforward, rational tale of modern English life, the central motive being the mortification of a young girl, who having imbibed the doctrine of equality of the sexes proposes to a man who does not love her, and meets with a blunt rejection. The resultant volume simply goes to prove how much harder it sometimes is to picture the actualities of life than the wildest visions of a disordered brain. Surely Mr. Stoker is still capable of better things. It takes something akin to genius to produce such a nightmare horror as *Dracula*.

"Aunt Maud"

No one can read Ernest Oldmeadow's *Aunt Maud* without somewhere in the course of it telling himself that *An Englishwoman's Love-Letters* and the Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff share the responsibility. Yet this suggestion must not be taken as inferring that *Aunt Maud* is a regrettable achievement. On the contrary, in a season when there is a serious dearth of good fiction, Mr. Oldmeadow's volume forms a rather noteworthy exception. The workings of a young woman's mind under the incipient emotions of her first serious attachment are not devoid of interest, especially when she is a normal, clear-brained young woman, with a wholesome scorn of sentimentality, and yet with a ruthless understanding of her motives and impulses, an unflinching purpose of self-vivisection. The central idea of the book is not devoid of novelty. Aunt Maud, herself over-young to be a wise or skilful matchmaker, decides that love marriages are a mistake, that the French method of family arrangements promises far better for future happiness, and accordingly decides to bring together her friend, Richard Camber, and her beloved niece, Irene. Her scheme might have worked without a flaw, had Irene not been the proud, sensitive, independent young person she happens to be. Learning that Richard Camber not only knows the purpose for which Aunt Maud has summoned him, but that he also knows that she, Irene, shares this knowledge, she brushes conventions aside, insists upon a

straightforward, almost brutally frank understanding, and finally makes of her own accord this astonishing proposal: For the sake of Aunt Maud, they are to play a part, allowing her to think they have followed her wishes and accepted each other. But between themselves it is understood that they are not bound, that this is simply a sort of armed neutrality, a truce to enable them to take each other's measure, and that so soon as the month of probation is over, they are free to go their separate ways, unless both agree that they wish to confirm the bargain. The puzzling complications arising from this odd agreement are worked out with a delicate and subtle understanding of feminine moods that makes the book one worth bringing to the attention of readers who like incursions into the domain of sentiment that is not sentimentality.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

THE FLY ON THE WHEEL*

BY KATHERINE CECIL THURSTON

CHAPTER XXIX

DOWN the street went Isabel—a slim, white figure in the still picture of dusty town life, hurrying onward, looking neither to right nor left, seeking her home with the instinct of a hurt animal. The heat was intense, her light cotton dress felt a weight about her limbs, her exhaustion showed itself in a dew of moisture that broke out upon her forehead, but she never paused, never moderated her pace until the New Town hill confronted her with its ironical sense of old association.

Waterford is a lethargic place on a summer morning, and she aroused little comment as she made her hasty progress. One or two passers-by looked after her, to wonder why any one should hurry himself on so hot a day; otherwise she passed unnoticed.

There was nobody about, as she opened Miss Costello's little gate; nobody about, as she walked up the little strip of garden, arid in the baking sunshine. It looked like a place of death, and the rage in her heart burned hotter as her glance skimmed over the dry earth and parched flowers.

This was life, a thing of revolt—hot, thirsty, seared!

She raised her hand and pulled the bell until its sound echoed through the house, causing Lizzie, the servant, to rush to the bedroom window, and Miss Costello to drop the bowl in which she was making a pudding for the early dinner.

The bowl was dropped precipitately; and, without waiting to dust the flour from her dress, Miss Costello ran into the little hall and opened the front door.

"What on earth possessed you to ring like that?" she demanded angrily; then amazement overspread her angry face. "Why, the Lord defend us, it's Isabel!" she exclaimed. "What, in the name of heaven, has brought you, child? And at this hour of the morning? I didn't expect you for a week!"

Isabel made no response, but, pushing past her, stepped into the hall.

Miss Costello stared at her, forgetting in her surprise to close the door.

"What's the matter? Did anything happen to you down at the Careys'?"

The word was a lash to Isabel's soul. "Nothing!" she cried.

"Then, what on earth——?"

"Nothing—nothing—nothing, don't I tell you! I'm back, that's all. Can't you see for yourself!"

"But how did you get here? Where's your trunk?"

"I left it. It's down there."

Miss Costello stood with open mouth. "Is it the way you had a row with them—or what?"

"No. It's not."

There was no room in Isabel's mind for the thought of conventionality. Once and forever she had stepped beyond its pale. She was living now as her feelings prompted—undisciplined, primitive, careless of all comment.

"But, good gracious," cried Miss Costello, "you must give some reasons! You wouldn't come back like this, as if you had dropped out of the sky, unless you were mad!"

Isabel wheeled round upon her, her face damp and white. "Then that's the reason," she cried. "I am mad. I'm stark, staring, raving mad; and I'd advise you to let me alone!"

Without waiting for an answer, she ran up the stairs; and Miss Costello heard the door of her bedroom shut with a crash that vibrated through the whole flimsy house.

Inside her own room, Isabel's first action was to wrench off her hat. She pulled out the pins with fierce haste, then stuck them back again savagely into the straw, and flung the hat from her across the room. She had known little of life's sublimities in her short span of years; and all that was elemental and self-engrossed had been unloosed by to-day's pain. From her passions and her prodigality she had given of her best; and that best had been flung back to her—a rejected gift. She saw nothing behind that casting back of her favours. Carey had played with her—Carey had humiliated her—Carey had branded her as the poorest of things, the woman who has offered herself and been refused.

As she stood there in the low-ceiled room, so cramped, so tawdry, so intolerable in its herd of memories, she lost touch forever with those about her; she inevitably proved herself the possessor of alien blood—the southern woman, all instinct and emotion, whose mind in its native environment would have flown straight to the thought of revenge—to some headlong business of swift-turning wrist and slim, deadly knife. The thoughts within her sang to a tune generations old—a tune that the fierce, piratical sailor-folk who were her ancestors had brought with them long ago from Spain, when they swooped down in adventurous spirit upon the misty coast of Ireland.

A woman of these sadder isles would have bent under the misery that assailed her in that hour. Appalled by the blackness of life, she would have cowered upon the ground and wept, until her agony and her bitterness were melted by her tears. But in Isabel the old, strenuous spirit was awake, drying up the source of tears, scorching her brain, conserving her impulses for some perfect act of self-expression. She was the primitive being—the being who does not probe and does not analyse—who knows what life offers—and acts instinctively upon the knowledge.

She stood there, giving rein to her passions, her figure erect, her hands holding back the hair from her forehead; and without conscious desire, her life reacted itself, passing before her like the slides in a magic-lantern. Each poor object in the room quickened some recollection. Here, she had dressed for her first dance, intoxicated with the joy of anticipation; here, she had waited with beating heart on the long-ago Sunday when her aunt and Carey had talked in the parlour downstairs; here, she had met the first disappointment, hidden in Carey's brief letter.

Her mind hung over the remembrance of that night. How young she had been then, in her consideration of trivial things! Mere ink and paper had called forth her emotions; mere contact with Frank's little bottle of poison had been sufficient to make her shudder!

Her mind passed from one train of thought to another. Frank! What a poor, miserable coward Frank had proved himself! From her own red anger she looked back upon her last scene with him. How differently she would have acted on that morning, had she been in his place! Conjuring her own coldness, her own desertion, she wondered now that he had not killed her rather than leave her for another.

The scene, as it might have been, rose before her sharply; the thought of the consummating deed—the poignant act of killing—closed in upon her so vividly that she drew a nervous, audible breath, and let her hands drop to her sides.

That would have been something worth doing! That would have been a drowning of pain and shame! A justification of himself!

Enmeshed in the dream, she closed and opened her hands, as though she could feel the touch of flesh, the yielding of muscle and sinew. What she would give to be a man! To be a man for one hour, with Frank's lost opportunity! Again her fingers locked and unlocked themselves; and her eyes, driven by her thoughts, turned to the spot where she had hidden away the little poison bottle on the night of the Fair Hill card-party.

Instead of that dealing in swift justice, Frank had played with death—death wrapped in little white lozenges, like wine in a sweetmeat!

Without definite intention, her feet moved slowly across the room; without definite intention, they paused before the cupboard where the bottle was hidden, and mechanically her hand went out toward the hiding-place.

How young she had been then, to tremble at the sight of those white tabloids!

With automatic slowness she opened the drawer, permitting a scent of dry decay to issue forth upon the air; and, putting in her hand, groped for and found the small glass object.

It was certainly small, to carry such potency! She drew it forth, and her lips twisted scornfully. No man who was worth the name of man would have contented himself with these while he had his own strong hands! These were the weapons of a child—of a woman!

The thought flashed through her—flashed through her, unbidden, trembling like a flame from her brain to her nerves—so supreme, so overmastering, that it shook her as a gale shakes the sapling.

She held the bottle to the light, and her hand trembled so violently that the tabloids rattled one against the other.

After all, death was death! Her muscles suddenly stiffened, her glance narrowed until a mere pin-point of light showed between the eyelids.

After all, death was death! Whether it was an affair of knives, of naked hands, or white lozenges, death was death!

CHAPTER XXX

The day of tumult was a Friday, and the Saturday broke at Kilmeaden in a splendour of green and gold—a lavish prodigality of sunlight, that spread itself over tree and stream and meadow in a shimmering banner of gold.

A wonderful morning; a summer morning, when every living creature basked in the consciousness of life; when birds sang riotously, and insects hummed as they hung passive in the haze of heat.

The hour was nine; upstairs in the nursery the three children exulted, as the birds and the insects were exulting in the open, thrilled by the vibrating sense of youth; at the hall door Carey's motor-car stood, a dark, motionless object in the scene that palpitated with the suggestion of expansion and growth; in the bare, clean, monastic-looking dining-room Daisy and Stephen were meeting again in the lull that supersedes the storm.

The scene was plain—plain and undramatic. The table was laid simply for the morning meal; the full light poured in through the uncurtained windows; a country bunch of buttercups adorned the white cloth.

Carey had halted just inside the door; and Daisy was standing by one of the windows in a blue cotton dress, her fair hair neatly brushed, the heavy purple shadows of sleeplessness lying beneath her eyes. She looked tired and pathetic, but she had regained her self-control. She was no longer the despairing creature who had driven him forth from the house two nights ago; she was a woman who has bought calm with pain and tears, and whose glance, as it sped across the room, spoke many things.

There was no attempt at greeting. In the middle classes artifice has little place; each knew that the other knew, and explanations seemed superfluous.

At last Carey came forward into the light of the window.

"Daisy," he said, "I have come back."

That was all. No tragedy, no dramatic effect; and Daisy, the eternal type—the wife, the mother—accepted the words without question. Looking up, she saw the suffering in her husband's

face—the revolt, the struggle, the agonising triumph. She did not understand it, for such women are content to class the man of their choice as a being inevitably incomprehensible; but the maternal instinct in her gushed forth in sudden pity for this being who had returned to her maimed and in pain.

"Oh, Stephen!" she said in a shaken voice. "Stephen!" and with a new, self-conscious hesitancy, she put out her hand and touched his.

* * * * *

So Carey returned to his home, unheralded and unexcused. The return was in accord with his life—strong, restrained, without colour; it seemed at once an emblem and a prophecy.

Immediately the breakfast was brought into the dining-room, he passed without interference to a room at the top of the house, where it was his habit to read and smoke on wet days during the summer. This room was comfortless; a deal-table and a couple of kitchen chairs were its only furniture, and the whitewashed walls were bare save for a few fishing-rods, a gun and a pipe-rack. But its very barrenness, its very coldness, suited him on this day of shimmering glory; its plainness fitted with his mood of desolation; its isolation almost suggested peace. Locking the door, he threw himself into one of the unyielding chairs, and felt mechanically in his pocket for his pipe and tobacco pouch—the silent comforters of man's black hours.

Time passed in the locked room; the day waxed, and with it the sun's strength; nothing marked the flight of the minutes except the thickening of the smoke wreaths as Carey sat slowly smoking, slowly refilling and relighting pipe after pipe. His mood during that deadened space of time was the mood of a man jaded physically and mentally; exhaustion had fallen upon him—a deep lassitude that almost deprived him of the power of thought—and one desire alone found place within his brain: the desire for solitude.

Lunch-time came, but the summoning gong passed unnoticed. Two o'clock came, three o'clock; then at four the quiet was broken. A faint and deprecating knock sounded upon the door.

He started like a man caught in some guilty act.

"Who's that? Who's there?"

"It's me, Stephen—Daisy," came the answer.

"Very well! I'll open. Wait a minute!" Quietly, and without hesitation, he walked across the room; it was the same manner in which he had approached Daisy earlier in the morning, and it almost seemed that he had mapped out a course of action in her regard, and was holding to it fixedly.

He opened the door and stood aside for her to pass.

"I'm frightfully sorry to bother you, but the unluckiest thing has happened!" She walked into the room, then turned to look up into his face through the cloud of tobacco smoke. "Mrs. Power and Josephine and two of the boys are below. I never expected such a thing, but they specially hoped to find you here, as it's Saturday, and they haven't seen you since the engagement. I said I'd try if you were in; but if you like I can go back and say you're not—" Her glance lingered over his jaded face.

For a moment the impetuous annoyance of old days surged up within him—the sharp, contemptuous rejoinder rose to his lips; then with the new control, he checked both.

"Would you rather I went down?"

"Oh, no; not if you dislike to. Mary and Father James and I can entertain them. 'Twas only that I was thinking—" She paused and coloured and looked away.

"What? That they'll talk?"

"That, perhaps, they might talk."

Carey nodded grimly. "I'll go down."

"No. No, don't."

"Yes; I'll go. Where are they now?"

"In the drawing-room. You can see them there for a minute, and then I'll take them out. Mary and Josephine and the two boys can play a game of tennis—and Mrs. Power and I can look on."

Again the change was visible in Daisy—the new endurance, the new consciousness of responsibility; and through the vapour of his misery Carey saw and was mutely thankful.

"All right! Go down! I'll follow you." Again he held the door open for

her; then he turned back for a moment into the empty room, to brace himself for the ordeal.

All his soul revolted from the task awaiting him—all his sick senses shrank from contact with the common world—but he had made his choice. Henceforth his way would lie along the common path—his life would be the common life! All the fair and splendid circumstance of dreams lay behind him.

He knocked the ashes from his pipe, pushed his chair back into its accustomed place and passed out of the room.

On the stairs, the smell of the washed boards, the scent of the musk in the red pots upon the window-sill touched him to torturing memory. This morning he had moved past them, numb and unheeding; but now they rose about him poignantly, recalling the brief moments of romance.

Outside the drawing-room he paused to gather up his strength. He had not seen this room since the night of his adventure, and it lay within his mind as it had looked then—a place of half lights and faded perfumes, pregnant with sentiment. He paused, dazed by the cloud of recollection that surged about him; then he raised his hand, opened the door, and at once Mrs. Power's voice—slow, contented, motherly—dispelled illusion.

The visitors were gathered about the centre table where the tea things were laid out, flanked by a large silver punch-bowl and a tray of glasses. The windows were all open; the sun streamed into the room; a little ripple of laughter was trembling on the air, evoked by Mrs. Power's last remark.

As Carey entered, she turned to him, a glass in one hand, a silver ladle upraised in the other.

"Ah, here you are, Stephen! Come and be the arbiter! Daisy insists that claret-cup is a temperance drink, and Josephine says it isn't. For goodness' sake, agree with Daisy, for I'm famished with thirst, and the thought of tea on a day like this is enough to give any one apoplexy."

Carey forced a laugh and came forward toward the table. In that first moment he was conscious of nothing but a deep thankfulness for the shelter of Mrs. Power's volubility.

"I think Father Mathew himself would exempt you from tea with a temperature like this," he said. "If I were you, I'd take the risk."

Mrs. Power beamed, and proceeded to fill her glass generously from the dark, cool liquid in the bowl. "Now, that's what I call logic," she said placidly. "After all, there's no profession like the law—it finds such reasonable excuses for our little peccadillos. What do you say, Father James?"

Father James, who had been standing modestly in a corner, came out into the light at her challenge.

"Well, well, well!" he said, "sure, after all, what is wine but a gift out of the earth!"

"Very good, indeed, Father James! Though I see Josephine looking a little bit shocked. She's a great total abstainer, you know, since she attended the last mission!"

Father James smiled across at Josephine Power, a pale-faced, large-boned girl, who was looking with grim disapproval at her easy-going mother.

"Ah, Josephine, that's the way of youth!" he said. "All for total abstinence or total acceptance! 'Tis only age brings the happy medium—moderation. Daisy, may I have a sup of that claret-cup myself?"

"Indeed you may! Mrs. Power, will you give it to him? We were just going out to the tennis-court, Stephen. The girls are going to play."

She spoke without looking at Carey, and he answered with averted eyes.

"That's right! It's too fine to stay in. Mrs. Power, I'll give Father James his drink while you finish yours."

Mrs. Power willingly resigned the ladle, and fell to sipping the contents of her glass.

"And what about yourself, Stephen?" she said. "We ought to drink to the engagement, you know. Where's Mary?"

"Mary is gone out with Jim and Eddy, to get the tennis rackets," said Daisy. "They're waiting on the court for us."

"Ah, well, another time! And now, Stephen, come and talk to me. I haven't thought or spoken of another thing since

Owen told me the great news. 'Tis the wish of my heart fulfilled." She moved toward the mantelpiece, still smiling, still sipping her claret-cup.

Carey half filled a tumbler for himself, and followed her across the room.

"I agree with you," he murmured. "It's very satisfactory—very satisfactory for all concerned!"

Strive as he might to fix his attention, the commonness of the scene, its triviality, its futility, warred intolerably with unhappy thoughts. These people with their petty interests, their familiar, unemotional voices, were things irreconcilable with his mood—files that grated upon his jarred nerves.

"Ah, 'tis a great thing! 'Tis a great thing!" Mrs. Power went on. "After all, 'tis the right end for every young fellow—to marry a nice girl and settle down! Look what it did for you, Stephen! Not, indeed, that you were ever anything but steady! But still a young man improves so much with a nice wife; it seems to form his character."

Stephen murmured something acquiescent; and Father James opportunely stepped up to the fireplace.

"And how is your own good man, Mrs. Power?" he said. "I saw him up in town yesterday."

Mrs. Power turned full of new interest. "He's flourishing, indeed, Father James! Like myself, he's full of delight over this news about Owen. But all Kilmeaden seems to have been up in town yesterday! Tom and Mary lunched with us; and now Daisy tells me that Isabel was up too."

"She was indeed. 'Twas the way her aunt sent for her," said Father James, telling the white lie nobly. "She had one of her bad headaches, it seems, and got a little bit nervous about herself. Indeed, I pitied the poor child, dragged up to New Town on such a killing day!"

Mrs. Power looked interested. "Good gracious! You surprise me!" she said "I was behind Miss Costello at the ten o'clock mass, and I thought I never saw her looking better."

"Ah, well, old people take notions!"

Mrs. Power shook her head sympathetically. "They do. They do, indeed! And all the Costellos are a bit cranky. I suppose Isabel will be back to-day?"

The question was addressed to Stephen; but Stephen had turned his back, and was lost in a study of the old gilt clock on the mantelpiece.

"No doubt! No doubt she will!" said Father James. "But Daisy is waiting for you, Mrs. Power."

Mrs. Power turned round. "Oh, Daisy, are you going?"

"Yes; Josephine and I are ready. Won't you come?"

"I will, dear; I will. Only give me time to drink this. You go on, and I'll be after you!"

"Very well! but don't forget I'll be by myself when the game begins!"

"No, dear. I won't."

Daisy and Josephine Power passed out through the glass door and down the long, green garden, their cotton dresses making patches of colour in the full sunlight. Mrs. Power sipped her drink again; then turned to Stephen with a new air of confidence. "Now, Stephen, there's something I want to have a little word with you about. Of course, we're all anxious that this engagement shouldn't be a long one—I don't approve of long engagements; and there's nothing for Owen and Mary to wait for. So Mr. Power is determined to make things easy for them; and I think that you, as our solicitor——"

Father James was moving discreetly away, but she checked him with a smile and a wave of the hand.

"Don't go, Father James! Sure, what is there in any of our families that you don't know! 'Twas only that I thought, having Stephen here now, we might as well talk the matter over in a friendly way, instead of going down formally to the office."

Carey looked round sharply, seeming not to have heard Mrs. Power's words

"What was that?" he said. "Wasn't that the hall-door bell?"

"I don't know. I didn't hear anything. As I was saying to Father James, Stephen——"

Carey laid his glass upon the mantelshelf. A nervous look of prescience—a peculiar uneasiness was visible on his face.

"One moment, Mrs. Power!" he said. "I think there's somebody outside."

Mrs. Power looked slightly offended, and Father James glanced sharply at Carey.

"Will I go and see, Stephen? Maybe, 'tis some visitor for Daisy, and I could take them out to the tennis ground."

"Yes," said Carey quickly. "Yes, do. Ah, there's Julia going down the hall!"

All three stood listening; then suddenly Carey took a step forward, as though he had heard some sound to which the others were deaf.

"Father James," he said involuntarily; then his voice died away. The door was opened by Julia, and without announcement Isabel walked into the room.

The eyes of the three turned upon her simultaneously, seeing her variously, according to their lights. Mrs. Power, from the dazzling pinnacle of her maternal happiness, saw nothing but a figure in a limp white dress, a face overshadowed by untidy hair and a carelessly arranged hat; Father James, in his all-pervading pity, saw a human soul looking out upon the world in revolt and misery; Carey saw nothing but the fire in the dark eyes.

Of the three, Mrs. Power was the first to offer greeting,

"Good gracious, it's Isabel!" she cried. "Isabel, dear, how are you! I hope your aunt isn't bad; you look as if you had been up all night."

Father James stepped forward and took Isabel's hand. "Isabel," he said, "we were just this minute talking about you. I was telling Mrs. Power how your aunt sent for you yesterday, because she had one of her headaches." He made the explanation insistently, pressing her hand to force it home.

But Isabel only stared at him. It was obvious that her own thoughts, her own emotions filled her mind to the exclusion of all else. Convention she had thrown aside; expediency she had discarded as a worn-out garment. She drew her hand from Father's James's, and stood looking from him to Mrs. Power, as if flaunting her unexpected presence, flaunting her dishevelled appearance.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she said.

Mrs. Power stared; then she made a motherly gesture of concern. "My dear, what is it? You look tired out. Was the drive too much for you?"

Isabel drew back to avoid the proffered caress. "I didn't drive. I walked."

"You walked? You walked from Waterford? Why, you must have been mad!"

The girl made a curious little sound that might have been a laugh.

Carey turned toward her. "Good God! You walked?"

"Yes, I walked. How else was I to get here? I'm too poor to drive."

He turned from the scorn of her glance.

"Mrs. Power," he said indistinctly, "will you come out to the tennis-court. I'll be back again, Father James!"

Mrs. Power took another sharp look at Isabel; then she followed Carey across the room. As they passed together through the glass door she laid her hand on his arm.

"Did you ever see anybody look so queer as Isabel, Stephen?" she said. "It's my belief that she got a touch of the sun, coming out. If I were Daisy I'd put her to bed and send for the doctor. She's certainly not herself."

And Carey, from the ferment within his mind, made some inarticulate reply.

CHAPTER XXXI

Alone in the drawing-room, Isabel and Father James stood looking at each other. Now, as at the moment of her entry, the old priest saw nothing of her disordered clothes, nothing of her unkempt hair and dusty shoes; all he saw, all he yearned over, was the dumb misery that had stamped itself on her face, blotting out its beauty, its youth, its colour, as a cruel heel might crush the life from a flower.

"Child! Child," he said suddenly. "What's come to you? What's come to you, at all?"

Isabel stared defiance. "What you wanted to come to me—you and the rest!"

The flame within her whipped the

words forth, as it had kindled the light in her eyes.

He came a step nearer to her, but she wheeled away from him, unconsciously taking up the position by the mantelpiece that Carey had vacated.

"Oh, yes," she added. "It's all just as it ought to be! Daisy and Mary playing tennis; you preaching; he comfortably eating and drinking!" She paused to catch up the half-filled tumbler. "This is his, isn't it?"

"Isabel, child!"

"This is his, isn't it? Wasn't he comfortably drinking this, while I was trudging through the heat and the dust? Wasn't he? Wasn't he?"

"And if he was itself, child, sure mustn't we all eat and drink, whatever happens? Isn't that the tragedy of life?"

"The tragedy!" She laughed and looked again at the glass, as if attracted by the cool red liquid. "I haven't wanted to eat or drink since yesterday."

Concern and compassion overspread Father James's face.

"Glory be to God! You don't mean that?"

"Yes, I do. I have had other things to think about. I suppose women are different from men." She still held the glass, moving it about as the sunlight played upon the wine.

"But that's a terrible thing! You can't go on like that. See here now." Again he ventured to move nearer to her.

With a quick, fierce gesture she laid down Carey's glass, and turned upon him. "And why can't I go on like that?" she demanded. "I care nothing more about what any of you say—or any of you think. Why can't I go on as I like?"

Something in her face, something in her voice alarmed him by its intensity. For a moment he wavered before it; then he collected his quiet strength—his inexhaustible gentleness.

"Look here, Isabel," he said, "I'm going to pour out a glass of that wine, and you're going to swallow it to please me."

Refusal—sharp and violent—sprang to her lips; then some suggestion, some thought, arrested it in the utterance; her expression changed curiously, and she answered unexpectedly.

"Very well! Get it for me."

"Immense relief touched Father James, and he hurried across the room to the tea-table.

Isabel stood very still. Only her eyes and her right hand showed any sign of life—her eyes following the old priest's movements with a passion of intentness, her right hand stealing silently, stealthily, toward the pocket of her dress. There was a moment of suspense; then, as he bent over the punch-bowl, carefully measuring out the wine, her fingers found the pocket, shot into the light again, and with a swift, noiseless action dropped two small white objects into Carey's glass.

It was an absolutely simple act—dexterous, controlled, silent; and as Father James walked slowly back across the room, carrying the wine, there was nothing to tell of a deed accomplished.

"Now, child, to please me! To please an old man!" He held out the glass.

Isabel looked at him; then, with a gesture of finality, put her hands behind her back.

"No, Father James. No." Her tone was no longer stormy, but it was vibrating and tense.

Father James's eyes narrowed in closer scrutiny. "What is it, Isabel?" he said. "What's come to you?"

"Nothing. I'm—nearly happy."

"Happy? How happy?"

"Because I hate him so absolutely much."

Again the chill of fear passed over the old priest.

"Isabel," he said hurriedly, "drink the wine! There's a good child, now! Drink the wine!"

"I'll never drink wine again—never as long as I live, after to-day."

Alarm sprang into his eyes. "Child, what's the matter with you? Why are you so still and quiet-like?"

"I told you."

"But I don't like it! I don't like it!" In his blind sense of misgiving he put out his hand and touched her arm. "Isabel, child, I don't like you like this! I'd rather you raving, as you were while ago; it's more natural. Look now, rouse yourself!"

Isabel shook off his hand.

"And what does it matter how I am? Who in all the world cares?"

He was silent for a space; then, looking at her, he said steadily, "One person cares."

"Who?"

"Stephen."

"Stephen!" She made a wild, contemptuous sound.

"Don't laugh," he said sternly. "Oh, how cursed we are, that not one of us can see outside his own little life—that God doesn't open our eyes to one another's sorrows. Child! Child! Can't you see that Stephen is broken over this business? Can't you see anything at all but the blackness in your own heart?"

Isabel's wild eyes turned upon him. "How am I to see it? Where am I to see it?"

"In his face. Look at his face. He's coming back now; I hear him in the garden. Look at him when he comes in Look at his face."

Carey's step sounded on the garden path, and Isabel turned as he stepped through the glass door.

He came in quietly, his figure silhouetted against the brilliant afternoon light, and it seemed in a curious way that the long shadow his figure cast emanated from something within him—something sombre, dark and tragic, rather than by the mere effect of sunlight. There was tangible suffering, tangible struggle marked upon him; and its very silence, its very strength made it the more defined. A long faint shudder passed through Isabel as she stood watching him with her brooding eyes.

He came into the room; he looked about him, as if dazed by the alteration of lights; then he walked aimlessly forward to the mantelpiece.

Isabel's eyes followed him.

The silence was tense; conscious of her searching gaze, tortured by it and by the ordeal to be re-lived, he looked desperately round for some rational, calming influence. By a common chance, his eye fell upon his untasted wine, standing on the mantel-shelf.

He felt no thirst; the parched dryness of his throat, the burning heat of his brain would have demanded more than a cup of iced wine; but it was a natural, rational act to pick up the glass, and he turned like a man unnerved to any rational idea. Slowly, automatically, he put out his hand.

Then suddenly a little cry, very low, very faint, broke from Isabel. She put out her hand and arrested his.

"Wait!" she said. "Wait!"

For an instant her fingers lingered upon his; then she drew the tumbler away from him, lifted it and drank.

The glass rattled against her teeth; the touch of the ice chilled her lips; but, looking down into the wine, her eyes caught the warmth, the redness, the glory of the sun.

THE END



ON THE LINE

I MET him at a railway station in Colorado, where we were waiting for a delayed train. He nodded to me, swore genially at railroad managements, referred to the weather, thence to weather-prophets, astrologers, magicians, and, finally, began:

Did it ever strike you how each age in the world's history has had the conceit to think it "knew it all'? and what a tough game the inquirers and doubters and discoverers have been up against?

Nowadays, when they're catching and bridling and taming nature's pet secrets right off the range, that kind of asininity looks funnier than ever, but we've got it just as bad; maybe not in the lines where we've learned to look for our "miracles," but just so soon as any chap ventures a speculation outside what *we* choose to call the material.

As a matter of fact, I believe it's all "material," in a sense, and I rather think the inquisitors would find it hard work to draw the line unless they drew it flat between what they happened to believe possible and what they didn't.

I think I'll tell you a true story. Never mind about my name. You won't think it's true, and I'm just human enough not to care to run the risk of advertising myself as a fool—even to strangers; but you and I seem to be thrown together for God knows how long in this lonely old station, and nature around us is big enough, perhaps, to give even a twentieth century man a suspicion that he may not have the whole game dead to rights.

I haven't always knocked around the West. I've done heaps of different things in my life, which, if it doesn't tend to financial success, may serve to broaden a man a bit and make him more, well—philosophical. Among my other tries I was once an attendant at the Metropolitan Museum in New York—you've been there, I take it? It's not a bad place for a contemplative chap to soak in ideas, and, if he's receptive and can keep his imagination in its right place, which is neither a six by eight cell nor a ten-acre lot, he can pick up a good many bits of fact that set him thinking.

The paintings interested me most in those days. I don't know why. I can assure you I didn't have any theories about them that went beyond paint and canvas and frames; only I had a big respect for the men who could do such things—that is, the good ones—and I used to sit and try to put myself in the place of a dead artist while he was painting some picture that hit me hard. I suppose it was natural enough that I got to have a kind of insight, and, now and then, I'd give the curator a shock by some criticism that he hardly expected from a mere attendant.

That boomed me considerably, and, perhaps, if I'd stayed, I'd have ended by getting Di Cesnola's job when he gets through with it. What I'm going to tell you about, is why I didn't stay, and you're welcome to believe it or not, just as you please.

Once in a while, in those days, when I was studying some picture that interested me—while I was wrapped up in it more or less—I used to see, or think I saw, things that puzzled me, but which I usually explained by concluding that I hadn't really seen them.

They weren't much: perhaps a slight change of expression in some face, perhaps a little different attitude in some figure, always so trifling that one wouldn't notice it at all unless his attention were called to the point, and I didn't call anybody's attention to it, as you may believe, having some sense and hating to be laughed at, besides being just a bit ashamed of myself for thinking I'd seen it.

I was at the Museum six years in all, and one thing finally began to work itself into my perception. It was that these changes, as I choose to call them—just for instance, if you please—were only noticeable in certain pictures at certain seasons in each year.

That made me think. It was rather reassuring, too, because, as I reasoned, if I *was* getting dotty, it would be odd, to say the least, to be so systematic about

it as to be affected by the same picture during exactly the same days in each three hundred and sixty-five. Mind you the date was different in different paintings, and the length of time during which they acted funny varied; and now I'm going to tell you something queerer still.

I'm a rather rational lunatic, after all, and I like to find out all there is about things before I laugh too hard at them. Therefore I started a little research on my own hook, and this is what came of it. There were about a dozen pictures that I thought I'd noticed things about, and they were mostly good ones—or, at least, ones in which the artists had done their very best—and in every case, except three where I could not get any data, I found that the months or weeks or days in each year when the pictures had life, as I put it, *were identical with the months or weeks or days in which they'd been painted*. Take it for what it's worth, but that was the cold, hard fact, and it may serve as a sort of introduction to the story.

Of course everybody who goes to the Metropolitan remembers two pictures. As to their merit, critics may vary, but there's no manner of doubt that they represent the men who painted them: Gabriel Max and Cot. Both artists put all the soul they had into "The Last Token" and "The Storm," and whatever the critics may say, they both seem to take hold of the every-day visitor. My idea is that the mere fact of an artist's putting his heart and soul in a painting influences people directly, especially people who are not too intellectual to be open to impressions; the crowd, whose senses are the thing with them and who feel rather than think.

Be that as it may, you'll always find a little knot of admirers before the dark girl looking up out of the arena to see who's dropped the rose that lies at her feet; and you'll always find people lingering in front of the Arcadian landscape with its shepherd and shepherdess in diaphanous drapery flying, half merry, half frightened, from the black tempest that's closing down over the trees. "The Storm" may be just "pretty," as they say, but I always liked it. There was something about the girl's spiritual frivolity that caught me, and I've found myself fairly envying the proprietorship in the youth's action and look.

In those days both paintings used to hang in the same gallery—on opposite walls. They don't any more.

The Cot picture was, I think, the first one about which I thought I saw anything queer. It was along the end of May. You see, as I said, I liked it largely on the girl's account. I've always had a weakness for pictures of pretty women, and, when they get me hard, I have a tendency to let my mind wander a bit into the realms of imagination.

Well, one morning about the 28th or 29th of May, I was walking through the gallery, and, as I glanced at the Cot, I stopped short. Was it my memory or my powers of observation that were off? The figures were just the same; the youth was hurrying the girl along with him, as they ran through the woods, and his arm was about her waist; but somehow his face seemed different. At first I'd have sworn there was a different poise to the head, but I pulled myself together, remembering how the eyes of portraits follow you about. Occasionally it's so marked that the face seems to turn as well, though I doubt if that really happens often. I suppose it was only the eyes in Cot's shepherd, but the difference in the impression they made on me was very decided.

Whereas, as I've said, I'd actually cultivated a sort of jealousy of the tenderness and solicitude in his face, he looked now, for all the world, as if he was thinking of anything but his companion. He was helping her along all right, just as any man would help a pretty woman who had to get somewhere in a bigger hurry than she could put up; but that was all. She might just as well have been Bastien Le Page's "Joan of Arc," for all he really cared.

I noted all this pretty carefully, and it bothered me that I'd idealised the picture so, for you can readily believe I had to acknowledge that it wasn't nearly so good a thing as I'd imagined. I hung around that gallery the greater part of the day with a sense of puzzled annoyance, and it struck me, too, that fewer people stopped at "The Storm" than

ordinarily did. I didn't think anything especial of this, because, of course, I attributed it to a just happen so, or, rather, I did not even get so far as to attribute it to anything. What I did do was to go into the gallery again just before the Museum closed. It was rather dark, and I remember having a distinct feeling that I was going to see something queer. I did. There was no mistaking it now, that an inexplicable thing had happened. The picture was literally all mixed up: in fact, I would hardly have recognised it, though the positions of the figures were the same. The girl's face wasn't so very different either, but the boy—well, his head was simply turned and he was looking straight out from the painting with his eyes fixed on something across the room. No mere change of the eyes would account for that. His *head* was turned and he was gazing with an expression of the most absorbed devotion right at Gabriel Max's "Last Token." Then I looked at the Max girl and I'll admit this *might* have been imagination, only I thought I detected a conscious gleam in the tail of her eye. You never can trust those sentimental German mädchen. In my opinion they're lots worse than the most frivolous fly-aways, when it comes to making serious trouble.

Of course, if she really *was* encouraging the Cot boy in any funny business, you could at least say this for her, that her position isn't an easy one for a girl loaded right up to the brim with German sentimentality. Her lover, you know, isn't there at all—only the rose at her feet, and she has to imagine continually that the man who dropped it is somewhere up above her, outside of the frame. Real sentiment might be equal to such a situation, but sentimentality, sir, is, if I may put it that way, pretty damn practical when you get right down to the bottom of it.

Well, anyhow, I'm telling you what I thought I saw, but you can guess I wasn't half so calm about it then as I am now. To be frank, I strongly suspected that I was going daffy—just as you are like enough imagining I am, and for which I don't especially blame you.

To make a long story short, I got out of the room in a hurry. I had half a dozen things to attend to, but I shan't deny that I was frightened all right; partly about my own condition, and partly at the thing itself.

While I was going around shutting up, I made a big brace to get myself together. The room had been fairly dark, I reasoned; and a man's eyes are likely enough to play him tricks without lugging the brain into the game. In fact, when I started down to get my hat and home clothes, I was inclined to laugh at the whole business.

Just then, I heard the superintendent's voice on the landing above, calling my name.

"Got anything especial to do to-night?" he asked.

"No," said I quickly.

Naturally my mind jumped at the idea of his having something in the way of invitation or amusement to suggest. He was a bachelor, and we'd had several pretty friendly talks in spite of my inferior position.

It's a mean trick, throwing that sort of question at a man and making him commit himself before he knows what he's up against. This was the time I was up against it for keeps.

"Glad to hear it," said he. "Then you won't mind changing with Brown. He's on duty to-night until twelve, and his wife is seriously ill, he tells me. He'll be much obliged to you if you'll accommodate him. Everybody else has gone but you and Sanders, and Sanders has some kind of a date. Brown will take your first night-watch when his home affairs straighten out. Meanwhile you'd better go and get something to eat. He'll wait till you get back."

Well, there I was, trapped clean and fair, with no way of getting out of it without showing for an idiot or a hog. I flatter myself I've always been able to recognise when I was beaten and to make the best of it, and while that night above all others the Museum was the last place I yearned for, what I said was that I'd be only too glad to accommodate, and I said it just as if I meant it.

So Brown and Sanders and the supe went home, and there I was, with only one other fellow on my floor and his beat

confined to the other end of the big building.

There was a light burning dimly here and there in the galleries and, I can tell you, it's a pretty ghostly place o'nights at the best. The figures somehow seem different—as if they had more life in them, and sometimes one will fairly startle you as you enter a room and see it looming up on the opposite wall. Like enough there's plenty of reason why it should, too, but you must form your own opinion as to that. And now I'm getting down to the part of my story that sticks.

It wasn't necessary for me to go into the Cot-Max gallery at all, and I didn't want to either, but, all the same, when I began my rounds, I walked there just as straight as if some one else was engineering my feet for me. It was about ten o'clock, I think, and I walked straight up to the door and stopped short. This is what I saw, so help me God!

The moon was shining full through the top-lights and tracing queer shadows in silver and elephant's-breath on the floor. There was a shimmer of something moving about; only for a moment it was all vague and uncertain. Unconsciously my eyes went to "The Storm," and, well, *the frame was empty*—that is, the figures were not there, and, strangest of all, I did not find myself frightened or even very much surprised. I just looked around the gallery till I distinguished them in the shadows and the vague glimmering light.

The girl was down at the other end of the room with her back to me and there seemed something pathetic in its expression: she was so young and slight.

Right near the empty frame, just a little way along and close to the wall, stood my gay shepherd bending over, as gallant as possible, whom do you think, but Gabriel Max's girl!—out of her frame, too, looking just as saintly as ever, but with her head bent down instead of up, and drinking in what I don't doubt was a precious lot of rubbish that that fool boy was pouring into her ear. About his own girl—*my* girl—he'd clean forgot her very existence, and all for that sly, sentimental little Dutch minx, who was just about as pious as such pious-looking people usually are.

It was funny that the whole thing didn't startle me more than it did. I can remember very vividly just what I felt, and it was mostly indignation; indignation and a sort of protective feeling for the poor deserted shepherdess down at the other end of the gallery. I could imagine the tears in her eyes and I could almost see her little bare shoulders shaking with suppressed sobs. I took several steps quickly into the room, with what idea I can't fairly say. Then I stopped short.

Bless your heart but there was a scurrying! A gust of wind seemed to burst through the gallery from the tightly closed skylights, until the pictures nodded from their places against the wall and the lights and shadows swirled about in a mad dance.

I looked around me, dazed; and now I saw the most astounding thing of all. The Cot boy was back in his frame all right, and with him, not the shepherdess, *but the little martyr* with her dark face and blue robe, running through the woods in the identical pose of her rival, because, of course, you see, she had to be so in order to fill out the place in the canvas.

As for the other, I don't know how she did it, for it all happened too quickly and I was far too rattled to notice, but she was in the Max frame. Naturally she had to get somewhere, and that was the only place for her.

Perhaps you can imagine my position. The truth is, my principal feeling had become one of just plain embarrassment. I had burst in on a scene that no living man's eye had any business to see. I was, as your society people say, *de trop*. If I hadn't surprised them they'd have gotten back into their own places in due time, but my sudden entrance upon the mix-up had driven the truants into hasty action much more pronounced than any of them would probably have dreamed of in their sober senses. I'll bet you can't guess what I did; though I'll say for myself it was just what any man with the instincts of a gentleman would have done had the situation been in real life. I turned on my heel and left the gallery, and it wasn't because I was frightened either.

I'll confess I was confused and rattled and wanted a chance to collect my thoughts, but that wasn't my main reason, if I do say it. I walked through two or three galleries to a staircase landing and I threw open a window and looked out at the night and drank in big draughts of fresh air, and I stayed there for nearly two hours, regardless of the fact that I'd probably be reported in the morning for not meeting my fellow-guard at the point where our patrols were supposed to touch every hour. I stayed there until twenty minutes of midnight, when I was to be relieved, and then just plain, old-fashioned curiosity began to get in its fine work on me. I couldn't very well doubt now that I'd really seen what I thought I'd seen, and I didn't doubt it any more than a civilised man has to doubt everything that seems unreasonable; only I'd reached the point where I wasn't at all sure it *was* unreasonable, and, anyhow, I wanted one more look at the situation. Therefore I went back, but very cautiously this time, because I did not want my appearance to complicate the case any further. I went back, literally on tiptoe, and I peered into the gallery.

There, in "The Last Token" frame, was my shepherdess, sure enough, with her filmy drapery, looking up to see who'd dropped the rose; but she didn't seem to be able to regulate her expression to the necessities of her rôle. Her eyes were fairly dancing with roguishness, and, if I'd expected to see any pining in them for her recreant lover, I was several miles out.

This surprised me a bit, and I looked cautiously over at "The Storm," to see how that part of the affair was working out.

Well, sir, as far as the woods and the clouds and the wind went, it was still a storm all right, but when you got down to the expression, it was just a heavy, dense, thoroughly depressing day. The gloom on my precious shepherd's face was an inch deep, and I caught on to the situation like a flash. Even if I hadn't been pretty well in touch with it on general principles, I'd have had no trouble at all in sizing things up. He'd gotten what he'd been mooning for and—well, it wasn't up to sample.

You see, *he* was full of laughter and gayety and free, spontaneous tenderness, and his martyr was just soggy sentimental, and, naturally enough, it hadn't taken two hours for her to bore him the limit. Across the gallery it had seemed different, and I could understand perfectly how a chap who didn't think very deeply might imagine, looking at the Max girl, that the only thing in the world worth having was just love to the death; without ever considering that that kind of love is apt to be about as gloomy *as* death most of the rest of the time, and that it hangs pretty heavy about a normal man's neck.

German sentimentality is cloying at close range, and my frisky shepherd had got all he wanted of it. Oh! if you could have seen the look of weariness on the side of his face nearer the martyr, you'd have put him down the champion martyr of the pair; and if you could have seen the yearn on the side toward the room, the craving to have again something a bit cheerful in the way of affection, you'd have been sorry enough for him in spite of the fact that he deserved all he was getting.

Then I caught on how prettily my shepherdess was playing her side of the game. There wasn't much in the situation that had escaped her. *She* held the cards and she wasn't making things a bit easier for the pair across the gallery. *She* was perfectly satisfied with the change—oh! yes; and she hoped they'd be *so* happy, which they weren't. Really, one couldn't imagine how pleasant it was to have a frame all to one's self instead of having a man dragging you along wherever he thought necessary. That was her attitude.

The Max girl hadn't begun yet to realise it all, because she was naturally self-centred, having played for sympathy so long and got it. Therefore she just hung the heavier; but I could see she was bound for a big awakening and I would have felt sorry for her if I hadn't remembered how she'd accepted the shepherd's first advances, though even she must have known that he and the shepherdess were sweethearts.

I'd have been only too glad to spend the rest of the night where I was, but, of course, I couldn't have done that without explaining, which I didn't care to do for several reasons. In the first place, I felt a sort of delicacy, which you may think was absurd, about giving the thing away. When the rest of the Museum people noticed it, well and good; but I didn't propose to hurry them up. Besides, I rather wanted to see how it would strike them without any preparation. Therefore, when I went down to the door and let my relief in, I just got my clothes and walked home.

All the way I thought, and the cool air seemed to clear the fuzziness out of my brain, and I kept right on thinking after I'd gotten to bed.

What was to be the outcome of it all? If the affair was left undisturbed long enough, I had a sort of abiding confidence that it would straighten itself out just as it had mixed itself up; but if it didn't, why the pictures would either have to be doctored in some way or else smuggled out on some excuse. I could foresee lots of trouble for somebody and all sorts of inquiries and scandals. Of course, I realised that it wouldn't do for a minute to let the public know the facts. Imagine the howl that would have gone up! "Practical joke by some vandal" would have been their verdict, and trouble to the limit.

It wasn't so surprising, then, that I lay awake and thought and that I got to the Museum next morning half an hour before I was due and made a bee-line for the Max-Cot gallery. The sun was shining in full, and my eyes flew to the two paintings.

They were all right. They were more than all right. The shepherd and shepherdess were together again fonder and happier than ever, it seemed to me. Never a trace of wandering light in his eye; only an exuberant gladness that was just a bit too much for even an Arcadian shepherd in the face of such a storm. As for her, she was as tender and trustful as ever, but I thought I detected a little flash of triumph that seemed to shoot across the room.

"The Last Token" girl naturally was back with her rose, looking more of a martyr than ever and evidently extracting considerable satisfaction out of the greater sympathy she hoped to exercise. Honestly I believe that to her egotistical nature that prospect counted for more than any true sorrow she felt over her throw-down, and there are plenty of people just like her in the world.

I think I hear your train coming. Well, there's not much more to tell.

I stayed at the Museum over a year after that, so you see I wasn't crazy, and I never noted a rift in the constancy of my Arcadians, or in the martyr's strict attention to her business of doing the pathetic; never, except one evening just a year later when I thought I detected a spiteful look in the latter's eye.

Next morning I found one of the night-men talking in an agitated way to the curator, and there seemed to be some kind of excitement on deck. About noon I was asked to help move "The Last Token" to another gallery, and I did so and never said a word.

When they got it in place, I took a look at it, and, while it was all right, I knew it well enough to see what I'll bet nobody else had seen: that the rose was at least two inches out of place, as if some one in trying to get out or in in a hurry had kicked it along the pavement.

That same night-man left at the end of the work. Here's your train, sir. Good-bye and good luck.

No, I haven't any explanation to offer.

Duffield Osborne

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

VERSE, DRAMA

Richard G. Badger:

The Rubaiyat of a Huffy Husband. By Mary B. Little.
Golden Rod and Lilies. By R. W. Gilbert.
The Soul of the Singer and Other Verses. By H. Graham DuBois.
The Lilies. By Henry Percival Spencer.
From the Foothills of Song. By Charlotte Mellen Packard.

Each volume consisting of a collection of short poems.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Poems. By Elizabeth Heléne Freston.

Containing about fifty short poems.

Rivulets of Song. By Percival D. McCallum.

A collection of seventy short poems.

The Cricket Club:

Birch Stream and Other Poems. By Anna Boynton Averill.

A collection of about 200 short poems. The volume contains a number of illustrations reproduced from photographs.

The Grafton Press:

Jephtha Sacrificing and Dinah. By Edwin Thomas Whiffen.

Two dramatic poems.

Henry Holt and Company:

Poems for Travelers. Compiled by Mary R. J. DuBois.

These poems have been grouped under the various countries: France, Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy and Greece. There are about 300 in all. Byron's "The Ocean" has been placed as an introductory poem.

The Poetic Old-World. A Little Book for Tourists. Compiled by Lucy H. Humphrey.

The poems in this volume have been arranged in the order of a possible itinerary covering places of interest in Ireland, Scotland, Holland, Belgium, Germany, France, Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, Spain and Greece.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Omar Repentant. By Richard Le Gallienne.

A poem in which the man well on in years pictures to the youth of twenty as false and unprofitable the philosophy of life as set forth in the "Rubaiyat" of the Persian poet.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

William Tell. A Drama of the Origin of Swiss Democracy. By Arthur Dougherty Rees.

In five acts. Besides depicting the Tell episode it treats of that epoch toward freedom and the unity of Switzerland.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Poems by Jean Ingelow. Selected and Arranged by Andrew Lang.

One of the volumes included in Longmans' Pocket Library.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Looms of Life. By Herman Scheffauer.

A volume of verse by a young poet of the West.

RELIGION, SCIENCE

P. Blakiston's Son and Company:

Borderland Studies. Vol. II. By George M. Gould, M.D.

Miscellaneous addresses and essays pertaining to medicine and the medical profession, and their relation to general science and thought.

The Convent Press:

(St. Mary's Convent, Peekskill, N. Y.)

A Garden Enclosed. By a Sister of the Community of St. Mary.

Practical studies in the religious life.

The Franklin-Turner Company:

The Master Profession. A Challenge to the Young Men of the Twentieth Century. By Smith Baker, D.D. and Frank E. Jenkins, D.D.

The purpose of the authors in this little volume is to impress upon the young men of to-day the great need this twentieth century has for them in the "master profession"—"the ministry of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." The following is part of the challenge: "You are challenged to lead the church into its larger work, into its conquest of the world as territory to be held and as meal to be leavened. You are to lead it out of the crudities of a narrow evangelism into the harmonies of an evangelism that is the art of saving all.

men for service and all society for its better, larger, completer life."

Henry Frowde:
(Oxford University.)

Essays on Evolution. 1889-1907. By Edward Bagnall Poulton, D.Sc., M.A.

The following are the titles of the essays included in this volume together with the time and place of their original publication: I. "A Naturalist's Contribution to the Discussion upon the Age of the Earth" (Liverpool, 1896); II. "'What is a Species?'" (London, 1904); III. "Theories of Evolution" (Boston, 1894); IV. "Theories of Heredity" (Oxford, 1889); V. "The Bearing of the Study of Insects upon the Question 'Are Acquired Characters Hereditary?'" (London, 1905); VI. "A Remarkable Anticipation of Modern Views on Evolution" (1897); VII. "Thomas Henry Huxley and the Theory of Natural Selection" (Birmingham, 1905); VIII. "Natural Selection the Cause of Mimetic Resemblance and Common Warning Colours" (London, 1898); IX. "Mimicry and Natural Selection" (Berlin, 1901); X. "The Place of Mimicry in a Scheme of Defensive Colouration" (Leeds, 1890).

Henry Holt and Company:

Biology and Its Makers. By William A. Locy, Ph.D., Sc.D.

The following extract from the author's preface will give an idea as to the purpose and scope of this work. "In this sketch I have attempted to bring under one view the broad features of biological progress, and to increase the human interest by writing the story around the lives of the great leaders. . . . The book is divided into two sections. In the first are considered the sources of the ideas—except those of organic evolution, that dominate biology, and the steps by which they have been moulded into a unified science. The Doctrine of Organic Evolution, on account of its importance, is reserved for special consideration in the second section. . . . The portraits with which the text is illustrated embrace those of nearly all the founders of biology. Some of the rarer ones are unfamiliar even to biologists, and have been discovered only after long search in the libraries of Europe and America."

J G. Houser:

Truths Learned from Experience. By Belle Harlan.

Six short essays of which the chief theme is communion with God.

M. S. Publishing Company:

Fads or Facts? By M. Rayon.

Dealing with the "Healing Power," a subject which the author discusses in the following chapters: The Renaissance of Mysticism, Treasures that Cannot be Lost, Mystical Powers in Mankind, Healers in History, Facts that Justify the Spreading of So-Called Fads, Historical Proof of Senses Denied by "Common" Sense, Notes from the New Testament.

HISTORY, TRAVEL

Dana Estes and Company:

Some African Highways. By Caroline Kirkland. With an Introduction by Lieutenant-General Baden-Powell.

Miss Kirkland describes the journey made by her mother and herself to Uganda and the Transvaal, a journey which she claims to be one of the most fascinating and unique in the world and one which can be made with entire safety and great comfort. "Where else," she asks, "can you look out from railway carriage windows and see zebras, gnus, giraffes, hyenas, and even lions, as you steam through a land? Where else would you see utter savagery and the intricate ceremony of modern social life in close contact? Where else will you see such contrasting methods side by side, where English, French, Germans, Italians, Belgians, and Portuguese are addressing the same problems in their different ways?"

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Roman Empire. B.C. 29 A.D. 476. By H. Stuart Jones, M.A

In the series entitled The Story of the Nations, consisting of historical studies intended to present in graphic narratives the stories of the different nations that have attained prominence in history. This volume tells the story of the Roman Empire as founded by Augustus, tracing its history until the transference of the capital from Rome to Byzantium by Constantine, and treating the last century and a half of the Western Empire by way of epilogue.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Gulliver's Travels Into Some Remote Countries. Retold from Jonathan Swift and Written Anew for Children by James Baldwin.

Another volume in the series of Eclectic Readings. Dr. Baldwin, in this volume, has rewritten especially for

children the first two parts of the work, that is, "A Voyage to Lilliput" and "A Voyage to Brobdingnag." There are many attractive and amusing illustrations.

Selections from Schiller's Ballads and Lyrics. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary. By Lewis Addison Rhoades, Ph.D. With Questions by Berthold Auerbach Eisenlohr, A.M.

These selections include some of Schiller's most characteristic and famous poems, and are intended to form an attractive introduction to the works of the great poet. While the ballads are the only class well represented, enough of the others have been selected to show their character. A brief introductory note gives the external facts regarding each poem, and the footnotes explain whatever is necessary to the understanding of the text, but nothing more. Series of questions on the various selections furnish a basis for teachers who prefer to conduct the recitation entirely in German.

Teachers' Outlines for Studies in English. Based on the Requirements for Admission to College. By Gilbert Sykes Blakely, A.M.

This little manual has been prepared for the use of those teaching English from the texts required for admission to college. General outlines are developed for work on the novel, on narrative poetry, on lyric poetry, on the drama, and on the essay. Then follow detailed discussions and suggestions relating to each individual book of the college requirements, grouped under various divisions of literature. There is an appendix made up of recent examination papers in English, issued by the College Entrance Examination Board and by a number of the better colleges.

Chinese Fables and Folk Stories. By Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung. With an Introduction by Yin-Chwang Wang Tsen-Zan.

This volume is in the series of Eclectic Readings and is intended for supplementary use in the third and fourth years of school. The tales included show the different phases of Oriental character and habits of thought, and will help toward a better understanding and appreciation of Chinese character. The illustrations are from drawings by native artists.

Cuentos Modernos. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary, by Albert Bushnell Johnson, A.M.

In this little volume are grouped nineteen short stories by fifteen of the leading modern Spanish authors. The stories deal with a number of phases of Spanish life, and give a certain insight into Spanish character. Brief footnotes furnish needed assistance to the student, and there have been added composition exercises based upon the text. The vocabulary contains some four thousand words.

Henry Holt and Company:

Uberwunden. By Otto Ernst. Edited with Introduction and Notes by James Taft Hatfield.

Der Schwiegersohn. By Rudolf Baumbach. With Notes, Vocabulary, and Illustrative Exercises by Otto Heller, Ph.D.

The text in each volume is preceded by a brief sketch of the life and work of the author.

Elementary Experiments in Psychology. By Carl E. Seashore.

In explaining the purpose of this work the author states that it is "designed to meet the requirements for a series of individual experiments in the first course in psychology. It makes individual experiments, as opposed to class demonstration, practicable, regardless of laboratory facilities or the size of the class. The student is given means and encouragement for pursuing each problem intensively in order that he may acquire independence of thought and action, realise the actuality of mental processes, and get here and there a vision of the vastness, the orderliness, the practical significance, and the charms of mental life."

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Study of Nature. By Samuel Christian Schmucker.

In the Educational Series. An aid to teachers in instilling in the hearts of young students a deep love for nature through a proper and interesting interpretation thereof. Some of the subjects covered are: The General Aim of Nature Study; The Real Purpose of Nature Study; The Teacher's Preparation; The Work in the School-Room; The Equipment of the School-Room; The Insects; The Reptiles; The Birds; Domestic Animals; Wild Animals; and The General Life of the Plant.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

Esperanto in Fifty Lessons. A Practical Guide to a Working Knowledge and Command of the New International Language. By Edmond Privat.

Esperanto at a Glance. The International Language. By Edmond Privat.

In outlining the purpose of the first-mentioned book the author says that the plan is to give a large number of typical conversational sentences, grouped to-

gether in fifty separate lessons. In each of these groups one or two points of grammar or word-derivation are taught by examples. Every fifth lesson contains a short connected story which is to be used as groundwork for the formation of other sentences and questions. All through the aim has been to teach the use of the language without wasting time in talking in English about its grammar. The second book includes the history, grammar and vocabulary of this international language.

FICTION

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Two short stories of New England life. The first is a tale of the White Mountains and the scenes of the second are laid in Connecticut.

Brentano's:

The Evacuation of England. The Twist in the Gulf Stream. By L. P. Gratacap.

The author of this tale pictures a strange state of affairs. He sets the time and place for the opening of the narrative as Washington, D. C., in the spring of 1909, with President Roosevelt unanimously elected to a third term. The plot hinges on a great work of the nation, furthered by the efforts of the President—the Panama Canal. Shortly following a prediction that the Canal would some day be destroyed by an earthquake and the Isthmus swept away, the dreaded catastrophe came as a great shock to the world. With the removal of the Isthmus and other land alterations the waters of the two oceans are connected and the Gulf Stream is forced from its natural course, turning in the opposite direction and thereby giving the Pacific coast, even up to Washington and Alaska, the benefit of its heat, which heretofore had protected Great Britain from its natural temperature, that of Labrador. While the nation saw the labour of years brought to naught, the work of nature became a blessing to her, but to the countries bereft of the warmth of the Gulf Stream it meant desolation. The people were obliged to flee for their lives from Scotland, which became a veritable land of ice and snow. This condition of affairs quickly overtook England, and the result there was evacuation and a national removal to Australia.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Irresistible Current. By Mrs. I. Lowenberg.

The story of a young Jewish girl who is beloved by two men, each of a different denomination of the Christian faith, and her inability to marry either of them owing to the strong religious objections on the part of her parents.

Cupples and Leon Company:

The Count and the Congressman. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

A story of politics and society in Washington. Angus MacPhail, a congressman, wealthy, but lacking in refinement, has gained a prominent position in the political circles of Washington. He develops a fad for collecting art treasures and bends all his efforts to acquiring a very rare cup owned by Count Stelvio, a young Italian, proud, though reduced to comparative poverty. They both fall in love with the same girl and become rivals for the hand of Margot Methuen.

Dodge Publishing Company:

The Widow, (To Say Nothing of the Man.) By Helen Rowland.

In which the widow and the bachelor discuss matrimony in all places and on all occasions of meeting. After all their philosophising and soliloquising, the question being whether single or married life is preferable, they decide in favour of the latter by taking the step themselves.

Grosset and Dunlap:

Betty of the Rectory. By Mrs. L. T. Meade.

Betty is the young wife of the rector, and on the eve of her marriage found herself burdened with the knowledge that he has a dread secret which she would not have him reveal. She bravely lives her life at the rectory and when the secret does come out sets herself as bravely to fight the great evil which threatens ruin to her loved one and to herself. The story goes on to tell how she fought and conquered, influenced and controlled those surrounding her.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Daughter of Virginia Dare. By Mary Virginia Wall.

A romance of the early Virginia colony in which the story is told of the life of the daughter of Virginia Dare, whom, it is said, was the first white child born on American soil and granddaughter of John White, Governor of the Roanoke Colony, Va. Miss Wall, in her narrative, introduces much colonial history, and depicts the life of the New World with the manners and customs of the Englishman and the Indian.

Beyond the Blue-Grass. A Kentucky Novel. By George Creswell Gill.

A story of the everyday life of the people among the hills of Ginseng County, beyond the famous Blue-Grass region. The author pictures the people in their mountain homes, with their quaint customs, their ideals and their language. The chief character, Edward Singleton, is a young man from the North who comes to Kentucky to survey a large tract of valuable wooded land. The tale deals with his energy and influence, which makes itself felt in all parts of this old county.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Marotz. By John Ayscough.

The scene of the story is in Sicily with Marotz, the heiress to wealthy estates, as the heroine. She is of a deeply religious nature and early in life conceives the idea that the church is her vocation. Consequently she enters a convent, but after some months' stay there comes to believe that after all she was not really called to that life. Her return to the world is welcomed with joy by her family, and shortly after she marries a young duke. The marriage soon proves an unhappy one and Marotz leaves the duke and lives on a lonely estate which she has inherited. Here she brings up the young son, Piccolo, who also develops a strong religious tendency. He travels to Naples, where he meets the duke, his father, and is there brought under his evil influence. The duke meets with a tragic death, after which the boy returns to Marotz, whereby she is made happy. She marries again, and this time is destined to lead the happy life out of which she had been cheated in her marriage with the duke.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Fate's a Fiddler. By Edwin George Pinkham.

Sumner Bibbus gives the story of his own life. He tells of his boyhood, spent mostly in a quaint book-shop kept by his father, and of his life at school, where he was sent by the guardian of a cousin to whom an uncle had bequeathed a large fortune. A new will is discovered, however, which leaves all to Sumner Bibbus, but, prompted by an undue generosity, he tears up the paper, which in reality makes little difference, as the guardian is not in a position to produce the trust funds. After the boys finish school they travel out West to join Sumner's parents, who had gone there in the hope of amassing a fortune. Still another will is discovered, in which the uncle leaves his wealth to his two nephews, to be equally divided, and in the meantime the guardian has replaced the funds.

JUVENILE

Duffield and Company:

The Winter's Tale.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Illustrated by Helen Stratton; with Songs Set to Music by T. Maskell Hardy.

In the series entitled The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young, based on Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. Each volume is illustrated with scenes from the play, and songs from the play have been set to music. The series is under the general editorship of Professor I. Gollancz.

Henry Holt and Company:

Insect Stories. By Vernon L. Kellogg.

In the American Nature Series. Group V.: Diversions from Nature. Containing a number of short stories in regard to insect life.

Little, Brown and Company:

Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. By Louisa M. Alcott.

A new illustrated edition of one of Miss Alcott's most famous stories for young people.

MISCELLANEOUS

Richard G. Badger:

Guess Work. By Emily Shaw Forman.

Containing one hundred and one charades.

Frank Allaben Genealogical Company:

John Watts de Peyster. Two Volumes. By Frank Allaben.

A large part of the work consists of autobiography, presenting a picture of the life in New York of a wealthy young aristocrat of eighty years ago. It includes General de Peyster's criticisms of public men, generals and the battles of the Civil War,' and chapters are devoted to the history, for centuries back, of the old New York families of De Peyster, Watts, De Lancey, Colden, Van Cortlandt, Loockermans, Livingston, MacPheadris, French, Philipse, Beekman, Nicoll, Van Rensselaer, Schuyler, and Van Slichtenhorst.

Henry Frowde:

(Oxford University.)

A Brief Account of the University Press at Oxford. By Falconer Madan, M.A.

The author has divided his essay as

gether in fifty separate lessons. In each of these groups one or two points of grammar or word-derivation are taught by examples. Every fifth lesson contains a short connected story which is to be used as groundwork for the formation of other sentences and questions. All through the aim has been to teach the use of the language without wasting time in talking in English about its grammar. The second book includes the history, grammar and vocabulary of this international language.

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Cupples and Leon Company:

The Count and the Congressman. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

A story of politics and society in Washington. Angus MacPhail, a congressman, wealthy, but lacking in refinement, has gained a prominent position in the political circles of Washington. He develops a fad for collecting art treasures and bends all his efforts to acquiring a very rare cup owned by Count Stelvio, a young Italian, proud, though reduced to comparative poverty. They both fall in love with the same girl and become rivals for the hand of Margot Methuen.

Dodge Publishing Company:

The Widow, (To Say Nothing of the Man.) By Helen Rowland.

In which the widow and the bachelor discuss matrimony in all places and on all occasions of meeting. After all their philosophising and soliloquising, the question being whether single or married life is preferable, they decide in favour of the latter by taking the step themselves.

Grosset and Dunlap:

Betty of the Rectory. By Mrs. L. T. Meade.

Betty is the young wife of the rector, and on the eve of her marriage found herself burdened with the knowledge that he has a dread secret which she would not have him reveal. She bravely lives her life at the rectory and when the secret does come out sets herself as bravely to fight the great evil which threatens ruin to her loved one and to herself. The story goes on to tell how she fought and conquered, influenced and controlled those surrounding her.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Daughter of Virginia Dare. By Mary Virginia Wall.

A romance of the early Virginia colony in which the story is told of the life of the daughter of Virginia Dare, whom, it is said, was the first white child born on American soil and granddaughter of John White, Governor of the Roanoke Colony, Va. Miss Wall, in her narrative, introduces much colonial history, and depicts the life of the New World with the manners and customs of the Englishman and the Indian.

Beyond the Blue-Grass. A Kentucky Novel. By George Creswell Gill.

A story of the everyday life of the people among the hills of Ginseng County, beyond the famous Blue-Grass region. The author pictures the people in their mountain homes, with their quaint customs, their ideals and their language. The chief character, Edward Singleton, is a young man from the North who comes to Kentucky to survey a large tract of valuable wooded land. The tale deals with his energy and influence, which makes itself felt in all parts of this old county.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Marotz. By John Ayscough.

The scene of the story is in Sicily with Marotz, the heiress to wealthy estates, as the heroine. She is of a deeply religious nature and early in life conceives the idea that the church is her vocation. Consequently she enters a convent, but after some months' stay there comes to believe that after all she was not really called to that life. Her return to the world is welcomed with joy by her family, and shortly after she marries a young duke. The marriage soon proves an unhappy one and Marotz leaves the duke and lives on a lonely estate which she has inherited. Here she brings up the young son, Piccolo, who also develops a strong religious tendency. He travels to Naples, where he meets the duke, his father, and is there brought under his evil influence. The duke meets with a tragic death, after which the boy returns to Marotz, whereby she is made happy. She marries again, and this time is destined to lead the happy life out of which she had been cheated in her marriage with the duke.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Fate's a Fiddler. By Edwin George Pinkham.

Sumner Bibbus gives the story of his own life. He tells of his boyhood, spent mostly in a quaint book-shop kept by his father, and of his life at school, where he was sent by the guardian of a cousin to whom an uncle had bequeathed a large fortune. A new will is discovered, however, which leaves all to Sumner Bibbus, but, prompted by an undue generosity, he tears up the paper, which in reality makes little difference, as the guardian is not in a position to produce the trust funds. After the boys finish school they travel out West to join Sumner's parents, who had gone there in the hope of amassing a fortune. Still another will is discovered, in which the uncle leaves his wealth to his two nephews, to be equally divided, and in the meantime the guardian has replaced the funds.

JUVENILE

Duffield and Company:

The Winter's Tale.

A Midsummer Night's Dream.

Illustrated by Helen Stratton; with Songs Set to Music by T. Maskell Hardy.

In the series entitled The Lamb Shakespeare for the Young, based on Charles and Mary Lamb's *Tales from Shakespeare*. Each volume is illustrated with scenes from the play, and songs from the play have been set to music. The series is under the general editorship of Professor I. Gollancz.

Henry Holt and Company:

Insect Stories. By Vernon L. Kellogg.

In the American Nature Series. Group V.: Diversions from Nature. Containing a number of short stories in regard to insect life.

Little, Brown and Company:

Little Women; or, Meg, Jo, Beth and Amy. By Louisa M. Alcott.

A new illustrated edition of one of Miss Alcott's most famous stories for young people.

MISCELLANEOUS

Richard G. Badger:

Guess Work. By Emily Shaw Forman.

Containing one hundred and one charades.

Frank Allaben Genealogical Company:

John Watts de Peyster. Two Volumes. By Frank Allaben.

A large part of the work consists of autobiography, presenting a picture of the life in New York of a wealthy young aristocrat of eighty years ago. It includes General de Peyster's criticisms of public men, generals and the battles of the Civil War, and chapters are devoted to the history, for centuries back, of the old New York families of De Peyster, Watts, De Lancey, Colden, Van Cortlandt, Loockermans, Livingston, MacPheadris, French, Philipse, Beekman, Nicoll, Van Rensselaer, Schuyler, and Van Slichtenhorst.

Henry Frowde:

(Oxford University.)

A Brief Account of the University Press at Oxford. By Falconer Madan, M.A.

The author has divided his essay as

follows: Part I. The history proper. Part II. Some incidents and curiosities of the Oxford Press. Part III. A chart of printing at Oxford, divided into half centuries; in which the effect of the Civil War, the Tractarian movement, and the First University Commission are clearly traceable.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

How to Get a Position and How to Keep It. With Special Hints to Various Classes of Applicants. By S. Roland Hall.

Described as a "sound, sensible book." written by one who has had considerable experience in securing positions for young men. The author's theory is that "hard work alone makes good." He gives practical advice on letters of application; personal application; what is good and what is bad form, etc., etc.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Argumentation and Debating. By William Trufant Foster.

In this work the author's aim is "to present the essentials of Argumentation and Debating as simply as possible, following the order in which the difficulties arise in actual practice." He states that the point of view is that of the student rather than that of the instructor; that the book aims throughout to show the student how to go to work; and also that it deals with no imaginary difficulties, the necessity for every topic having been proved in many class-rooms for many years.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Works of James Buchanan. Comprising his Speeches, State Papers, and Private Correspondence. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore. (Vol. III.)

To be complete in twelve volumes. Vol. III. covers the events in his life from 1836 to 1838.

Longmans, Green and Company:

(*For Columbia University.*)

Adolphe Quetelet as Statistician. By Frank H. Hawkins, Ph.D.

Consanguineous Marriages in the American Population. By George B. Louis Arner, Ph.D.

Factory Legislation in Maine. By E. Stagg Whitin.

In the series of Studies in History, Economics and Public Law, edited by the faculty of political science of Columbia University.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Game of Go. The National Game of Japan. By Arthur Smith.

The author tells his readers that the game of Go belongs to the class of games of which our Chess, though very dissimilar, is an example. It is played on a board, and is a game of pure skill, into which the element of chance does not enter. He states that it is an exceedingly difficult game to learn, and that no one can expect to acquire the most superficial knowledge of it without many hours of hard work. Mr. Smith's book is a practical guide to the game. It contains chapters on the rules of play, illustrative games, openings, end play, and problems. It is illustrated by forty-six plates and contains a history of the game.

The Neale Publishing Company:

A Commentary upon Tennyson's "In Memoriam." By Henry E. Shepherd, M.A.

The book opens with a biographical sketch of Arthur Hallam, Tennyson's fellow-student who died in Vienna, and in whose memory "In Memoriam" was written. Dr. Shepherd then contrasts "In Memoriam" at length with Milton's "Lycidas" and other great elegiac poems, ancient and modern, following which he records the history of the poem, its form and treatment. its inception, evolution, and philosophy. He then analyses. comments upon, and interprets, section by section, the entire poem.

Y. Okura. (Tokyo.)

Stray Leaves. By Professor K. Wadagaki.

A collection of English translations by Dr. Wadagaki, an eminent student of English literature. It includes the Emperor's and Empress's Odes. famous Japanese poetry, *Hokku*, "No" Dramas, Plays, and other Masterpieces of Japanese and Chinese Literature.

Sampson Publishing Company:

The Burning of Chelsea. By Walter Merriam Pratt.

The author of this book, which tells the story of the recent fire in Chelsea, Mass., is a resident of that city and a son of a former mayor. He was a participant in many of the scenes of the fire, was engaged in saving persons and property. and acted as a volunteer fireman. The volume is illustrated with photographs of the city before, during and after the fire.

State Historical Society of Iowa:

Amana: The Community of True Inspiration. By Bertha M. H. Shambaugh.

In describing the Inspirationists in the introductory chapter the author says, "In language, in manners, in dress, in traditions, as well as in religious and economic institutions, the Community of True Inspiration is foreign to its surroundings—so much so that the visitor is at once impressed with the fact that here is something *different* from the surrounding world. In the eighteenth century the Inspirationists paid the penalty in the Old World for their non-conformity to established customs by imprisonment and exile. In the twentieth they are objects of curiosity to their neighbours and the subject of no little speculation." The author states that in this work the Community of True Inspiration has been treated from three points of view, namely: the history of the Community; the life and the social institutions of Amana; and the religious beliefs and customs of the Inspirationists.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of July and the 1st of August.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Mystery of the Yellow Room. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Mystery of the Yellow Room. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Shoulders of Atlas. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Grey Knight. De la Pasteur. (Dutton.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Alice-for-Short. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
6. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
3. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Grey Knight. De la Pasteur. (Dutton.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Shoulders of Atlas. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Religion and Medicine. McComb, Worcester and Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
6. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Yoke. Wales. (Stuyvesant.) $1.50.
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. Prisoners of Chance. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.25.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1 Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Meryl. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50
4. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Bishop's Emeralds. Townley. (Watt.) $1.50.
6. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
6. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4 The Voice of the City. Henry. (McClure.) $1.00.
5. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. Fate's a Fiddler. Pinkham. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Jack Spurlock, Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.25.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3 The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Shoulders of Atlas. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6 The Profligate. Hornblow. (Dillingham.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Meryl. Eldridge. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2 The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Shoulders of Atlas. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Bond. Bryce. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Call of the South. Durham. (Page.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Delilah of the Snows. Bindloss. (Stokes.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Marcia Schuyler. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Grey Knight. De la Pasteur. (Dutton.) $1.50.
6. The Shoulders of Atlas. Freeman. (Harper.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Last Egyptian. (Anonymous.) (Stern.) $1.50.
6. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. R. J.'s Mother. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Hearts and Masks. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Voice of the City. Henry. (McClure.) $1.00.

6. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
3. Jack Spurlock, Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
4. Julie's Diary. (Luce.) $1.50.
5. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Life's Shop Window. Cross. (Kennerley.) $1.50.
6. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
5. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Paul Anthony Christian. Hayes. (Reid.) $1.50.
6. The Castle of Dawn. Kramer. (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.) $1.50.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Jack Spurlock, Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
3. The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Mystery of the Yellow Room. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
4. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Musson.) $1.00.
4. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (McLeod and Allen.) $1.50.
6. Halfway House. Hewlett. (McLeod and Allen.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Mystery of the Yellow Room. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
3. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Life of Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Grey Knight. De la Pasteur. (Dutton.) $1.50.
5. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Master of the Inn. Herrick. (Scribner.) 50c.

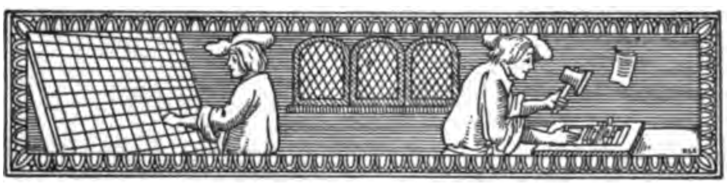
From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

						POINTS
A book	standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"		"	8
"	"	3d	"		"	7
"	"	4th	"		"	6
"	"	5th	"		"	5
"	"	6th	"		"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	349
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	274
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.	146
4. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	86
5. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50	70
6. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50	67



THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

OCTOBER, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

The following is the opening paragraph of a story which appeared in the July issue of one of the most eminent of American magazines; a magazine which has enjoyed a distinguished history.

> Blithe dabbler though she had been in personal enthusiasms, the young woman was this time in the bright snare of no personality; she was in the logical grasp of a document. Two days out from New York, she had presented the shining tower of her intention to her cousin's readily conjectured assault; and had since then remained immovable. Yet all that she could produce to explain the destiny she had so suddenly seized was the letter that Eugene Dermody, whom she had met three times, and scarcely given a thought to, had sent her, and which she had read only after the steamer had sailed.

And this in a periodical which had the honour of printing Mr. Thackeray's *The Newcomes* and Mr. Du Maurier's *Trilby*.

A Question of Title

The New York *Times* of September 6th contained a report of an interview with Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson, the author of *A Little Brother of the Rich*. In that interview was the following paragraph:

> He did not know why he called the book *A Little Brother of the Rich* except that there were "Little Sisters of the Poor," and he thought there might as well be "A Little Brother of the Rich." Besides, he said, "the name was catchy."

We wonder whether Mr. Patterson is in this matter quite ingenuous. Is it possible that he is entirely unfamiliar with the name of E. S. Martin, and that writer's *vers de société?* At any rate we think it in order to call attention to Mr. Martin's volume, which is in full as follows:

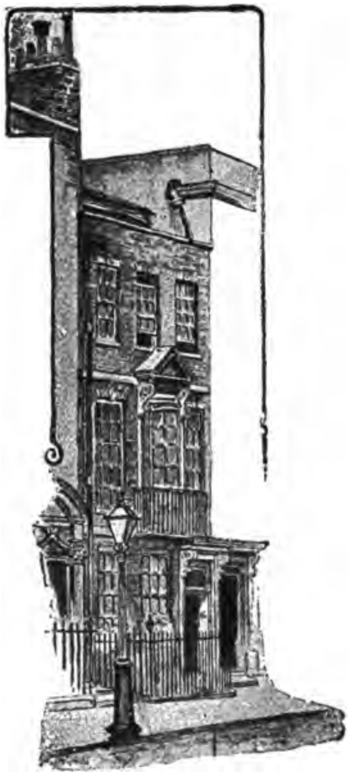
> A Little Brother of the Rich and Other Verses, by Edward Sanford Martin, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1890.

A LITTLE BROTHER OF THE RICH

To put new shingles on old roofs;
  To give old women wadded skirts;
To treat premonitory coughs
  With seasonable flannel shirts;
To soothe the stings of poverty
  And keep the jackal from the door—
These are the works that occupy
  The Little Sister of the Poor.

She carries, everywhere she goes,
  Kind words and chickens, jams and coals;
Poultices for corporeal woes,
  And sympathy for downcast souls;
Her currant jelly—her quinine,
  The lips of fever move to bless.
She makes the humble sick-room shine
  With unaccustomed tidiness.

A heart of hers the instant twin
  And vivid counterpart is mine;
I also serve my fellow-men,
  Though in a somewhat different line.



16 BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND

Where *The Prisoner of Zenda* was written

The Poor, and their concerns, she has
  Monopolised, because of which
It falls to me to labour as
  A Little Brother of the Rich.

For their sake at no sacrifice
  Does my devoted spirit quail;
I give their horses exercise;
  As ballast on their yachts I sail.
Upon their Tally Ho's I ride
  And brave the chances of a storm;
I even use my own inside
  To keep their wines and victuals warm.

Those whom we strive to benefit
  Dear to our hearts soon grow to be;
I love my Rich, and I admit
  That they are very good to me.
Succour the Poor, my sisters, I,
  While heaven shall still vouchsafe me health,
Will strive to share and mollify
  The trials of abounding wealth.

Concerning Anthony Hope

The title page of *The Great Miss Driver,* which happens to be open before us at the present moment, moves us to say a word about a phase of book publishing which seems to be universal and which has always impressed us as being exceedingly futile and narrow. The title page conveys the information that the book is "by Anthony Hope, author of *Tristram of Blent, Double Harness, Helena's Path, Love's Logic.*" Now as every reader thinks of Anthony Hope first of all as the author of *The Prisoner of Zenda, The Dolly Dialogues,* and *Quisanté,* it is quite obvious that the four books mentioned above are quoted because they are the property of the publishers of *The Great Miss Driver,* while the more familiar books that are ignored are ignored for just the other reason. We wish not to be misunderstood in this matter. The practice is a general one and we are speaking of Anthonv Hope because his happens to be the book at hand. To illustrate the point, suppose that a new novel by Thackeray were at hand and the publisher, for similar business reasons, were to introduce it as the work of the author of *The Wolves and the Lamb, Men's Wives, Cox's Diary* and *Fitzboodle's Confessions* and exclude any mention of such minor books as *Vanity Fair, Pendennis* and *Henry Esmond.*

Now that Anthony Hope is a benedict and a father, we suppose that his methods of literary work are considerably different from those of his bachelor days. At the time that he was writing the books that won him his wide recognition he had a house at 16 Buckingham Street, Strand, close to Charing Cross Station—the house of the accompanying picture—where he put on his working coat and sat down to the business of the day with the punctuality of a bank clerk. "I reach there," he once wrote, "at a quarter to ten in the morning, and work on until four in the afternoon, or even later. I do not set myself any fixed tasks to be performed each day, but work rather by time, and take what Heaven sends. I am a quick worker, and though I never re-write, I revise carefully, and am very

fidgety over my work." Anthony Hope reads little. "I have so little time for reading. When I read, I prefer novels, and my favourite authors are Meredith, Kipling and Stevenson. I am also fond of Norris's work." As a boy he was greatly impressed by Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress,* which he used to take to bed with him, and fell asleep to dream of the dreadful combat between Christian and Apollyon. Later, as a school-boy, he became a great reader of Ballantyne, his favourite being *The Three Middies.* He rarely reads poetry, and more remarkable still, has never written verse, "with the solitary exception of a valentine."

When Anthony Hope Hawkins was in the United States three or four years ago it was his second visit. He came here first in the autumn of 1897 to deliver a series of lectures under the auspices of the late Major Pond. Between October 17, 1897, and January 13, 1898, he visited sixty different cities and gave seventy-six readings. His first American appearance was in Boston and he left that city to go to Hartford. As the train drew out of the Boston station both Mr. Hawkins and Major Pond were desperately hungry, so the latter ordered a sumptuous luncheon. Just as the luncheon was ready the train reached Willimantic, where it was necessary to change cars. The tragic episode was thus chronicled in a New York afternoon paper:

Persons who met Mr. Hope on his way to Boston last Wednesday remarked how fine and hearty he was looking. And yet at the same hour a day later, when Hope boarded the New York train to go to Hartford, his next stand, he looked almost an old man. His colour was gone and there were circles round his eyes. Whether the two receptions he had to attend or twelve hours of Major Pond's consecutive conversation had brought Hope to this condition, none can say. But comparatively speaking he looked a wreck, and no sooner was he on board the train than he and the Major waylaid the waiter of a buffet car and ordered an elaborate breakfast. Broiled Philadelphia chicken was the star attraction of the bill of fare, and the major, in his loudest tones, ordered that two broiled Philadelphians should be sacrificed at once.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. WILLIAM FARQUHAR PAYSON

Barry Gordon, Mr. William Farquhar Payson's latest novel, is a story of modern American life, the scene of which is for the most part laid in New York, though a part of the action takes place in Paris and the events of the concluding chapters happen in Morocco, at Tangier and in the mountains on the sea coast. The hero is the son of a distinguished Confederate officer, from whom he inherits at once the higher virtues of the Southern aristocracy and certain of its vicious tendencies. He and his brother Tom are in love with the same girl, and Tom is the accepted suitor. In his disappointment Barry sets forth on a career of reckless dissipation and adventure. Tom goes to Morocco on an engineering commission, is kidnapped by a band of brigands and is reported dead. Thereupon Barry renews his suit successfully. On the very night of the wedding word comes through the State Department that Tom is still alive. Barry, overcome with agony and shame, departs at once for Morocco, with the intention of rescuing Tom and burying himself forever.



MR. MEREDITH NICHOLSON

From his latest photograph

Having had nothing to eat since the night before, the author and the manager awaited their meal expectantly. At the end of the first hour Mr. Hope looked up and inquired good-naturedly:

"Don't you think it's about time for that chicken?" For answer the major hurried to the kitchen, and there was the making of a first-rate dialect story in the sounds which emerged from that vicinity within the next few minutes. Presently the Major came back looking so pleased with himself that Hope lay back in his chair and hoped once more. Another half hour passed. Again the Major repaired to the kitchen. This time Hope made notes of the conversation on the back of his cuff.

Ten minutes later came the waiter bearing a three-foot tray. Hope's eyes were dancing; the Major smacked his lips as he grabbed the carving knife. Just then from the end of the car the conductor cried, "Willimantic!" Surely the parting between the Princess Flavia and Rassendyl was a mere farce comedy to Hope's adieu to that chicken. His first impulse was to seize a drumstick and run, but the Major restrained him.

The manager's practised eye had noticed a



THE LATE LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON

crowd of Willimantic belles on the platform intent upon catching a glimpse of Hope gratis. It would never do for his star to make his début in Willimantic, drumstick in hand. So gently, but firmly, he persuaded Hope to renounce the chicken's leg in favour of his satchel. Hope, however, as he left the car, had the good taste to do his swearing under his breath.

On the platform the major met the waiter, who thrust the bill into his hand. The Major stamped on it and said he'd see him in Philadelphia first. Neither of them had one mouthful, and he was going to report the matter to Chauncey Depew.

It may interest Mr. Hope to know, however, that as soon as the train started two drummers bought his chicken at an advance on regular rates, and one of them, with a gallantry worthy of the Dolly Dialogues hero himself, had the wish-bone of Mr. Hope's chicken polished and presented it to his sweetheart as a souvenir.



HENRY LONGAN STUART

Mr. Stuart's new novel, *Weeping Cross*, is reviewed elsewhere in this issue

Frankly Recommended

We haven't the least idea who Tyler de Saix is, but we recommend very heartily his recently published *The Man Without a Head* to all readers who enjoy a horror tale of fine dimensions. It is as creepy and pleasantly uncomfortable a story as has appeared for years. If, like the Englishman of Eugene Sue's *Le Juif Errant,* you are seeking sensations, make the opportunity to read it in the small hours of the morning in a lonely country house. Beyond the sheer terror which the book inspires, there is an admirable plot, half a dozen very clear cut characters, and a crisp, nervous style of narrative which is exceedingly refreshing. This last alone would distinguish it from the general run of novels of its kind. As a rule we refrain from comparisons, but in this case we are going to make an exception. Gaston Leroux's *The Mystery of the Yellow Room* is a book which has been widely exploited, and from the reports of sales from the various cities it has presumably been affording entertainment to a great many readers. In *The Man Without a Head* will be found a story to the full as exciting, and one which, unlike *The Mystery of the Yellow Room,* leaves no impression of inadequacy at the end.

Edgar Wallace

Another book along somewhat the same lines which seems destined to enjoy considerable popularity is *Angel Esquire*. The author, Edgar Wallace, has had a career which is exceptional even in these days, when all men of letters seem to be more or less adventurous. He began life as a newsboy; at thirteen he was cabin boy on a Dogger Bank trawler; at fourteen he was "boy" on a tramp steamer trading to Australia by way of the Straits Settlement; at seventeen he enlisted in a West Kent regiment, with which, as a member of the Medical Staff, he served in South Africa during the Mateabele Campaign. In 1896 he was in the Langburg Campaign and some months later he accom-



EDGAR WALLACE

Author of *Angel Esquire*



JAMES HOPPER
Author of *Goog*

panied the Benin Expedition. After six and a half years' service as a private soldier, Mr. Wallace left the army and acted as the Cape Town Correspondent for several "up-country" papers. In 1898 he joined the staff of Reuters, and was the War Correspondent for that agency during 1899 and 1900. Later he acted in a similar capacity for the London *Daily Mail* and the London *Daily News*. In 1904 Mr. Wallace went to Canada as a special commissioner, and after that travelled extensively in Morocco, South Africa and the Congo. He has written several books besides *Angel Esquire*.

The Olympic Muddle

Last month, by a good deal of self-restraint, we refrained from commenting on the singular but not at all surprising muddle that grew out of the Olympic Games in London. While there was no reason to doubt that a part of the British press and certain of the British officials had exhibited inexcusable boorishness and unfairness, we felt that only one side of the affair had been presented and that it would be best to wait. As a result we take great pleasure in calling attention to the very urbane and courteous tone



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Herman Scheffauer, the author of *Looms of Life*, as Sire of the Bohemian Club midsummer forest play *The Sons of Baldur*

adopted by the London *Times*, the *Spectator*, the *Outlook*, and even the usually Americanophobic *Saturday Review*. These journals all pay generous tribute to the prowess of the American team of athletes.

❧

Let us see what may be said in partial extenuation of British hostility. In the first place a very conspicuous figure on the American team was a young man by the name of Ralph Rose. Now Ralph Rose is unquestionably an athlete of considerable ability, but beyond that one cannot truthfully go. Some years ago he obtained wide notoriety by the publication of a story in which he was represented as announcing his intention of entering the prize ring for the purpose of fighting champion Jeffries. For a short time he was a student at one of the Middle Western universities. Now, Middle Western universities are not regarded as being particularly squeamish, especially in the case of a man who can put the sixteen pound shot close to fifty feet; but even with his athletic talents young Mr. Rose proved just a little too strong. All this was perfectly well known to those in charge of the American team. Yet this young man was selected to carry the American flag in the march of the

competing athletes past the Royal Box at the beginning of the games. He deliberately chose to insult the English people by his failure to salute King Edward. And strange to say there have been found plenty of apologists for his action. Indeed some persons have gone so far as to express pride in what they term his "boyish patriotism," and his exhibition of "the Spirit of 1776." "Boyish patriotism!" "The Spirit of 1776!" Nonsense. Sheer caddish, boorish bad manners. It was an incident of which Americans should be heartily ashamed.

Again, if the English officials wished to make out a case against the American Olympic Team that would carry conviction before any jury composed of representatives of the Continental nations, it would not be necessary for them to discuss the games at all. It would simply be a matter of turning back to the files of the American newspapers at the time last winter when the selections for the team were under discussion. Nothing that has been said about the competitors in connection with the actual games could possibly be any worse than what Mr. Matthew Halpin said over his own signature about a number of the American athletes, or what a number of the American athletes said about Mr. Halpin. If the English had only known it, they could have spiked our guns very effectually by using liberal quotations from the vast amount of abuse that was bandied about in the course of that exceedingly unsavoury controversy. Then, too, if one wishes to look at it from the British point of view, it would be realised that the resentment against the personnel of our team was not entirely unreasonable. For example, there was Mr. John Flanagan, the hammer thrower.

As an estimable man, and as a citizen of the United States, Mr. Flanagan was unquestionably eligible in the literal interpretation of the word. Yet in British eyes he is still a British subject, and beyond that he was a grown man and an athlete of prominence before he left Ireland to come to America. *We* know that it was entirely the American system of training that brought him to his highest point of achievement, but we cannot expect the English to concede that fact. In their eyes he cannot seem anything else than an importation for athletic purposes. Moreover, to confine ourselves to the case of Mr. Flanagan as an example, his selection was not at all necessary to our national success. The event in which he was to compete is one in which we have always been safely supreme. It could have been entrusted with perfect confidence to Mr. DeWitt, formerly of Princeton, or with Mr. Shevlin, formerly of Yale. But, argues the captious critic at the elbow, that would have made no difference. The English newspapers would have printed the names and vowed that the one was either a Dutchman or a Boer, and the other an Irishman. And perhaps on this point the opinion of the captious critic is entitled to some respect.

On the other hand, no amount of concession will admit the possibility that the American team received, at the hands of the British officials and a certain portion of the British press, absolutely fair play. We are not going to discuss the alleged fouling of the English army officer by Mr. Carpenter of Cornell in the four hundred metre race, or any other of the muddled points. It can all be summed up in one simple question. Is it possible for any man to believe, no matter how strong his pro-British sympathies are, that had it been an English runner who was following Dorando into the Stadium at the end of the Marathon, the English officials would have rushed out on the track and carried the Italian over the finishing line in their anxiety to see him win the race or at least to be the first to break the tape? Indeed it was not surprising that absolute fair play was not found; but it was surprising that absolute fair play was so confidently expected. There is no person on earth who talks so much about fair play as the Briton. But he values it so much that he sees to it that it is kept exclusively for Britons and is not lavishly wasted on the "outlander."

Just as the English might weave a strong indictment against the American

Olympic Team from the American newspapers of last winter, so it is quite easy to explode that farcical and moth-eaten humbug of "British Fair Play" by simple reference to the books on English sport written by English writers. In doing so you attack less the Briton's sense of justice than his sense of perception. Turn to such books as *Pugilistica,* and *Boxers and Their Battles,* which deal with the annals of the British prize ring, once one of the most cherished of British institutions. What a strange, incomprehensible monument to national nearsightedness all this literature is! On one page you will read the loftiest panegyrics to "British fair play and the prowess of the British arm," and be informed every five lines or so that "Britons never, never shall be slaves." On the next page, with the most beautiful gravity the historian will tell you of the battle between Tom Cribb, the British champion, and the American challenger Molyneux—how, when the battle seemed to be going against the Englishman, the spectators howled curses and imprecations at the foreigner and kicked at him through the ropes; how Molyneux's own English seconds conspired to bring about his defeat; how, at a very critical moment, the referee himself (will it be believed that at this point the historian actually pauses to describe him as a fine old specimen of the English sportsman) rushed over to Cribb's corner crying, "Tom! For God's sake, don't let him win."

There is a story which Englishmen seem never to grow weary of repeating as an example of fine old English repartee. Once, many years ago, the Derby was won by a French horse, and as the winner crossed the finish line an enthusiastic French sportsman was heard to remark: "Waterloo is avenged!" A great English duke who was standing by turned and said: "Yes, you ran well on both occasions." The nobleman's remark was natural enough. It was the peevish outburst of a bad loser and a worse host. The surprising and significant part of the matter is that Englishmen have persisted in holding up his words as something for Britons to chuckle over and to tell their sons. To this day the story crops exultantly up in English newspapers from month to month, under some such caption as "An English Nobleman's Witty Reply" or "Crushing Rejoinder of His Grace the Duke of ——." Suggest to an Englishman that His Grace's remark was creditable to him neither as a sportsman nor as a gentleman and he will stare. Unfortunately, the spirit which animated His Grace has been rather too characteristic of Englishmen, regardless of social rank, whenever British athletic prestige was threatened.

À propos of the reception given to the American Olympic Team after their return by the President at his home at Sagamore Hill we wonder how many of our readers noticed the little bit of dialogue which we are printing below. It is beautifully significant.

> After the formal address, the President sauntered among the men, stopping to talk to this one, slapping another familiarly on the back, and whispering something confidential to a third.
>
> "Hello, Mike," said the President to Mike Murphy, the trainer; "I don't believe I need any introduction to you."
>
> "No; we've met before, Teddy—beg pardon, I mean Mr. President," said Murphy with a grin. At this juncture some one proposed three cheers "for the greatest President the country ever had," and the yell that went up almost raised the roof.

Perhaps it is here, as a sort of trailer to the whole subject of the Olympic Games, that we can best call attention to Mr. James B. Connolly's *An Olympic Victor.* It is not a surprising tale because, to any one who has followed Mr. Connolly's stories, notably those included in the volume *Out of Gloucester,* good work from him is not surprising. But it is rather interesting that a man who is a member of the American team which competed at the games in Athens in 1896 should have taken a Greek for his hero, and adapted himself so thoroughly to the Greek point of view. There is a very pretty love story in *An Olympic Victor,* but that is of minor importance. The real achievement of this book lies in the very graphic and

thrilling description of the great race itself. Along this particular line it is one of the best bits of writing that we have seen for a long time.

"Happy Thought" Journalism

If the circulation of a popular magazine is to be maintained, a certain portion of its contents must, no doubt, be distasteful to its editor as a rational person. That which delights him as an editor will often be revolting to him as a human being. This would not apply to editors like Mr. Bok, in this country, and Mr. W. T. Stead, in England, who are by nature merely editors, that is to say, defective human beings, mentally coterminous with their magazines. But it is true of popular magazines generally that a good deal of what is idiotic in them will seem so even to their editors. It is probably true of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post,* whose editor may have felt all a sensible man's aversion to a certain "symposium" which, perhaps for business reasons only, appeared in the issue of August 15th. It is entitled "If I Should Die Next Week," and consists of the replies received in answer to a circular addressed to fifty conspicuous Americans and containing this question: "If you knew that but seven days of life were left you, how would you use them?" The compiler professes to be much pleased with the result. "Curious answers I received, as curious as the question itself—serious, humorous, cynical, gay." As a matter of fact, although the question was evaded in two instances with a strained kind of facetiousness, the replies were just what they always are in these circumstances, goody-goody and quite meaningless. Perhaps it is the revenge of celebrities when pumped by editors for "free copy." Perhaps it is only the weak or damaged celebrities that ever succumb to the overtures of "happy thought" journalism. But on this as on similar occasions the celebrities seemed very sad prigs indeed. Chauncey M. Depew "would first make his peace with Heaven" and then spend his last day at Yale—thus compromising, though unconsciously, to the end. The Rev. Cyrus Townsend Brady would first settle his business affairs in order to "obviate troubles for those I should leave behind who are dependent upon me." He would then so conduct himself that "they might have sweet and happy memories" of him. The Rev. Charles F. Aked would try to spend a little more time at home with those who love him best, but except for that would go on doing what he is now doing. Governor Buchtel, of Colorado, also is certain that he would continue as at present, "attending to every duty each day as I came to it" and saying "my prayers each day, in harmony with habits which were formed when I was a boy." David Warfield would keep steadily busy with his conscience. Governor Vardaman of Mississippi replies with brevity but fervour that he would spend that last week "in the service of his fellow-man." Just one sign of flesh and blood in the whole waxy collection, and that was from Mr. George Barr McCutcheon, who had the grace to own an honest doubt as to the strength and beauty of his character at the end. "I cannot even so much as imagine myself," said he, "adhering to any set or prescribed purpose if I knew fully that I had but one week left of life." It was the only reply at all comparable in candour to the quiet sufficiency of the waste-basket, which, to the credit of the general intelligence of celebrities, was the destination of most of the circulars.

The ready answer to any protest is that the editor knows his business and that what you see in a successful magazine is there because the "public wants it"; also that it is quite harmless to those who like it and may be skipped by those who do not. Nevertheless things are omitted from popular magazines merely on the score of imbecility, and that quite arbitrarily, without investigating beforehand the numerical importance of the imbecile demand; although the experience of the yellow journals has shown that readers may profitably be found far lower in the scale of animal life than had hitherto been suspected. From the point of view of a protozoic evening paper any popular magazine is supercilious and intellectual. It is still true that journalism

is in part a profession and not altogether a menial occupation. Professor Bliss Perry, who in one of his obsequious talks to readers of the *Atlantic Monthly* styled himself their cook, caterer or boarding-house keeper, is easily refuted by the files of his own magazine, which has always owed more to the despotic personal standard of its editors than to any study of the reader's wants. Journalism will, of course, deserve the title of profession only so long as there is an entire willingness on the part of editors that a certain and perhaps numerous class of readers should go hang themselves. It may be that those who delight in expedients like the one described can now safely be included in that class. After all, journalistic devices do in time wear out and the "symposium," as we barbarously call it, though golden enough to the first goose who laid it, has been only a china nest egg for many years. More than ten years ago Mr. John Brisben Walker was asking all the great plumbers, bank presidents, authors, parsons, actors and ballet-dancers whether they feared death more than poverty. Last winter Mr. Stead was busily compiling the returns from an intimate circular asking authors about the needs and present status of their stomachs. Meanwhile and since the newspapers have kept steadily at it, "drawing" bishops, pugilists and the largest stockholders on the kind of woman to marry and the greatest thing in the world, and whether they would live their lives over again if they could. The quality of the answers has remained the same throughout. Sooner or later this trade in the blind side of mere celebrities must reach the point of diminishing returns. Even now so prosperous a paper as the *Saturday Evening Post* could perhaps afford the luxury of dispensing with it. But, they say, the public wants to hear from the people who are "in the thick of things," and what is it, after all, but putting down on paper what is in their minds? Unfortunately that is a troublesome little trick to learn, and the man who is "in the public eye" on some other account very seldom learns it. He puts something on paper, to be sure, but it is not his mind. You could no more guess his abilities from it than from his pocket-handkerchief. Even now an editor will not print facsimiles of the pocket-handkerchiefs of leading citizens. There is a sort of standard left, to which a patient reformer may appeal.

The Opposite Extreme

Mr. James Ford Rhodes, the historian, who contributes to the September *Atlantic* a paper on Godkin, recalls many interesting facts and impressions about his editorship. He emphasises anew the quality of Godkin's readers as opposed to their number.

At different times, he says, while Godkin was editor, the *Nation* stated its exact circulation, which, as I remember it, was about 10,000, and it probably had 50,000 readers. As many of the readers were in the class of Lowell, its indirect influence was immense. Emerson said that the *Nation* had "breadth, variety, self-sustainment, and an admirable style of thought and expression."—"I owe much to the *Nation*," wrote Francis Parkman. "I regard it as the most valuable of American journals and feel that the best interests of the country are doubly involved in its success."—"What an influence you have!" said George William Curtis to Godkin. "What a sanitary element in our affairs the *Nation* is!"—"To my generation," wrote William James, "Godkin's was certainly the towering influence in all thought concerning public affairs, and indirectly his influence has certainly been more pervasive than of any other writer of the generation, for he influenced other writers who never quoted him, and determined the whole current of discussion."—"When the work of this century is summed up," wrote Charles Eliot Norton to Godkin, "what you have done for the good old cause of civilisation, the cause which is always defeated, but always after defeat taking more advanced position than before—what you have done for this cause will count for much."—"I am conscious," wrote President Eliot to Godkin, "that the *Nation* has had a decided effect on my opinions and my actions for nearly forty years; and I believe it has had like effect on thousands of educated Americans."

A string of quotations, as is well known, is wearisome; but the importance of the point

I am trying to make will perhaps justify one more. "I find myself so thoroughly agreeing with the *Nation* always," wrote Lowell, "that I am half persuaded that I edit it myself!" Truly, Lowell had a good company: Emerson, Parkman, Curtis, Norton, James, Eliot—all teachers in various ways. . . . It would be difficult to find anywhere in the country an educated man whose thought was not affected by some one of these seven; and their influence on editorial writers for newspapers was remarkable. These seven were all taught by Godkin.

Mr. Rhodes, as a student in Chicago University in the years just following the war and later as a business man in Cleveland, had opportunities for observing Godkin's influence in the West—

Before I touch on certain specifications I must premise that the influence of this journal on a Westerner, who read it in a receptive spirit, was probably more potent than on one living in the East. The arrogance of a higher civilisation in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia than elsewhere in the United States, the term "wild and woolly West" applied to the region west of the Alleghany Mountains, is somewhat irritating to a Westerner. Yet it remains none the less true that, other things being equal, a man living in the environment of Boston or New York would have arrived more easily and more quickly at certain sound political views I shall proceed to specify than he would while living in Cleveland or Chicago. The gospel which Godkin preached was needed much more in the West than in the East; and his disciples in the Western country had for him a high degree of reverence. In the biography of Godkin, allusion is made to the small pecuniary returns for his work, but in thinking of him we never considered the money question. We supposed that he made a living; we knew from his articles that he was a gentleman and saw much of good society, and there was not one of us who would not rather have been in his shoes than in those of the richest man in New York. We placed such trust in him—which his life shows to have been abundantly justified—that we should have lost all confidence in human nature had he ever been tempted by place or profit. And his influence was abiding. Presidents, statesmen, senators, congressmen rose and fell; political administrations changed; good, bad, and weak public men passed away; but Godkin preached to us every week a timely and cogent sermon.

The sound teachings for which Mr. Rhodes gives special credit to the *Nation* are civil service reform, the sound money arguments in the "greenback craze" of 1869-75, and on the silver question of 1878, the opposition to protection, the ideas on Reconstruction, on carpet-baggers, municipal government and many minor measures, such as the International Copyright Bill. On the other hand, he sums up fairly the faults attributed to Godkin by his many critics: his unwillingness to retract charges shown to be unfounded or to correct mistakes; his "fault-finding" or "scolding"; his tendency to paint public affairs so black that decent men were deterred from taking part in them; his essentially alien point of view—

Some readers who admired the *Nation* told Mr. Bryce that they did not want "to be taught by a European how to run this republic."

Mr. Rhodes assigns to the year 1895 the beginning of Godkin's extreme stage of pessimism, fixing the date, apparently, with great precision—

In 1894, however, Godkin wrote in the *Forum:* "There is probably no government in the world to-day as stable as that of the United States. The chief advantage of democratic government is, in a country like this, the enormous force it can command in an emergency." But next year his pessimisim is clearly apparent. On January 12, 1895, he wrote to Norton: You and I are not sanguine about the future of democracy. I think we shall have a long period of decline like that which followed (?) the fall of the Roman Empire, and then a recrudescence under some other form of society."

But in his final estimate Mr. Rhodes says:

If it will help any one to a better appreciation of the man, let Godkin be regarded as "a chiel amang us takin' notes"; as an observer not so philosophic as Tocqueville, not so genial and sympathetic as Bryce. Yet, whether we look upon him as an Irishman, an Englishman, or an American, let us rejoice that he cast his lot with us, and that we have had

the benefit of his illuminating pen. He was not always right; he was sometimes unjust; he often told the truth with "needless asperity," as Parkman put it; but his merits so outweighed his defects that he had a marked influence on opinion and probably on history, during his thirty-five years of journalistic work, when, according to James Bryce, he showed a courage such as is rare everywhere.

Fair as this estimate is, and well fortified by eminent names, it is too much confined to terms of moral worth. There is still a touch of the funeral sermon in all that Godkin's admirers say about him. They foot up the good causes and the sound principles, deduct the pessimism and declare a balance for "good morals and civilisation." Yet the good causes have been advocated with equal zeal by fools, and the sound principles have been shared with the dreariest old prosers that ever lived, and as to pessimism, we all know that if it once achieves a good literary form the world cannot get along without it. He did more to allay weariness than any other journalist of his time. We look back upon him now as a diffuser of intellectual animation, the last distinct personal figure in our journalism, differing from others so much more in natural gifts than in virtues, that we lack the patience to cast his heavenly account.

An Estimate of Tolstoy

The spirit of Tolstoy, the moralist, has seldom been so well expressed as in a brief paper contributed by Mr. Simeon Strunsky to the New York *Nation* of August 27th. Current discussion of Tolstoy seems to alternate between an admiration that cannot give an account of itself, and a dislike that expresses itself in flippancy. British criticism on this subject has been especially insular and class-bound. Even Mr. G. K. Chesterton's glancing sympathies and quick imagination could strike no fire here, and his essay on Tolstoy in *Varied Types* does little more than make out a "case" for some conventionalities which are quite able to take care of themselves. Where Mr. Chesterton failed, it is natural that most of the writers who were sufficiently "sound" to be admitted to the British magazines should be very deadening indeed. Perhaps the lowest point was reached a month or two ago when a Mr. Rowland Strong, writing in an English review, explained all Tolstoy's teachings by the term "Political Masochism" because he dwells so much on the details of political murders—

> Truth is stranger than fiction, and the masochist explanation of Tolstoy's philosophy, however strange it may seem, is probably the true one, and would be acceptable by any one who knows Russia. His style, both in his political lucubrations and in his novels, reveals it on every page. Purely mental and spiritual, this aberration constitutes none the less, when allied with the genius and frenzied energy of Tolstoy, a terrible danger to people at large, and to the Russian people in particular.

After a long string of these trivialities it was especially agreeable to find a critic ready to face Tolstoy's revolutionary simplicities, neither fainting away because they are revolutionary nor scoffing because they are simplicities. The tone of Mr. Strunsky's article may be inferred from the following passage:

> This lame old world, it is to be presumed, must stumble on toward its fate over the zigzag paths of compromise. Our need is all the greater for counsellors of perfection who shall at least mark the limits of the course on either side. It is good that every now and then we shall be wrenched from the soft bed of complacency, find the fragments of our little compromises and conventions scattered about our feet, and have our blinking eyes turned toward the full light. Why complain? We can be trusted to go to sleep again soon enough. It is easy to criticise the theories of Tolstoy; easy, or, as you take it, extremely hard; for when a man questions the solidity of the very ground you stand on, what common meeting-place can there be? Yet, therein, as I have said, lies Tolstoy's peculiar service. If a Nietzsche, with supreme audacity, announces his belief in dominion and servitude as the social ideal, he has played a useful part. We can only rejoice, however, that against him a Tolstoy (that service he expressly claims for himself) should choose to continue the ancient tradition of human brotherhood and love, as it has been formulated by the Chinese sages, by Buddha, by the Hebrew prophets, and by Christ. The little artists, the little philoso-

phers, and the little statesmen have been increasingly busy with their easy generalisations about unmoral art, unmoral philosophy, and unmoral statecraft. But it only needs a man to light up again the beacon fires of the old Law, if only once in several centuries, to send all these little theorists gibbering into the shadows. When such a man appears, the world instinctively yields him its respect as it now does to Tolstoy.

For the Benefit of the Laity

Professor William A. Locy, of Northwestern University, has rendered the general reader a great service in his *Biology and Its Makers*. It is an unpretentious, clear, untechnical account of the development of biology along its main lines, its epochs, discoveries, and theories, and includes brief sketches of the chief contributors to the science, estimates of their work and summaries of the controversies to which their new ideas gave rise. It is not a beginner's text-book or a work in popular science, but the attempt of a specialist to tell a plain tale for the benefit of intelligent outsiders about the progress of his science as a whole. There have been several such attempts in recent years and the prospects of laymen have begun to brighten. Of popularisers there have always been a plenty—whose science is like the newspaper "medicine" which makes the doctors laugh—but we refer to books on heredity and evolution, clearly and competently written, of which Professor Osborne's *From the Greeks to Darwin* is one of the best recent examples. There seems a tendency on the part of specialists to reassert a claim to the English language. Last year the professors at Columbia University delivered lectures before their colleagues, each on the recent progress of his own general subject, and they were afterward printed by the university press. Some of them were admirable. Whoever conceived the idea should be sent as a missionary to other colleges if they have not already followed Columbia's example. We are learning that specialists are not so far gone as we had feared. Parts of a specialist's acquisition can often be retranslated into terms of human intercourse without interfering with his further researches. But you have to be very cautious with him and argue long and hard to prove that your motive is not frivolous and "popular." Professor Locy's book shows an unusual apprehension of the outsider's state of mind. It anticipates the natural questions. Its advantage over its predecessors is its wider range, bringing together essential information that has hitherto been scattered through many volumes. Its chief defect is that bias of progress which makes the modern scientist so tiresome in matters requiring a sense of historical perspective—the belabouring of the "Dark Ages," the Church, authority and the Schoolmen.

All this led to the referring of questions as to their truth or error to authority as the source of knowledge, and resulted in a complete eclipse of reason. Amusing illustrations of the situation are abundant; as when, in the Middle Ages, the question of the number of teeth in the horse was debated with great heat in many contentious writings. Apparently none of the contestants thought of the simple expedient of counting them, but tried only to sustain their position by reference to authority. Again, one who noticed spots on the sun became convinced of the error of his eyes because Aristotle had somewhere written, "The face of the sun is immaculate."

It is curious that a scientist, when he is trying to be historical, takes precisely the opposite course to an historian who is trying to be scientific. The one sneers at lost causes and hurries back to his own century; the other tries his best to detach himself from his own time far enough to ascertain what earlier men were like. The joke on the Middle Ages is somewhat threadbare. Not from any Papal view of "pestilential novelties," but from sheer curiosity we are mainly interested in what the Middle Ages can say for themselves.

"The Moneychangers"

It is not in any spirit of direct criticism of *The Moneychangers* that we venture the opinion that Mr. Upton Sinclair's days as a popular novelist will soon be at an end. *The Moneychangers* is likely to enjoy considerable success, and a suc-



AMBROSE BIERCE

A uniform edition of the works of Ambrose Bierce has been announced for early publication

Bates seized his companion by the arm, and leaned close to him. "By the Lord!" he whispered breathlessly, "I wonder if they're going to smash the Gotham Trust!"

"Refuse clearing," spelled Rodney; and Montague felt Bates's hand trembling. "They refuse to clear for Ryder!" he panted.

Montague was beyond all speech; he sat as if turned to stone.

"To-morrow morning," spelled the cord.

Bates could hardly keep still for his excitement.

"Do you catch what that means?" he whispered. "The Clearing-house is to throw out the Gotham Trust!"

"Why, they'll wreck it!" panted the other.

"My God, my God, they're mad!" cried Bates. "Don't they realise what they'll do? There'll be a panic such as New York has never seen before! It will bring down every bank in the city! The Gotham Trust! Think of it!—the Gotham Trust!"

"Prentice objects," came Rodney's next message.

"Objects!" exclaimed Bates, striking his knee in repressed excitement. "I should think he might object. If the Gotham Trust goes down, the Trust Company of the Republic won't live for twenty-four hours."

"Afraid," spelled the cord. "Patterson angry."

"Much he has to lose," muttered Bates.

Montague started up and began to pace the room. "Oh, this is horrible, horrible!" he exclaimed.

"Waterman protect Prentice," spelled Rodney. "Insist turn out Ryder. Withdraw funds."

"There's no doubt of it," whispered Bates; "they can finish him if they choose. But oh, my Lord, what will happen in New York to-morrow!"

"Ward protect legitimate banks," was the next message.

"The little whelp!" sneered Bates. "By legitimate banks he means those that back his syndicates. A lot of protecting he will do!"

But then the newspaper man in Bates rose to the surface. "Oh, what a story," he whispered, clenching his hands and pounding his knees. "Oh, what a story!"

Montague carried away but a faint recollection of the rest of Rodney's communications; he was too much overwhelmed by his own thoughts. Bates, however, continued to spell out the words; and he caught the statement that General Prentice, who was a director in the Gotham Trust, was to vote against any plan to close the doors of that institution. While they were after it, they were going to finish it.

Also he caught the sentence, "Panic useful, curb President!" And he heard Bates's excited exclamations over that. "Did you catch that?" he cried. "That's Waterman! Oh, the nerve of it! We are in at the making of history to-night, Mr. Montague."

"Potted Fiction"

While one can hardly say that it is just a step from Mr. Sinclair's *The Moneychangers* to Mr. John Kendrick Bangs's *Potted Fiction,* somehow, when we laid aside the first book we instinctively picked up the second. Mr. Bangs's amusing little volume is described in a sub-title as "Being a series of extracts from the world's best sellers put up in thin slices for hurried consumers." The first extract is entitled "Rollo in the Metrolopus." It purports to be from the pen of Dopton Hotair. Obviously Mr. Bangs is only a little more discreet in disguising the persons that he has in mind than is Mr. Sinclair. After reading the following paragraph we wonder if it could possibly be Mr. Bangs's intention to parody Mr. Sinclair.

Rollo crawled up into the upper berth at the rear of the motor, but he found it impossible to sleep. The excitement of the day had been too much for him and, besides, he did not wish to miss any of the scenery.

"What river is this?" he asked, as the car passed over the East River.

"It's the East River," said Monty. "It connects Mr. John D. Pocantico's private sound on the north with Colonel Skibo's ocean. Mr. Pocantico is very nice about it and lets the public use it whenever they want to—fact is, all these rich men are mighty decent about their property. Colonel Skibo doesn't charge a cent when anybody comes along and wants to bathe in his ocean, and you have seen for yourself how Mr. Moneybags permits the children of the poor to play in his Central Park and ride on his street cars."

"And yet they are held up by socialistic writers as being selfish men," said Rollo.

"Yes," said Monty, "they are. It's a great shame, and I don't wonder that a lot of our billionaires are going abroad to live."

As Monty spoke the car, turning a sharp curve, crashed into a milk wagon and in a moment the scene was bathed in white.

"Don't stop," Monty telephoned to the chauffeur. "Chuck out one of those bunches of Transcontinental Bonds and haul in our number."

"We are using Major Skinner's number this afternoon, sir," returned the chauffeur.

"Oh, all right," said Monty. "Let it go, then, and keep the bonds until we kill a hen."

TO FATHER TABB

Father Tabb is going blind

Though the night fall
  Upon a poet's eyes,
His heart holds earth and skies,
  The seas, the stars and all
  The clues to Paradise.

Though his head lie on stone
  In the deep dark,
The ladder of his dream shall climb
  Unto the throne,
His bed shall mark
A Bethel for all time.

John Macy.



SIR WILLIAM SWENCK GILBERT

The dean of living librettists

THE LIBRETTIST AND HIS PROFITS

"SONNY," the fat man said, "if you ain't in politics, and you want to make the money, feed them or amuse them."

The comic opera has no aim but sheer amusement; no deadly educational purpose lurks in its ammunition. We possess few accurate examples of its original definition: it has grown in name to embrace any stage presentation with songs and skirts, jingles and jests, designed solely to pass the time agreeably for tired mentalities. In the finer type of comic opera, where a serious attempt is made to create an impression of unity in story, song and circumstance, the librettist may some-

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GEORGE ADE

Mr. Ade enjoying life on the farm he purchased with the profits from *The Sultan of Sulu*

times possess considerable ability. Meilhac and Halévy's libretti are classics. The whimsical libretti of Sir William Swenck Gilbert are charming as literature, and they have created a standard which has seldom been equalled. One recalls readily the "æsthetic pose" which *Patience* killed —proving what a vehicle of useful satire a libretto can be. But while there are occasional examples of this type, very often and quite frankly the librettist is the word-hack who feeds the characters with sufficient talk to give the chorus girls a chance to change costumes; or his name is a corporation which covers a multitude of individual sins.

How the Librettist Works

To appreciate fully how much capital in energy and ideas a librettist must expend to earn his income, a word as to the way he works may be illuminating. The more ambitious "books" which aim at some concreteness of story—as the very clever libretti of Henry Blossom—are generally written around a personality. The author knows what the star wants and supplies the opportunities and the background. Often these make delightful entertainments of rare humour and great charm. When the star is a well-known knock-about comedian the author is supposed to allow him to build up his own part. Often the manager takes some well-known comedy, like *School for Scandal, The Country Girl* (Dolly Varden), etc., and tells the librettist to "chop it up." The plot is adhered to, only effects are broadened and music interpolated. More generally it is made by a manager calling in a well-known "arranger."

"Smith, get busy: we want a review of all the hits of the season. Make it two sets: put one in Luna Park and the other on the Astor Roof. Work in a sheath-gown chorus; make Salome and the Devil the leads. Got a merry-go-round song that's a knock-out. Here's the cast, you know what they can do. Rehearsals next week."

When the company assembles parts are given out and the principals generally work it out themselves: some "specialties" are presented often by a vaudeville team specially engaged; songs are introduced by well-known writers and the piece is ready to be tried "on the road." It is then that the real work of the li-

brettist begins; the dull spots brightened, new business arranged, new lyrics written for new effects. When the play is ready for New York, the librettist's name is on the programme, although he is only typographically responsible for the mélange. Yet, because this requires a specialised skill and much practical experience, he commands good returns. The entire business of this kind of entertainment has been concentrated in a few men who are often expert stage managers as well.



HENRY M. BLOSSOM

Mr. Blossom's *The Yankee Consul*, *Mlle. Modiste*, and *The Red Mill* have all been money makers. The last named opera ran in New York an entire season to an average weekly business of seventeen thousand dollars.

These operas are all written and arranged under contract.

To sell a new comic opera is almost impossible for an unknown man, since the financial risk is too great. Sometimes twenty or thirty thousand dollars are invested before the curtain rises. Managers prefer the man who has failed to the man who is untried. Strange as it may seem, in submitting a comic opera the book is always read first. It is more difficult to get a new and good book than the catchy music which the audience alone remembers.

The Librettist of Yesterday

The librettist can make more to-day than formerly because everybody connected with his comic opera can make more. When in 1728 John Gay's *The Beggar's Opera*—which was the earliest approach to comic opera as we know it—was produced the prices were five shillings for a box seat, three for the pit and two for the gallery. Its leading lady received thirty shillings a week—but managed to marry a duke in the bargain. The music was made up of over sixty Scotch and Irish songs. Gay received twelve hundred pounds for the sale of the opera. The manager made many times more. The opera had a phenomenal run of sixty-three consecutive nights—a thing unheard of, since the average run was three evenings.

To-day these figures seem paltry. It isn't the leading lady who marries the duke nowadays—it's the chorus girl—but she receives from two to three hundred dollars a week by way of compensation. The star's salary is often over five hundred dollars a week with a percentage on the profits. Managers have made great fortunes out of single productions, and a successful librettist makes in a few months' run more than Gay. A successful play comes very near solving the problem of perpetual motion.

The direct cause, however, of this increase is due to the greater commercialism of the stage, the complete organisation and the syndication of interests, not to a relatively superior quality of workmanship. The country is larger, prices are higher and interests are better protected. A contrast will illustrate this change even in the last decade.

"Pinafore" and "The Merry Widow"

Some thirty years ago Gilbert and Sullivan's *Pinafore* was produced in London. Since it was not protected by copyright it was instantly pirated in this country. Its success is stage history. Church choirs added it to their repertoire, and it is recorded that one hundred thousand barrel-organs were constructed to play nothing else. As one newspaper put it,



GEORGE M. COHAN

He writes the libretto, is responsible for the lyrics and music, stages and produces the play, is part owner of the production, and acts in it as well. He draws an income from each of these departments, and his yearly earnings are estimated at four or five hundred thousand dollars.

"At present there are forty-two companies playing *Pinafore*. Companies formed after six P.M. yesterday are not included." Its catch phrase, "What never? Well, hardly ever," was deadly. It is related, for instance, that one editor barred his staff from using it. "It has occurred twenty times in as many articles yesterday. Never let me see it used again." "What never?" was the unanimous question. "Well, hardly ever" replied the wretched man.

These facts are mentioned to recall its tremendous popularity. Realising how much money it was making, of which the authors and manager received absolutely nothing, D'Oyly Carte resolved to produce the next opera in America first and thus protect it. *The Pirates of Penzance* was consequently presented on December 31, 1879. So great was its success that the authors were offered five thousand pounds alone for the right to play another company in Boston.

To-day all this trouble about copyright and piracy is simplified. One of the greatest successes in the history of comic opera, and an opera itself which will compare in every particular with *Pinafore*, is *The Merry Widow*. She is with us, waltzing nightly, and gold-spangled dollars are still falling riotously as she whirls. Now it happens that the theatrical interests in Austria, being anxious to steal all the European successes without compensation, have avoided a copyright law: consequently *The Merry Widow* is not protected. Mr. Savage, however, having bought for ten thousand dollars the moral rights of the piece in America from Mr. Edwards, who obtained the entire English-speaking rights for eight thousand dollars, is not bothered by competition. This is due entirely to the Syndicate, who, owning an interest in the production, refuses to book in its theatres any other version. So great was this control that even when Mr. Weber wished to burlesque it, he was compelled to pay royalties to Mr. Savage, else he would have found no theatre on the road



HARRY D. SMITH

He has written libretti for over forty operas, among them *Rob Roy*, *Robin Hood*, *The Fortune Teller*, and *The Wizard of the Nile*. It is said that his average income for years has been over a thousand dollars a week.

in which to play. In a published statement it is known that up to June 20th over one hundred and ten thousand dollars had been paid in royalties. Whether the authors or Mr. Edwards received all of this, or in what proportion it was divided, was not stated.

The Transplanted Libretto

The importation and success of this Viennese opera calls attention to the world-wide opportunities of the librettist and composer to-day. The theatrical business is so organised that representatives sit at the first night of all important productions, buying comic operas over night. Options are held on the work of all the successful writers. Of course, the composer makes more by this, for music, being a universal language, does not need to be adapted.



FRANZ LEHAR, COMPOSER — LEO STEIN, LIBRETTIST — VICTOR LEON, LIBRETTIST

Photograph of the authors of *The Merry Widow*, the greatest money maker of all light operas of recent years, taken at the five-hundredth performance in Vienna.

Most of the more legitimate comic operas come to us from England, and their authors write for both markets. Their list is legion—from the Gilbert and Sullivan masterpieces through all the "Girl" series to the most recent Edna May success. Some of the most recent successes here have also been transferred without adaptation to the English stage. *The Belle of New York,* the most conspicuous example, made over forty thousand dollars for Hugh Morton.

Yet it is a mistake to imagine all the librettists in England are rich by reason of this. The Provinces amount to little, and a musical play is intended only for London; receipts are lower there—one thousand five hundred pounds being an unusual week. A manager like George Edwards will probably receive ten per cent. on the gross weekly receipts of the American production, while the authors will divide among them three or four per cent. One famous English success was played in New York all last season with a set royalty of a hundred and twenty-five dollars a week for the authors. American managers at present are a bit shy of paying large royalties, for in recent years the English operas have not scored as formerly. Besides so many of them have to be "Americanised." The necessity of arranging for an American public accounts for the bewildering number of names one finds on the playbill of the average importation. This has opened a profitable profession for the "play-doctor."

For this he receives a compensation depending on the amount of work. Sometimes he will be given a fixed sum of one or two thousand dollars if it is simply a question of polishing and rearranging. More often he will have a stated sum in advance and a one per cent. interest in the production—which means, on a fair success, he will have an income of seventy-five dollars a week. Many managers also have men who do nothing but this and receive a yearly salary from three to five thousand dollars. Yet it must not be forgotten that the original librettist almost always continues to draw his royalties.

The Question of Contracts

Because of these peculiar differences in the kind of work done by the librettist it is difficult to estimate accurately his income; since his income is dependent on the number of paid admissions, which changes nightly, one can only indirectly form some estimate from his contracts. But contracts depend, too, upon a man's past success. A fair agreement, however, where the librettist also writes the lyrics, will give him about two and a half to three per cent. on the weekly gross receipts: the composer receiving the same share unless he is especially well known, where his royalties grow in proportion. Often this is on a sliding scale of percentage; three per cent. on five thousand dollars and five per cent. on all over. Consequently, if a comic opera plays to ten thousand a week it is possible for the librettist to make from three to five hundred dollars in royalties or over ten thousand a theatrical year of thirty weeks. There are months sometimes when he has no income. As a comic opera contains about ten thousand words, he receives the first week an income of five cents a word. Should his opera run twenty weeks he would have received the same sum per word President Roosevelt is said to be offered for his experiences in the jungle.

While in a big success the producer will clear three or four times what the author receives, it must be remembered that so long as the opera is played the author receives royalties even during the losing weeks. And this suggests that the whole secret of success for the librettist lies in having a great number of plays running at once. Then, and then only, does he make the phenomenal returns attributed to him. Often two or three companies will produce his opera, and then, of course, he receives an income from each.

As the novelist earns additionally to his book sale by possible serialisation or dramatisation, so the librettist, if he writes the lyrics, gains also by the sale of the songs. Occasionally the manager himself will have an interest in their sale, but more often this profit goes entirely to the composer and author. This amounts to considerable, for a fairly well-known

author will receive from two to four cents a copy for each song sold. The sale reaches many thousands at times. George M. Cohan's income from his songs alone is over fifty thousand a year.

Lyrics and Interpolated Songs

But often the lyrics are written by a special man. Frequently he will have a very small royalty interest, but he is usually paid a fixed sum of from twenty-five to fifty dollars per lyric, with an additional interest in the sale of the songs as mentioned above. On a great song success—and many operas have been saved by one song—he may make more than the librettist.

And this leads to the importance of the interpolated song in modern comic opera. When a music publisher feels he has a "production" song, he has it played before the manager. If it is accepted and introduced the manager seldom pays for the right to use it. The publisher gives it so that he in turn will profit by the free advertising given the song, if sung on Broadway. It is then published with an appropriate cover design suggested by the play. The authors draw their royalties solely on its sale.

In these days, when specialised talents are so eagerly sought, it is well to emphasise that even when properly protected this elaborate system of royalties for libretti and songs is only a matter of recent growth. The songs which were introduced were bought outright by the publisher, who made all the profits. Sometimes even now a "book" is bought for a fixed sum, but it is the exception to what was once the habit. For a few hundred dollars the complete rights to some of the greatest successes have passed on to managers.

George M. Cohan

In considering but briefly a few of the most conspicuous liberettists in America to-day George M. Cohan is easily first. He understands "what the people want" better than anybody now writing. One may dispute the quality, but there is always an underlying principle in all his endeavours: movement and patriotism, with plenty of strings tied to Broadway and Forty-second Street. He always has a story to tell and types to depict. Criticism fails before the fact that he succeeds. His case is peculiar: not only does he write the libretto, but he is alone responsible for the lyrics and the music, stages and produces the play himself, is part owner of the production and acts in it as well. He draws an income from each of these departments. *Little Johnny Jones, Forty-five Minutes from Broadway, Running for Office,* etc., have all been enormous successes. Since they have averaged over ten thousand a week, his weekly income as the librettist alone would amount to three thousand dollars. When one considers the salary he allows himself for the other functions, as well as for the sale of his songs, which he publishes himself, it is not a far estimate to place his yearly earnings at four or five hundred thousand dollars. This is as phenomenal as it is exceptional, especially when one considers it has been made by a man just thirty and in the last eight years. He has no interests outside the theatre and generally invests his money in theatres.

Harry B. Smith

In the capacious library of Harry B. Smith's home there are rows and rows of rare books: first editions of all the poets and valuable manuscripts of every description. He also possesses one of the finest collections of Cruikshank's original drawings in existence. A former newspaper man, he has been able to make a fortune during the last few years by his untiring labour. He has written libretti for over forty operas. Among the best known are *Robin Hood, Rob Roy, The Fortune Teller, The Serenade, The Wizard of the Nile,* etc. It is said his average income for years has been over a thousand a week. He was one of the first to demand a royalty interest in each of his productions and has the distinction of having written the finest American comic opera—*Robin Hood*. The published volume of his lyrics shows a surprising literary quality, and in many of his operas there are traces of real poetry and feeling.

Blossom, Ade and Others

After the success of *Checkers,* Henry M. Blossom turned to comic opera. He

has succeeded brilliantly with the three that he has written. *The Yankee Consul, The Red Mill, Mlle. Modiste* have all been big money makers. *The Red Mill,* for example, ran an entire season in New York to an average weekly business of seventeen thousand dollars.

Though George Ade has become more identified with the legitimate comedy, his comic operas have not been unremunerative. *The Sultan of Sulu* ran an entire season in New York, and from its returns alone he was able to buy a large and valuable farm.

Frank Pixley, author of *The Burgomaster* and *King Dodo,* has also to his credit *The Prince of Pilsen.* This has been played all over the world and has had twelve New York engagements.

Edgar Smith, conspicuous as chief librettist for Weber and Fields and adapter of many English successes; Hugh Morton, author of *The Belle of New York, The Whirl of the Town;* John McNally, responsible for all of the Roger Brothers productions; Glen Macdonough, the late Frederic Ranken, Richard Carle, author of his own productions, have all made handsome incomes. J. Cheever Goodwin has made large sums out of *Wang, The Merry Monarch* and others; but he sold outright his libretto of *Evangeline.* William Gill, who was responsible for *Adonis,* did likewise. This opera, which Henry Dixey made famous, ran for eighty-five consecutive weeks—summer and winter—in the small Bijou Theatre to an average weekly business of fifty-six hundred dollars. It has also been revived several times.

The record of the Savoy operas in England is noteworthy. For years, with great regularity, Gilbert and Sullivan produced *Pinafore, The Mikado, Patience,* etc., which made them rich and famous. In eleven years Gilbert is known to have received four hundred and fifty thousand dollars as his share. This sum has probably reached a million dollars, for the operas are still played all over the world and are at present being sumptuously revived at the Savoy, under the author's personal direction.

The Gaiety and Daly productions have generally found their way across the water. The late Owen Hall, accidentally meeting George Edwards, the manager told him he could write a better piece than the one running at the Gaiety. He received a commission on the spot and in five weeks submitted *The Geisha. The Artist's Model, The Greek Slave, Florodora* (with Paul A. Reubens) followed—none of which ran less than a year. Reubens himself is at present the most successful of the younger writers, for he writes both the words and music.

A final anecdote may be quoted that the picture be not too highly coloured. One well-known author, who in recent years has written the most successful drama of the decade, once struggled trying to write libretti. Being very poor, and financially uncertain, he pawned his abilities for a number of years to a well-known firm of tailors. They agreed to take all he might make and give him twenty-five dollars a week as a certain income. This relieved him of the necessity of worrying about his next meal, thereby permitting him to concentrate on his next opera. In time he achieved conspicuous success, and the tailors themselves eventually made a large percentage on the rather novel investment. They never repeated the experiment, however.

Success in the theatre is as capricious as the feminine: its public lacks logic; its mastery lies in a peculiar intuition rather than in a well-ordered intellect. Those who have learned how to tickle the rib of the complacent public have generally pounded it black and blue first. The author gambles only in time. It is this uncertainty which, like the gambler's win, makes the return out of all proportion to the intelligence expended.

George Middleton.

THE CASUAL READER

Mr. Podsnap

We question whether the time is not now rapidly approaching when it will be necessary for all sane and orthodox people to inquire of any new person that may be brought to their notice, "Are you a Socialist or an Atheist?" and in the event of an answer being given in the affirmative to express extreme regret at being unable to go any further with the acquaintance.

Thus again the British weekly paragrapher. I may have quoted him too often in this magazine and elsewhere, having something of a collector's mania for good specimens of the breed. But taking absurdity for absurdity, I never could see why the highly prized British types in comedy and satiric fiction were any more valuable than many actual contributors to decorous British periodicals, for example, the London *Hortator* or the London *Weekly Bombardinian.* And what are they for, if not for the pleasure of a distant people? At home custom no doubt stales their exquisite pomposity. Probably the native Briton, subdued as he is to the respectable tradition, takes it as a matter of course that there should be scores of these anonymous beings episcopating in an ink-pot, binding and loosing, delimiting the mind's permissible activities, dividing the earth by meridians of propriety, puffing up at the touch of an alien thought like a balloon-fish out of water when you tickle him. But in the more inquisitive soil of this country those large incurious Podsnaps will not grow—not, at least, the best of them, the genuine, full-bodied, calm, thought-proof, opinion-tight British ones. I can no longer regard, said a recent writer for the *Bombardinian,* I can no longer regard the Antipodes as a hopeful portion of the earth's surface. And there the matter rests. We shall never know what passed between him and the Antipodes—whether the Antipodes were wicked or merely careless, whether it was deliberate and personal or something impulsive and Polynesian, "unlike the home life of our dear Queen." We know only that nothing henceforth shall pass between them. The acquaintance is at an end.

Curiosities of Literary Controversy

People miss a good deal who do not read for "characters." They seem to think all that they read in a respectable magazine is written by an institution. Most of it is, but grotesque personal forms can with patience often be descried. That is one of the pleasures of all angry literary altercations when men fall foul of one another's temperaments and incidentally reveal their own. Some sarcasms of Mr. William Winter directed against Walt Whitman and Mr. Howells have this advantage and are worth considering in some detail. They occur in Mr. William Winter's "Memories of Authors," a series now running in the *Saturday Evening Post.* It seems that Mr. Howells, in describing a visit to Pfaff's Cave a generation ago, applies the word "orgy" to what he there beheld—whether seriously or by way of humorous exaggeration does not appear from the passage which Mr. Winter quotes—declaring that the heads of certain revellers were still damp from the wet towels used to cool them, and that the "eyes were very frenzied," but that it "went but slowly for an orgy," and that after "hoping vainly for worse things" he left at eleven o'clock in disappointment. To this Mr. William Winter replies simply that Mr. Howells actually saw nothing of the sort; that Pfaff's Cave was as much disappointed with Mr. Howells as Mr. Howells was with Pfaff's Cave; that Pfaff's Cave "thought him a prig," and that Mr. Howells "came to the Cave especially, as afterward was divulged, for the purpose of adoring the illustrious Whitman."

Mr. Howells at that time was a respectable youth, in black raiment, who had only just entered on the path to glory, while Whitman, by reason of that odoriferous classic, *Leaves of Grass,* was in possession of the local Parnassus. The meeting of course was impressive. Walt at that time affected the Pompadour style of shirt and jacket—making no secret of

his brawny anatomy—and his hirsute chest and complacent visage were, as usual, on liberal exhibition, and he tippled a little brandy and water and received his admirer's homage with his characteristic benignity. There is nothing like genius—unless possibly it may be leather.

There is too much detraction at present, says Mr. Winter, and it is right "that protest should be made against it." He assures us that those comrades of his "were not sots," but "writers of remarkable ability" who were as far from having "damp locks" and "frenzied eyes" as it was possible to be, for probably all of them put together had not money enough to buy a quart of champagne.

As an example, I will mention that for my poem of "After All," which has since found its way into almost every compilation of verse within the last fifty years, I received three dollars, and was glad to receive so much.

Nor could it for a moment be supposed that such poems as George Arnold's "Old Pedagogue," Fitz-James O'Brien's "Ode in Commemoration of Kane," and Charles Dawson Shanly's "Walker of the Snow" were "produced from the stimulation of alcohol."

Even supposing that Mr. Howells meant to charge these poets with drunkenness, we of the present can see no reason why any one should hasten to their defence. Most of the poetry that emerged from Pfaff's Cave was not of a sort to arouse any curiosity as to its origin—at least not in this day. Alcoholism or anæmia, it is all one to us, who are too little interested in the consequence to bother much about the cause, though I may say in passing that they seem to me the most moderate of poets whatever their excesses as men. Moreover, it is nothing against a man to be called drunk merely by Mr. Howells. He is no judge in such indelicate matters. One of his characters became unhinged, if I remember aright, and even violent, after drinking two hot Scotches. His is not the standard of shadow-casting men, but rather of some Boston maiden lady, or canary bird, or Emily Dickinson's bumble-bee who sang—

Inebriate of air am I and debauchee of dew;

and I had as lief be caught by Mr. Howells at an "orgy" as with a soda-water bottle by another man. And here, by the way, is the danger in some of Mr. Howells's stories—the aggravated niceness of the characters, their tremulous propriety—for though his readers will pucker at first, they will afterwards on the rebound often plunge into rebellious extremes of great coarseness, swearing, perhaps, or eating with their knives. Thus the hero of one of his short stories, printed a few years ago, observes from his window a piano-case having on it the name and address of a young woman. After long and very minute reflection he concludes that the young woman may have been a little girl whom he used to see years before running barefooted on her father's lawn. The fancied identification of this young woman, now no doubt quite grown-up, with the child whose active brown legs he distinctly remembers, brings the hot blushes to that hero's cheeks. It is the romanticism of prudery—an extreme case, perhaps, but illustrating Mr. Howells's spinster-like intemperance in matters of propriety. The romancers idealise the manly virtues of their heroes; he idealises the niceness of his. It is no harder to slay a giant than to blush in solitude at the thought of brown legs. There are, of course, deeds of propriety no less incredible than deeds of blood, and the "refinement" of Mr. Howells's heroes often seems as unfamiliar to this earth as the beauty and bravery of Sir Walter's.

Hence it is unlikely that Mr. Winter seriously cares about a reproach so very mild applied to an occasion so very obsolete, though he runs on about it at considerable length, employing that ancient form of irony, which, although it no longer "bites," at least implies that its author would like to do so—

The fine fancy and fertile invention that have made Mr. Howells so resplendently famous were never better exemplified than in those remarkable words; for, as a matter of fact, no such incidents occurred, either then or at any other time, nor did the great novelist ever see them except in his "mind's eye." Fancy is both a wonderful faculty for a writer of fiction and a sweet boon for the reader of it. I have regretted the absence of Mr. Howells from a casual festival which occurred

in Pfaff's Cave, much about the time of his advent there, when the lads (those tremendous revellers!) drank each a glass of beer in honour of the birthday of Henry Clapp, and when he might, for once, have felt the ravishing charm of Walt Whitman's colossal eloquence. It fell to the lot of that Great Bard, I remember, to propose the health of the Prince of Bohemia, which he did in the following marvellous words: "That's the feller!" It was my privilege to hear that thrilling deliverance, and to admire and applaud that superb orator. Such amazing emanations of intellect seldom occur, and it seems indeed a pity that this one should not have had Mr. Howells to emboider it with his ingenious fancy and embalm it in the amber of his veracious rhetoric.

It is more probable that these words arise from a very genuine dislike for Mr. Howells, than from any concern for the memory of Pfaff's Cave. Mr. Winter would naturally dislike Mr. Howells. Talent in a contemporary writer is offensive to Mr. Winter, physically offensive. As a stage commentator these many years he has found playwrights unpleasant almost in exact ratio to their abilities, and he has generally expressed his mind about them in terms descriptive of bad smells. Ibsen, as the first of modern playwrights, figures in Mr. Winter's vocabulary as the largest cesspool; Shaw and Pinero, on their lower plane, attain only the garbage degree in his description, and so on down the scale. Some attribute it, Mr. Winter among them, to a moral motive, a sharpened sense of decency, opposing any reference to sex relations on the stage, but such a theory is untenable. A play may deal freely with the sex relations and still be quite odourless, even fragrant, to Mr. Winter, provided it be inferior as a play. It is only as it rises in the scale of merit that his comparisons descend the stages of decay. Nor is it to be set down to insincerity or caprice. It is instinct, rather, and not a bad guide to playgoers either, if rightly understood. For, like the well-bred and serviceable beagle, his language betrays the greatest olfactory excitement in the presence of the largest game. So what he hates in Mr. Howells are probably the very qualities which draw to Mr. Howells's writings all lovers of good sport. He ought to hate him harder, for Mr. Howells is too good a writer to be accused by him merely of lying. He is near enough in merit to Ibsen and Walt Whitman to deserve at least the rank of home-polluter in Mr. Winter's mephitic honour roll.

F. M. Colby.

CAN YOU SPELL?

If you think you can, ask somebody to dictate the following jumble to you and see how many mistakes you make!

ANTINOUS, a disappointed, desiccated physicist, was peeling potatoes in an embarrassing and harassing way. His idiosyncrasy and privilege was to eat mayonnaise and mussels while staring at the Pleiades and seizing people's tricycles and velocipedes. He was an erring teetotaler, and had been on a picayune jamboree. He rode a palfrey stallion and carried a salable papier-maché bouquet of asters, phlox, mullein, chrysanthemums, rhododendrons, fuchsias and nasturtiums.

He wore a sibyl's resplendent turquoise paraphernalia, an ormolu yashmak and astrakhan chaparejos. He drank crystallisable and disagreeable curaçoa juleps, through a sieve. He stole some moneys and hid them under a peddler's mahogany bedstead and mattress.

Like a fiend in an ecstasy of gaiety, I rushed after him into the maelstrom, or mêlée, and held him as in a vise. I could not feeze him, however, and he addressed me, with autocracy, in the following imbecile words which sounded like a soliloquy or a superseding pæan on an oboe:

"You are a ratable luna-moth; a salaaming vizier; an equinoctial coryphée and an isosceles daguerreotype."

THE BEGINNING AND GROWTH OF MURAL PAINTING IN AMERICA

IN 1817 Congress gave Trumbull a commission for four paintings to adorn the Capitol. These, completed some years later, represented the Declaration of Independence, the Surrender of Burgoyne, the Surrender of Cornwallis, and the Resignation of Washington at Annapolis. The intention of Congress in appropriating $32,000 for this work was to commemorate certain important events in the history of the new Republic, and the artist conceived and treated his subjects in the manner of historical pictures. It was fidelity to the incident, rather than any ideas of making his paintings decorative, that influenced him; though attached to wall spaces, they are not in the true sense mural paintings. Why they are not may perhaps be understood by a comparison of the first commission in this country, given and accepted as advisedly a work of mural decoration. The date was 1876; the building, Trinity Church, Boston, and the immediate principals in the transaction were H. H. Richardson, the architect, and the painter, John La Farge.

Two points are of importance: first, that it was the architect, then engaged in building the church, who realised that its interior effect would be improved by a scheme of painted decoration; secondly, that although the scheme might involve the representation of certain persons or incidents of the Bible, its primary and final purpose was to be complementary to the architecture. To these points another may be added, not perhaps essential, but certainly conducive to a successful result, that the whole scheme of interior colouring, its smallest details as well as the important figure compositions, was entrusted to one man.

Here we get an inkling of what mural painting really is. It is not the affixing of a picture to the walls, as we hang a picture on the wall of a living room to embellish it, or for the separate interest and value of the picture, but rather an integral part of an architectural unit. Trinity Church, for example, is in design an adaptation of the Romanesque style, which in addition to vaulted roofs has an excess of wall over window spaces. These surfaces in the mediæval churches were frequently overlaid with marble veneer and mosaic. Richardson determined to substitute a painted decoration, that should at once relieve the barrenness of the interior and unite all its parts into an *ensemble* of rich harmoniousness. It is indeed as a whole that the interior affects us. Within, as outside, the culmination of the design is the centre tower, crowned with a low spire. To it converge the short nave and side aisles, the transepts and apse-ended chancel. The plan, in fact, is more apparent inside than outside, and while the stained-glass windows make intervals of brilliant splendour, the general effect is one of subdued dignity of tone, out of the mystery of which, if you are minded to look for them, the details of the decoration may be discerned. But as I have said, the first and chief impression is of an organic unity of colour growing out of the architecture, the very dimness of the effect seeming characteristic of this particular architectural style, which in its origin belonged to the south and was designed to exclude rather than to admit the light.

Moreover, the Romanesque style of Southern France, which was the particular brand of the Romanesque that Richardson had adopted, had been itself an adaptation by the comparatively unskilled western builders of various influences, only partly digested—the Byzantine, the Roman and the Greek. There was a peculiar fitness, that probably presented itself to Richardson's mind and was certainly present in La Farge's, in choosing this character of construction for the first attempt in the New Western World, to combine the labours of the architect and decorator in some scheme that might reach the traditions of the past. In La Farge's own words: "It would permit, as long ago it has per-

mitted, a wide range of skill and artistic training: the rough bungling of the native and the ill-digested culture of the foreigner. I could think myself back to a time when I might have employed some cheap Byzantine of set habits, some ill-equipped Barbarian, some Roman dwelling nearby for a time—perhaps even some artist keeping alive both the tradition and culture of Greece." And it was under similar conditions of limited experience on the part of the artist, of habits comprised in a wrong direction on the part of available workmen, of low trade ideals and indifferent materials, that the beginnings of a new movement in America were inaugurated.

For although La Farge had been giving some attention to decorative problems, especially to those of colour, his opportunities of practical experience had been small indeed as compared with the magnitude of this one; he was at a moment's notice launched into what was under the circumstances a huge experiment; the subordinates on whom he had to rely were inexperienced, and as a climax to these limitations he was compelled to work amidst the discomfort and confusion of a windowless, unfinished building, under the severe strain of having to conceive, elaborate and conclude this big scheme in a short space of time.

This tendency to "rush" the artist, which is not infrequently characteristic of decorative commissions in this country, was illustrated again two years later in the case of W. M. Hunt. He was requested to paint two decorations of considerable size for the Capitol at Albany, the time allotted him for their inception and completion being thirteen weeks! He produced the "Flight of Night" and "The Discoverer," but at what cost? The mental and physical strain proved too much for him; after ending it he noticeably declined and died the following year. The work too has perished, for the plaster had not been allowed to dry out, it was still "green," and the paintings have since decayed and crumbled away.

La Farge, having completed the work in Trinity Church, was almost immediately commissioned to decorate the apse of St. Thomas's in New York. Here he worked in collaboration not only with the architect, but with the sculptor, thus for the first time in this country asserting practically the interdependence and kinship of these three arts of construction and decoration. Its reredos was modelled by St. Gaudens, and on each side of it the painter installed a scene from the Resurrection, enshrining all three in a scheme of colour and of moulded and carved work, designed and partly executed by himself, though the design in its entirety was never completed. Nevertheless, as it stood, it was the most completely noble of La Farge's schemes of decoration, and its recent destruction by fire was a national calamity, for there is lost to us, not only a great artistic achievement, but one that in the course of years would have had increasing historic interest as a landmark in the progress of American art, and might eventually have had an influence in checking what I venture to call "department store tendencies" that characterise so largely the present manifestations of our decorative movement.

For, as we pursue the study of the latter, we shall find that instead of the mind of a master-decorator, such as La Farge is by instinct and training, being not only permitted but encouraged, to control the whole scheme of internal embellishment, circumstances bring it about that the architects, whose talent and *metier* are primarily of the constructive order, have become also the decorative designers of the interiors, deputing the execution of their schemes to a variety of subordinates. It is a highly organised system, capable of turning out an immense quantity of work, of creditable quality, but of little personal distinction. But if we study the matter, we shall find that the system has grown inevitably out of existing conditions.

Little more than a quarter of a century ago the ground in our development now occupied by architecture and decoration was a prairie wilderness, spotted here and there with beautiful survivals of a past taste, such as the examples of colonial mansions and churches and of the later public edifices like the White House and the Capitol. For the rest it was a waste upon which modern disfigurements had encroached. Two men appeared as



By John La Farge

"THE THREE MARIES"

Destroyed in the fire of St. Thomas's Church



Copyright, 1906, by John La Farge — John La Farge

"THE RELATION OF THE INDIVIDUAL TO THE STATE"

Supreme Court Room in the Capitol at St. Paul

pioneers: H. H. Richardson,* already mentioned, and William Morris Hunt; both architects, who, like some of our painters, had studied in Paris at the famous École des Beaux Arts. The movement they inaugurated was from its inception one of architecture; Hunt representing the constructive logical phase of the art, Richardson its more notably æsthetic possibilities. The latter, as we have seen, hastened to secure the cooperation of La Farge. But decorators such as he are not to be found by the wayside. There was no other painter in the country to whom an architect could safely have entrusted an important scheme of decoration in its entirety. Moreover, La Farge has always been too much of an investigator and experimenter to adapt himself to the "driving hurry" of American methods, and furthermore he very soon turned aside into a special department of decoration, that of decorated windows. How in this direction he proved himself to be an original genius, substituting for the usual stained glass the use of opalescent glass, until gradually a new kind of window, distinguished by richness and subtlety of colour, was evolved, is a story of intense interest but not strictly belonging to our present one of painted decorations. Yet an allusion to it was necessary to explain one of the reasons that interfered with La Farge's continuing the rôle in which he had already qualified as a painter who could undertake and carry through an *ensemble* of mural decoration. There was still another reason. When he was in the prime of his vigour, the period of opportunity in the shape of great public buildings had scarcely begun, and by the time that it was fairly afoot the architects were from the circumstances of the case, not only the initiators but the controllers of the movement.

The event from which this movement has gone on advancing with steadily increasing bulk and momentum was the World's Fair at Chicago. Previously to this there had been divers instances of mural decoration in the private houses of the rich, and at least one public building, the new Hotel Ponce de Leon at St. Augustine, had been elaborately deco-

*Is it not rather characteristic of American attitude toward genius that the American Cyclopedia, published in New York, 1901, a newly revised and enlarged edition, omits the name of this architect?



"THE PILGRIMS" By Henry Oliver Walker

of the painters unprepared for the particular requirements of this kind of painting. They had been trained in the principles of the easel-picture, within the frame of which the painter may adopt any method of treatment that he chooses, intent solely upon making his picture an independent unit, complete and self-sufficient and in its character not necessarily decorative. But a mural painting, on the contrary, does not fulfil the purposes of its existence unless it be decorative, and at the same time subsidiary to the general scheme of its surroundings, in which it does not occupy the position of a separate unit but of an integral factor. The character of its subject will partake of that of the building, solemn, serious, elegant and sportive according to the spirit in which the architecture, attuned to the purpose of the building, has been planned; the character of its composition will be determined by the shape and position of the space that it is intended to adorn, the choice of its colour regulated to the prevailing colour scheme of the



"CORRUPT LEGISLATION" Elihu Vedder

Library of Congress

cago who permitted its inception and provided for its completion.

Scarcely more than a decade has elapsed since the passing of that temporarily realised dream of artistic beauty, yet already in thousands of instances throughout the country its influence has borne fruit. It is true that its biggest lesson has scarcely yet been recognised. Municipalities either are not yet aroused to the value of a combination of efforts into an *ensemble* or have not yet had the courage or opportunity to realise it. There have been certain notable exceptions, as in the laying out of water fronts in Chicago, Philadelphia and New York, and in attention given to the regulation of the sky line of buildings, as in Boston; yet, notwithstanding these indications of a civic sense of pride and responsibility, little or nothing has been done toward an organic alleviation of the dire monotony of our gridiron street plans or toward a systematic treatment of such open spaces as they niggardly present. In failing to realise the value of *ensembles*, whether regarded as conveniences or embellishments, we are still far behind the modern activities of the Old World cities. On the other hand, in respect of the separate building, asserting itself as an independent unit, the activities of this country during the past ten years have been phenomenal.

It would be very interesting, if space permitted, to sketch the story of what our architects have accomplished; how in Federal and State buildings, in city halls and libraries, in churches, hotels, office and trade buildings, and in city and country residences, the motives of utility and beauty have jointly inspired the design; how the skill of the architects, trained in the knowledge of the Old World, has displayed itself both in adopting the various styles and principles to the American requirement, and in inventing new methods of construction to comply with the special conditions that exist here. If adequately told the story would have the interest and surprise of a romance. But for our present purpose, we can only note that the hand of the movement has been toward a superior logic and dignity of the character of the whole, and toward a more sumptuous and at the same time more tactful use of embellishments in the details; and that in these latter the architects have more and more enlisted the co-operation of the painters.

During these ten years the practice of mural painting in America has spread rapidly. At first it found the majority



"THE PILGRIMS" By Henry Oliver Walker

of the painters unprepared for the particular requirements of this kind of painting. They had been trained in the principles of the easel-picture, within the frame of which the painter may adopt any method of treatment that he chooses, intent solely upon making his picture an independent unit, complete and self-sufficient and in its character not necessarily decorative. But a mural painting, on the contrary, does not fulfil the purposes of its existence unless it be decorative, and at the same time subsidiary to the general scheme of its surroundings, in which it does not occupy the position of a separate unit but of an integral factor. The character of its subject will partake of that of the building, solemn, serious, elegant and sportive according to the spirit in which the architecture, attuned to the purpose of the building, has been planned; the character of its composition will be determined by the shape and position of the space that it is intended to adorn, the choice of its colour regulated to the prevailing colour scheme of the



"THE DOGMA OF REDEMPTION" By John S. Sargent

Public Library, Boston

interior. In a word, the mural painting besides being decorative should be functional.

The meaning of this may be readily, grasped, if one remembers that the various parts of the architectural structure are not used arbitrarily, but that each has its separate function to perform in the complex arrangement of supports and resistances that make up the whole system. For example, in the Rotunda of the Library of Congress, the eight ribs, supporting the dome, terminate in the broad smooth surface of the "collar" whose function it is to clamp them all together, and at the same time to form a support for the superincumbent cupola. Recognising this, the decorator of the "collar," Edwin H. Blashfield, devised a composition which should form a compact and continuous circle of decoration, and simultaneously by the introduction of eight principal figures recall the eight ribs which the circle terminates. On the other hand, in the Delivery Room of the Boston Public Library, Edwin A. Abbey, commissioned to decorate the frieze and choosing for subject the Quest of the Holy Grail, has ignored the function of a frieze which is to counteract the various interruptions down-below of windows, doors and fireplaces by an effect of continuity and unity, and whereas he might have treated the space as a continuous whole or obtained a similar effect by dividing it into a series of panels that should succeed one another in a rhythmic sequence, has chopped it up into a variety of different measurements.

The more strictly functional treatment of a frieze may be studied in the same



"ONE OF THE ANGELS OF THE PASSION"

In John S. Sargent's decorations in the Astor Public Library



"HORSES OF THE DAWN"

Study for the decoration in the New York State Capitol

building, in the fine example of John S. Sargent's "Prophets." In them, besides a collective effect of continuity, we find the added charm of noble lines and dignity of simple masses, and moreover a choice of subject so readily comprehensible as to offer no interference to one's immediate appreciation of the painting as a decoration. The panels above them, however, in the lunette and soffit of the arch, are confused in treatment. The forms are associated with a great deal of abstruse symbolism, unintelligent to most people, so that all but a few visitors miss the decorative intention of the paintings and devote the greater portion of their study to the printed key. Sargent himself would seem to have realised that he has here overdone the literary allusiveness of his subject, for in his latest work, *The Dogma of Redemption,* the symbolism is comparatively simple, and he has reverted also to simplicity of forms, largely basing his composition upon the examples of the old Byzantine decorators, in many respects the finest in the Western World. For their forms were very simple and simply handled; not modelled into relief, but kept as a pattern of masses, of coloured masses harmonised into a rich tone, so that the whole painting was very flat, it clung to the wall, proclaimed the fact of the wall beneath and was in a very strict sense mural. A consciousness of the value of such principles of painting for the purpose of mural decoration is one of the notable characteristics of the panels by Puvis de Chavannes in the Boston Library. In the Library of Congress it has also prompted the method of Kenyon Cox. But the latter, while an excellent draughtsman, is not so good a colourist, and his panels of the "Arts" and "Sciences," with their pale tinting not drawn into harmonic relation, give the impression of a good design scarcely completed.

The design itself is a formal arrangement of female figures, each bearing an emblem of the particular art or science which it is intended to symbolise. Were the colour as effective as the drawing, the result would be exceedingly decorative; though in other respects as impoverished as the present tinting. For the conception displays no imagination and offers little interest to the visitor. In this affectation of threadbare classicalism there is evidence neither of American inspiration nor of the painter himself having any participation in the fulness of our modern life. It is decorative and nothing more; whereas in the ancient fine example of mural painting the subject-matter also was of a kind to stir the imagination of cultivated people or the interest of the plain folk. It was significant of the habitual habit of mind and feeling of its own era. So far, in the mural paintings of America, there is little or no indication even of the modern, much less of the American spirit. The opportunity is abundant, the inspiration should be emphatic, but as yet our painters seem to have missed both.

There are, however, hints of an attempt to compass our own environment. In his decoration in the Manhattan Hotel, New York, C. Y. Turner has represented the city in triumph, attended on the one hand by Indians and early colonists and on the other by various scientists who have been contributors to her progress. E. H. Blashfield also has commemorated Washington's relinquishment of authority, the steel industries of Pittsburg, and in the Capitol at St. Paul the agricultural triumphs of the West; while in the State House at Boston, subjects of historical import have been presented by Robert Reid and Edward Simmons. Yet I doubt if any of these mural paintings makes one's blood run swifter. The motive of the last two is with certain decorative embellishments, of lighting and colour in the case of Reid's and of line and mass in that of Simmons's, a realistic one; to represent the incident as it may have happened; while in the other examples there is a mingling of portraiture with ideal groups of figures. And from this it may be inferred that neither the realistic, illustrative motive, nor the symbolic, has any virtue or disability in itself; but that the ultimate result must depend entirely upon the presence or absence of creative force in the painter. And it is just this creative force, kindling itself with the fire of modern American conditions, pride and aspiration, that seems lacking.

There is no lack of work, knowing

and skilful in a purely decorative sense, by others besides those already mentioned: by George R. Barse, Walter Shirlaw, Frank D. Millet, W. B. Van Ingen, Siddons Mowbray, Walter McEwen, George Mayward, W. de Liftwich Dodge, Frank Lathrop, Will H. Low, Robert V. V. Sewell, Frank W. Benson, and Henry Oliver Walker. The panels of the last named in the Library of Congress share with those of John W. Alexander in the same building the largest amount of attention from the visitors. The reason, I think, is clear; both painters, just as Abbey did in Boston, whatever may have been their conscious motive, have produced what is practically a series of illustrations. Walker in his largest panel has represented the masses as a number of nude forms, charming in their gracious purity, grouped around the Pierian Spring, while the smaller spaces are filled with such subjects as the "Rape of Ganymede" and the "Sleep of Endymion." Alexander, on the other hand, has taken for his theme the Evolution of the Record from the heaps of the stone age to the invention of printing. The one series is ideally treated, the other literally; yet each, as I have said, is essentially illustrative.

To assert this of their work is to condemn it in the eyes of some painters, who seem to forget how large a part of the Italian mural painting was illustrative both in fact and in intention. It made and was meant to make a vivid appeal to the popular interest. And why not now? It is objected that when the majority of people could not read, that visual way of reaching their sympathy and intelligence was perhaps necessary and therefore to be conceded as fit and proper. But it is extraordinary how little essential conditions change. Our present age is one of reading, of an insatiable hunger for reading; yet was there ever a time when there was so much illustration? Those whose business it is to keep a touch upon the public's pulse and diagnose the symptoms of its tastes or diseases, according as you regard it, assert that it craves illustrations and must have them. Certainly it gets them, and one hears no protest from it.

That on the part of those who commission mural paintings demand does exist for some commemoration of the facts and conditions of our actual life, past and present, may be gathered from several recent works: for example, F. D. Millet's lunette "The Treaty of the Traverse des Sioux," painted for the Minnesota State Capitol; C. Y. Turner's "Opening of the Erie Canal," for the De Witt Clinton High School; and Albert Herter's panels of "Agriculture" and "Commerce," for the National Park Bank, New York. Each of these has the merit of being based upon a recognition of the importance of fact; each also represents the fact without any embellishment or figurative embroidery of symbolism or allegory, which in itself is a courageous and timely thing to have done. Whether the sense of fact overpowers the feeling of decoration I will not attempt to discuss here; merely raising the question as one that should affect our judgment of these panels as mural decorations. And to this another question may fairly be added: Does the manner in which the fact is represented stir our imagination to see beyond the fact and grasp at its significance, to discover, in a word, the soul within the fact?

How this result may be achieved by a mingling of allegory with fact may be seen in the panel of "Good and Bad Government," by Elihu Vedder, in the Library of Congress. Perhaps the most remarkable of the series is the one that illustrates corruption. I use the word advisedly, for there are two kinds of illustration: one that seeks to render, as it were, a literal translation, and the other that grasps the fact or idea as it may be stated in words, and reconstructs it into an interpretation of the text, having an independent and additional value of its own. The latter motive inspired this painter's famous illustrations of Omar Khayyam, probably the most notable in this interpretative, creative sense that have ever adorned an American publication. A similar capacity to take the written or spoken thought and make it live afresh in the terse, arresting comprehensiveness of a pictorial arrangement inspired these panels of Vedder's at Washington. I would cite especially the one that deals with Corrupt Government.

The sleek respectability of the pious-faced briber, the slatternly wantonness of the women whom he prostitutes, the mute protest of the smokeless chimney-stack, the piteous appeal of the destitute haggard child—at a glance is revealed the hideous loathsomeness of the whole dirty business. It is the work of a man who has a mind to comprehend the fact, an imagination that can invest it with a new force of meaning, and who is a born decorator.

These are unusual qualities, especially in combination, and it is the lack of them that is too conspicuous in American mural decoration. Nowhere do conditions, present and past, offer more abundant suggestions to the imagination; and nowhere are mural painters receiving such encouragement of opportunity. Yet, with slight exceptions, they have not yet risen to the occasion. If we seek a reason, we may find it first of all in the fact that the most of them are not decorators. The latter are born, not made; their gift is primarily one of exuberant inventiveness. Now American art, in all its branches, is so far singularly barren of originality; its present phase involves a more or less tactful application of eclecticism. The painters have been trained in a good school, but one which did not include any separate consideration of mural decoration; nor in this direction is any real provision being made even now for younger students, notwithstanding that this offers them a very large field and a rich one. Moreover, our older men have not recovered from the paralysing effects of the art for art's sake formula; taught in their youth to be afraid of an idea, their ability to conceive or express one has been stunted. They have nothing of the dare-devil in their conception. And there is another reason. The best development in our painting has been along the lines of the small canvas, intimately treated. The excessive fluence of the Barbizon pictures, the preciosity that Whistler's example fostered, and the mild domesticity of American fiction, only now just yielding place to the romantic imagining of the red-blooded writers, have helped to confine our painting within very sincere but very limited methods of expression.

As compared with this propriety, which is the distinguishing feature of American painting, the country itself presents a crudity of contrasts. A virility not without its flavour of brutality characterises the active life of the community, while its leisure is gilded and brocaded with a luxuriousness that recalls the splendour of monarchical France or of imperial Rome. And underlying all the multifarious lights and shades of this surface-showing is a depth of tremendous earnestness, of pride in the past and present, of confidence in the future of the race that in the light of personal and national possibility is without a parallel in history.

Some day, upon the walls of the buildings that embody this grandeur, there will be mural decorations that in magnitude of conception and splendour of decorative treatment will adequately represent the theme.

Charles H. Caffin.



THE HISTORICAL BACKGROUND AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

IN all literary discussions it is helpful to start with a clear mutual understanding of the significance and the scope of the terms by which we designate the question at issue. Accordingly in the present case it seems essential to agree at the outset that by the term Historic Background we shall understand not merely that ingenious patchwork of fact and fiction that forms the warp and woof of the so-called Historical Novel; but in a much broader sense, that variable and undefined element of actuality which enters into practically every novel ever written, fixing its place in point of time as definitely as "local colour" determines its geographical position. In theory, it is possible to imagine stories in which the interest is so entirely introspective that one does not care when or where they happened; in practice, it may be possible to write a short story, the action of which takes place somewhere in space, independent of ordinary limitations of time and place. Some critics point to certain tales of Edgar Allan Poe as signal triumphs of complete detachment of this sort—and, if there is anything to gain by such indefiniteness, it must be conceded that Poe came as near as possible to success. But in a full-length novel such an achievement is fortunately out of the question, because it is not in human nature for either author or reader to feel any sustained interest in the joys or sorrows of a group of people living we know not when nor where, and vaguely projected through space, like a lost comet. It makes no difference whether the novelist deliberately undertakes or not to fix the epoch of his story; indeed, he may even go to considerable pains to avoid allusions that will determine its chronology; the fact remains that the Historic Background will be there, in spite of him, thinly laid on, it may be, and variously disguised and obscured, but none the less apparent to the practiced eye. For you cannot wholly detach people from their period and environment, you cannot study them apart from the general movement of the race in which they play their little part, and yet have them remain convincing, natural, alive.

Of course, a large and steadily increasing proportion of modern novels deal with contemporary life, the life of the author's own generation and country. The Historic Background is therefore, in the majority of cases, a background of history in the making, a background that lies behind the main story simply because it is there, an essential part of the woof and warp of the life which the novelist is trying to mirror back, and not because he is deliberately trying to force upon us a mass of sugar-coated statistics. The story of present-day New York or London or Vienna which you may have read yesterday, is not an historical novel—of course not! So far as you noticed, while you read, it bore no date, or other mark of identification. But wait ten years and read it over again, and the chances are that you will be amazed at the number of little, unexpected, tell-tale phrases, allusions, circumstances that leap at you from page to page, insistently reiterating that the book is a decade old.

Accordingly, in the novel of contemporary life the Historic Background is an element which may be safely trusted to take care of itself. With the novel that is deliberately placed in foreign lands and distant epochs, it becomes a very different and much more serious problem, especially since the chief inducement to a novelist to leave his own time and people is in order to reap the benefit of spectacular settings and dramatic happenings such as in the very nature of the case must find their place in recorded history. Of course, this is perfectly reasonable and legitimate; to what end should a novelist toil through dozens of volumes bearing on the history of the

French Revolution, if Napoleon were not to figure in his pages? Why should he painfully brush up his Latin, and with the help of Böhn and a lexicon and Bekker's *Gallus,* reconstruct the Roman world, if he must deny himself the pleasure of a grand climax of burning Christian martyrs and Nero dancing in the light of burning Rome? But the pity of it is that, in the so-called Historical Novel, the novel in which, one would willingly concede, a certain degree of Historic Background is indispensable: in nine cases out of ten the author overdoes his task so flagrantly that the historical element ceases to be merely the background, and becomes the foreground as well. How many of us are there who have not, sooner or later, in reading the Waverley novels, had the sensation that we were being taken through the corridors of an antiquarian museum? Or in struggling through the Egyptian tales of George Ebers, that we were watching the manoeuvres of a troop of resuscitated mummies? Contemporary fiction, it is true, is sometimes little more than psychological vivisection; but the historical novel, at its worst, is nothing but an autopsy.

The simple, yet sufficient rule for dealing with historic fact as a background for fiction, is essentially the same rule that may be universally trusted in all cases of doubt in the making of novels: observe a wise moderation; drag nothing in; give only such details as a contemporary writer would have given, had he been telling the story in your place. The greatest art that can be shown in writing a story of people who are foreign to us, either in point of time or of space, is to make us feel our kinship to them, not our points of difference. A novel of Russia or of Turkey, in which the pages bristle with unpronounceable names of people and of places; a story of ancient Rome or Athens, that needs voluminous footnotes to make us understand the nature of the simplest social customs of the people, the clothes they wear, the food they eat, at once defeat their own purpose; they make us feel that here is a race of men and women so hopelessly alien in the simple, familiar things of life, that in the bigger, deeper emotions there is small hope that there will be bonds of sympathy. A wise artist will use his historic colour, like his local colour, sparingly, and for the sake of sharpness of detail, vividness of impression. He will say to the reader, this is a story of Imperial Rome, or Colonial New England, or France under the First Consul; but the men and women are essentially like the men and women of to-day, they hope like them and suffer like them and love like them. But it is only the clumsy novelist who insists upon iterating on every page, in one way and another, that the date of the story is 14 A.D. or 1630 or 1803—until you wake to a realisation that at best all these people have been dead and gone for many a generation, their troubles all happily over, and it is really not worth your while at this late date to waste your sympathies.

There have been some wonderful achievements in historic fiction; but it would be interesting to know just how much of the world's applause is purely intellectual, and how much comes straight from the heart. In spite of the high honour in which Sir Walter Scott has been held, from generation to generation, and the scant recognition that Dumas the elder has received from the critics of his own nation, it is none the less true that each year there is a substantial gain in the number of readers who delight in *Les Trois Mousquetaires,* and a diminution in the number of those who find enjoyment in *Ivanhoe.* And prominent among the causes for this change is the fact that Dumas insists far less than Scott upon the manners and customs of the times he is picturing; he is, some will claim, less painstakingly accurate—rather, let us say, he is content to leave more to the imagination, recognising that, after all, fiction is not a text-book, and that its first duty is not to teach history but to picture life. And that is why coming generations will still think of D'Artagnan and his three companions with the tender affection we give to departed friends; while the finer art of *Ivanhoe,* of *Romola,* even of *The Scarlet Letter,* will not save them from a gradually waning fame, a growing recognition that at best there is in them a certain artificiality, a suggestion of the *tour de force.*

There is always the chance of being misunderstood when, after supporting a critical opinion by reference to Scott, Hawthorne and Dumas, a reviewer passes on to the discussion of some present-day volume, by a new or little-known author. There are always a certain number of careless or hasty readers who bring away with them a vague impression that, because the new writer and the old have been mentioned in adjacent paragraphs, it must have been the reviewer's intention to place them in the same category. Yet, even at the risk of such misunderstanding, this seems to be the proper time to speak of *Weeping Cross,* by Henry Longan Stuart, and to speak rather emphatically; because, whatever place may eventually be assigned to it by critical opinion, the fact will not be altered that the characters in it are alive, vitally, painfully alive—as much alive, for instance, as the characters in a modern story by Robert Herrick, or Joseph Conrad; alive to a degree achieved by no living writer of historical fiction, with the single exception of Maurice Hewlett. The book is eminently worth reading. Accordingly, do not be deterred by the first impression that you receive, of its being a seventeenth century chronicle of Puritan New England, a chronicle of the type that has been given us much too bountifully, since the popularity of *Richard Carvel, Janice Meredith* and *To Have and to Hold* encouraged a host of imitators. As a matter of fact, *Weeping Cross* has nothing in common with these books. It happens, to be sure, to be laid in the days when Massachusetts was a scarcely settled colony, and when the physical hardships of life in Boston were in keeping with the gloomy austerity of the moral atmosphere. All this is sketched in, with an assured touch, as a necessary and vital part of the historic background. But the real story is bigger and broader than the limitations of a particular race or epoch. It is one of those intimate human dramas that may belong to any age or country, provided the outward conditions of life are ripe for it. Many a man has thought it a sin to love a certain woman—and none the less has gone on loving her, though it be to the everlasting damnation of his soul and hers. In this particular case, the man happens to be one Richard Fitzsimons, a young Irish cavalier, whom fate first destined for the priesthood, but before his final vows were taken, snatched him from it and made a soldier of him—a soldier who is two-thirds theologian and can reconcile his conscience to the bloody deeds of war only by vowing to accept with meekness every sort of indignity in times of peace. Such is the man who, in the course of the Wars of the League is captured by Cromwell's soldiers, shipped to the colonies and bound over, for ten years, to a servitude that is essentially slavery, as the leather collar, rivetted around his neck, abundantly testifies. By good luck, his master lives on the boundary line of the new colony, on the very threshold of the primeval forest; he is spared the humiliation of a slave's life in the midst of men and women who, for the most part, were once socially beneath him. But his master has a daughter, a young widow, in the rich glow of full womanhood—a woman embittered by the disillusion of an unhappy marriage, who is hungry for love and tenderness, who feels instinctively the big-hearted nature of her father's new servitor, and loves him boldly, recklessly, refusing to be denied. To Richard Fitzsimons, royalist and Jesuit, the love of any woman, even though sanctified by marriage, stands for sin—while the love of Agnes Bartlett, his master's daughter, doubly removed by the laws of Church and State alike, is the unpardonable transgression. Accordingly, the story of *Weeping Cross* is the chronicle of a soul's struggle against overmastering temptation; the chronicle of a love, the very magnitude of which endows it with a certain dignity and justification; and which sweeps onward inevitably to its logical and foredoomed expiation. If all so-called historical novels succeeded so well in making us forget the gap that lies between their epoch and our own, between their standards of ethics and morality, and our standards of today, then the chief stigma which, in the eyes of the modern realist, rests upon the

novel of bygone days would be at once removed.

An interesting contrast is offered by the latest volume which we owe to the industrious collaboration of Agnes and Egerton Castle, and which bears the brief and enigmatic title of *Wroth*. There is, in all the writings of the Castles, a certain deliberate and wilful note of exaggeration, an almost confessed intention to write as glowingly as the resources of verbal colouring and rich imagery may achieve. Hurley Priory, the central scene of *Wroth*, is not merely a picturesque ruin belonging to the estate of a family that has for several generations lived recklessly—it is, as we gather from the opening page, "a sermon against the wild race that laid waste its ancient glories"; an inheritance that holds "a mighty curse"; a sanctuary that has stood "with something of a martyr's dignity at the mercy of the tormentor." In other words, a former head of the house of Wroth, being robbed by the Church of his bride, had wreaked vengeance by deliberately desecrating the Priory, and for generations it remained a place for infamous orgies, and "on the sanctuary daïs the Wroths still pledged brimmers across what had once been the sacred stone." The special story that the Castles have to tell is how the youngest lord of Wroth was, one wild night, interrupted in the height of his revel by the advent, all against her will, of the Lady Juliana, the youthful bride of an aged and decrepit Italian nobleman; how he knew and she knew, when first their eyes met, that life held nothing more that was worth the living, if they could not have each other; how they conquered themselves and went their separate ways; and how, a year later, when the Italian nobleman had gone the way of all flesh and the Lady Juliana returned to England, for the purpose of letting the head of the house of Wroth know of her freedom, she found him advertising for a wife—because, forsooth, by the terms of a certain will, he must marry within two days or lose a vast fortune; and without that fortune the Lord of Wroth will be not only impoverished but dishonoured. Heavily veiled, the Lady Juliana answers the advertisement, in company with a host of brazen women; has the additional shame of seeing the man she loves pass her by, unseeingly, and pick out in her stead the most degraded of the assembled applicants; then, still bent on saving him from himself, she secretly visits the woman he has chosen, and buys from her the privilege of marrying him in her place. It is hard to believe that a man, loving hopelessly, desperately, a woman whom he believes beyond his reach, would consent to degrade his name by union with a common courtesan, no matter how large a fortune is involved; it is harder still to believe that he could go through the marriage ceremony with the woman he loves without once suspecting that a substitution has been made; but hardest of all is the tax on our credulity that follows the wedding, when Lord Wroth becomes aware that Juliana is free and in England, when he goes to her, passionately declaring his love, cursing his folly in having bound himself to another, and losing self-control in the conflict of emotions, vows that Juliana shall be his, in spite of laws human and divine—and she, knowing all the while that she is legally his wife, that she loves him as deeply and lastingly as he loves her, and that she has only a word to speak, in order to transform the universe for them both, refuses to speak that word! And the reason that she refuses to speak it is because she is disappointed to find that his love for her is earthly as well as spiritual; that he is willing, in the bitterness of his despair, to offer her the stigma of dishonour. The consequent conflict between love and supersensitive pride is depicted by the Castles with their customary and persuasive art; yet no degree of art can alter the fact that the problems here dealt with belong to the realm of romanticism, and not to the sane and practical common sense of the world in which we move and have our being.

It is not necessary to be in sympathy with Miss Mary Johnston and the type of work that she is trying in all sincerity to produce, in order to recognise the commendable qualities of her style, the vividness of her landscape painting, the

nice sense one gets of sky and field and water, with the scent of flowers and song of birds, and a pervading presence of out-door life and animate nature. Furthermore, whether she pictures the Virginia of the seventeenth century or the eighteenth, it is always unmistakably Virginia, and no other place in the wide world. She undoubtedly has a rather true eye for the half tones of local colour, has Miss Mary Johnston! But having conceded these qualities, the reader who is not in sympathy with the stereotyped colonial novel will find it just as hard, and no harder, to arouse any enthusiasm over *Lewis Rand,* as it was over *To Have and to Hold* and *Prisoners of Hope.* In the school of fiction which she represents, Miss Johnston stands easily at the head. Her books are better than the *Janice Meredith* type, on the one hand, not merely because of the finer literary quality, but because they take themselves much more seriously, as pictures of life; and on the other hand, they are better novels than the *Richard Carvel* type, because her characters are always alive, although sometimes moribund, while Mr. Churchill's best portraitures not infrequently leave the impression of a post mortem. And the fault which, in different degrees, all the novels of this school have in common, is the over-emphasis of the historic background, the tendency to forget that the best historic novel is the novel that is first, last and always a novel, and history only in a secondary and subservient sense. With these general principles clearly in mind, it is only fair to concede that this new story of a Virginia boy, son of an underbred "tobacco roller," who is befriended by Jefferson, marries into one of the most exclusive families of the Virginia aristocracy, and then ruins his chances by participation in the Aaron Burr conspiracy, is a well-imagined and strongly told tale, within the limitations laid down by the conventions of this particular kind of story telling. Undoubtedly, the wide and still widening circle of Miss Johnston's admirers will find in *Lewis Rand* valid grounds for believing that in her chosen field she has gained, in the interval since her last novel, not only strength and breadth, but a finer understanding of the subtleties of life.

"Lewis Rand"

"Thou Fool!"

Mr. J. J. Bell, who is still best known as the creator of *Wee MacGregor,* has just written another volume, more ambitious in scope than any of his earlier work, and on the whole eminently successful in depicting the consequences of utter selfishness on the part of a man who makes the mistake of thinking that money will buy everything. *Thou Fool!* is the story of a young Scotchman, whose mother, anxious to give her boy the best possible training for the hard way before him, unwisely teaches him that his sole duty is "to better himself in any way that he can." She little foresees that when her death leaves him alone and penniless he will systematically apply her precepts, regardless of the claims of gratitude, kinship and natural affection; that he will turn against the humble shop-keeper, behind whose counters he has learned the rudiments of trade; and, instead of leaving his native village, set up a rival shop, and deliberately undersell and eventually bankrupt his former employer, who happens also to be the father of the girl he is destined to love. This first successful business stroke encourages young Robert Barker to branch out, little by little, setting up other shops in adjacent villages, always being careful to choose communities in which there is not more than one rival shop, run by some aged, conservative, unenterprising person, who may easily be trodden down and shoved aside. So well does this system of ruthless crowding out of rivals prosper him, that before long Robert Barker is a capitalist, a person of consequence in London, with a big central office and branch shops all over the United Kingdom. What is more, social recognition, even a title, are his for the asking, now that he has money to pave the way. But there is just one thing that seems to elude him, and that is the love of the only woman he has ever cared to look at a second time—Elsie Glen, the daughter of the old shop-keeper whom he drove to suicide. To a man of Robert Barker's cast of mind, it seems in-

credible that there should be anything beyond the reach of money—anything that refuses to sell itself, if not for hundreds, then for thousands; if not for thousands, then for millions. That is why he refuses to believe, even in the face of her repeated denials, that Elsie Glen does not love him, never will love him, never will marry him, either with or without love. And he keeps on refusing to believe this, refusing to admit a possibility of ultimate failure, until the dramatic moment when he learns that she has placed herself permanently beyond the reach of his persistence and the temptation of his money. And after this knowledge has been borne in upon him, it really makes no difference whether he lives on in embittered loneliness or, as the author tells us, shortly after dies; the story is really told and the curtain rung down at the moment when the self-made millionaire learns that Elsie is married already—to a poor, unsuccessful, not over-honest man, who possesses the one great advantage, that she loves him. A strong story, admirably told. And while it is in no sense a story of historical interest, it has that best of all historic backgrounds that stamps it indelibly and unmistakably as the product of its day and generation.

"The Land of the Living"

The title of Maude Radford Warren's novel, *The Land of the Living,* may be taken in more ways than one; but at least it suggests somewhat emphatically that whatever historic background it may have is taken from present-day history. There is a good deal of skilful portraiture in the book, and a good deal of shrewd understanding of human nature—just enough, in fact, to make it a book rather easily over-praised, and branded with foolish utterances about "heart interest" and "ideals of life." As a matter of fact, *The Land of the Living* is a simple, clear-eyed picture of a small group of middle-class people, who are eminently worth getting acquainted with; a certain quantity of unsavoury ward politics, a modicum of boarding-house table talk, with a strong colouring of primitive emotions, love and generosity, jealousy and treachery—all drawn, from first-hand observation, very much in the manner of Brand Whitlock's *13th District,* or a less familiar novel of the same period, *J. Devlin, Boss.* It is merely a straightforward chronicle of how big John Callahan, the district boss, gave Hugh MacDermott his start in life; how, against his own judgment, he put the lad through college; how he suffered silently when the young man, catching the contagion of reform politics, turned against his benefactor; how his own affection for Hugh never wavers, throughout the younger man's checkered, yet slowly mounting career; and how, in spite of rebuffs and temporary ingratitude, it is the old Irishman's big-hearted affection and shrewd understanding of character that ultimately wins for his protégé a fair Irish wife and a great future in which the highest political gifts of the nation are open to him. A book to be cordially commended and read with quiet enjoyment.

"Cousin Cinderella"

A year or so ago, Mrs. Everard Cotes gave forth a distinctly clever little volume entitled *An American Girl in London,* in which certain superficial peculiarities of English life were satirised with humorous understanding, and some of the deeper differences touched upon with indulgent irony. This earlier success she has now followed up with a kindred volume, under the title *Cousin Cinderella,* in which she narrates the adventures of a Canadian girl, visiting London for the first time. It is a pleasantly desultory volume, one of the kind that has no very definite thread of plot, and is not expected to have. At times the humour is spread a trifle thin; but that is not surprising, because the very indulgence of the author's whole tone betrays the fact that she is really largely in sympathy with the life and the people she is satirising—and with the best intentions in the world, it is impossible to keep up anything like a prolonged sparkle of satire, without a certain grain of malice in it. Nevertheless, there is a good deal of quiet laughter in *Cousin Cinderella;* and the better one knows London, the more one will be inclined to enjoy the book.

It is well, in judging fiction, to have a broad and tolerant mind; it is well, for instance, to be able to recognise that extravaganzas of the Jules Verne type have as good a right to exist as the serious social studies of Thackeray, of Balzac, of Tolstoy. But within its own class, a novel must justify its existence by living up to what is expected of it—and the fault with *Lentala*, the latest volume by W. C. Morrow, is that this is what, as a whole, it fails to do. It is not the first story, nor the last, of a shipwrecked crew, cast away on a volcanic island in the South Pacific. And the very fact that this situation has been handled before, and handled more than once with graphic power, sets a standard that is not easy to live up to. In Mr. Morrow's story, the king of the race of savages who inhabit the uncharted and unknown island in question, has for years made a practice of destroying all the unfortunate sailors who from time to time are cast upon his shores. This time, however, a whole shipload of colonists have arrived, men, women and children—far too large a number to be summarily dealt with, and only to be managed by guile and treachery. The book is nothing more than an account, somewhat uninspired, and much too long, of the savages' attempts to hoodwink and destroy the white invaders, and the white men's final conquest, thanks to the timely aid of a volcano, an earthquake and a thunder-storm. There is also an adopted daughter of the cannibal king, who figures somewhat largely in the book, under at least three different names, and several distinct colours of skin, and who finally turns out a white girl and marries the hero, in true fairy-book style. Nevertheless the book is somewhat saddening. One is apt to forget, in between times, that such cheap sensationalism is ever written.

"Lentala"

Frederic Taber Cooper.

FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Lord Morley's "Miscellanies"*

"Commonplace, after all," says Lord Morley in his essay on Macchiavelli, "is exactly what contains the truths that are indispensable." The reflective portions of this and the other essays in his fourth volume of *Miscellanies* were apparently written in a spirit of deep reverence for this principle. There are six of these essays besides the one on Macchiavelli—a paper on Guicciardini, an anniversary discourse on John Stuart Mill and four very discursive reviews: of Frederic Harrison's *New Calendar of Great Men*, Lecky's *Democracy and Liberty*, Frederic Harrison's *Theophano*, and Hobhouse's *Democracy and Reaction*. They are all admirable examples of that secondary class of criticism in which men lean heavily on other men's phrases. Literature with Lord Morley has always seemed the scholarly diversion of a politician, just as his politics have seemed to some the diversion of a literary man. His writings have the colours of his intellectual environment—pleasing colours, for the environment is admirable, a mosaic of the best writers in the world. It is hard to imagine Lord Morley thinking long about anything he had read. He would be likely to pause only to take notes and then read further. Thus does he accumulate treasure and pass it on. Few men fulfil the office better. There are two classes of critics: the transmuters and the transmitters. The transmuters are the men whose minds leave an impression on what passes through them, who please by a force that is elemental and beyond analysis. The transmitters, on the other hand, leave things exactly as they found them. Prob-

*Miscellanies. By Lord Morley. Vol. IV. 341 pages. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1908.

ably no amount of industry would place Lord Morley in the former class, but with his clear style, wide reading and ever present note-book, he is one of the most delightful of transmitters that we have. Pride of opinion you will find in him and partisanship, but it varies with what he absorbs. Thus, in his life of Cromwell he was accused of reading the times too much in the light of modern questions, and one critic went so far as to hint at "a taint of subjectivism." He was a partisan of course—a faithful mind will reflect its partisan sources—but "taint of subjectivism" is absurd. No man is more a creature of literary circumstances. These circumstances are far too varied to admit of any single form of partisanship. His estimates of Macchiavelli and Guicciardini are quite free from the bias of British liberalism and twentieth century progress. In his essay on "Democracy and Reaction" he says:

> If I were asked what is the animating faith of not only political liberalism all over the civilised world to-day, but also of hosts of men and women who could not tell us of what school they are, the answer would be that what guides, inspires, and sustains modern democracy is conviction of upward and onward progress in the destinies of mankind. It is startling to think how new is this conviction; to how many of the world's master-minds what to us is the most familiar and most fortifying of all great commonplaces was unknown. Scouring a library, you come across a little handful of fugitive and dubious sentences in writers of ancient and mediæval time. Bacon's saying, also to be found a long time earlier in Esdras, about antiquity of time being the world's youth, was, as everybody knows, a pregnant hint, but it hardly announced the gospel of progress as now held by most English-speaking persons. Modern belief in human progress had no place among ideals even in the eighteenth century, if we take Voltaire, Montesquieu, Diderot for their exponents; and Rousseau actually thought the history of civilisation a record of the fall of man. Turgot, followed by his faithful disciple Condorcet, first brought into full light as a governing law of human things the idea of social progress, moral progress, progress in manners and institutions.

It is an open mind with a great many desirable things running in and out, unimpeded by personal crotchets of any kind. It would naturally have little in common with the angularities of an intellect like Mr. Lecky's, whose writings will have for most of us a greater charm. "If Mr. Lecky's literary method is bad," says he, after an unfavourable showing, "I fear that his philosophic temper must be called much worse." Equanimity is the virtue that Lord Morley especially admires. He deplores its absence in Mr. Lecky's *Democracy and Liberty*—

> If the distinguished author of these two volumes had only cultivated this temper; if he had even been under the wholesome compulsion of working with other people; if, like Mill, he had forbidden himself to be indignant and dispirited because the heedless world insists on revolving on its own axis instead of on his; he might well have given us a contribution to political thought which should be stimulating, enlightening and even practically helpful. As it is, we move in an air of pitchy gloom.

But taking the ups and downs of Mr. Lecky's temperament and all his imperfections into account, one had rather read him in a bad temper than a large and very good-humoured part of Lord Morley's *Miscellanies*.

These essays all bear witness to a long and comfortable perusal of standard volumes without any inconvenient intellectual resilience. They are the result of accretion, not of any personal thinking, and they please so much by their air of leisure and good company that we hardly realise how little Lord Morley himself has to say. The paper on Guicciardini will serve as well as any other for the purpose of illustration. In the first place, what have great men thought of Guicciardini—Cavour, Macaulay, Bolingbroke, Ranke, Charles V.? Then a sketch of Guicciardini's life is given with quotations from his writings. At the age of fifty-two Guicciardini lost his influence and went into retirement. How have great men behaved in retirement? Clarendon was disgraced and exiled at the age of fifty-nine. Some men give way to chagrin; others do not. "Though men are often spoiled by success in the

world, still more are spoiled by failure." "Various are the attitudes of men toward the outside unseen divinity—Fortune, Chance, Necessity, Force of Circumstance—when it overthrows them." There are opportunities here for other general reflections of this nature, and Lord Morley is equal to them. Then there are the classic "consolations" of those who hung on princes' favours—Seneca, the friend of Nero; Boethius, the friend of Theodoric. *Quam celeriter quatit pennas,* but Lord Morley did not quote this; it was Colonel Newcome. Guicciardini consoles himself by recounting the part he played in public affairs and thinking how well he played it. Lord Morley prefers "the simple concision of Thucydides"—

It befell me to be an exile from my country for twenty years after my command at Amphipolis.

Guicciardini remained "a man of the world to the last," temperate, reserved, prudent. This prudence did not spring in him "from the trait noted by Aristotle (Rhet. II., 13) in elderly men—a fondness for only saying 'I think,' never 'I know,' and for larding their argument with 'perhaps' and 'possibly.' Experience had taught him that government is the most complex of subjects, and general maxims about the most in need of caution." He was more moderate than Macchiavelli. On the other hand, he lacked certain good qualities possessed by other great writers—"the geniality of Commynes," the "good humour of Bacon," the "amiability of Montesquieu, the insight of La Bruyère or Paruta." Like the other Italians of his time, he would have been incapable of saying with Bacon, "The nobler a soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath," or of agreeing with Pascal's ideal of the heavenly order in which the saints are kings and captains least. Contrast him with Savonarola and with Dante. And so we might run on to the end of the essay, with a tediousness that is all our own, for it is the skill with which he interweaves quotations and arranges other people's thoughts that make the result agreeable. The main point is that it is an admirable example of what may be termed the purely passive essay. Nowhere in the thick meshes of allusion can the writer of it be discerned. Nowhere is there a thought in it which he could call a "poor thing, but mine own." It is only fair in conclusion to quote a portion of the text:

Prudential counsels by code and system can hardly ever be in the highest sense attractive. A modern who in his studies came across the private note-books of Mazarin (one of the two great Italians who have governed France, and deeply marked by the characteristics of Italian genius a century before his time) is driven to say of them that all this political cookery rather takes away one's appetite, and indeed would make one sick did not one remember that everything *has its kitchen side* (*Palais Mazarin,* par le Comte de Laborde, II., 124). Abhor all the pretensions of the Pharisee as heartily as ever we will, there is something repulsive in the thought of a man starting every day with a dose of *Ricordi,* and coming forth from his chamber having given all the freshness of the morning hour to sharpening his rapier or charging his pistols for the daily duel with fortune and his fellow-creatures. The world has more liking for one who practises the pregnant maxim, *Seekest thou great things, seek them not;* and it often looks as if this lofty heedlessness, in spite of what Guicciardini may say, were as politic as it is certainly wise in wisdom's sense.

It may move a friendly smile to notice that nobody has so many biting things to say about the selfishness and duplicity of mankind as one who has made it the whole business of his life to use mankind as the ladder for his own advancement. Nobody in all the world is so ready to play wounded benefactor as the self-seeker out of luck. Guicciardini is less unkind to his fellow-mortals than observers of his stamp usually are. He is not blind to the weakness of our poor species as a whole; but he sees them redeemed by the worth of the elect. Like Goethe, he would say "that in their faults one recognises Mankind, in excellencies the Individual; shortcomings and the chances and changes of life have we all in common, but virtues belong to each man in particular." "Do not be afraid of benefiting men," says Guicciardini, "simply because you see ingratitude so common; for besides that a temper of kindness in itself, and without any other object, is a generous quality and in a way di-

vine, you now and again find somebody exhibiting such gratitude as richly to make up for the ingratitude of all the rest."

C. M. Francis.

II

Mrs. Ward's "The Testing of Diana Mallory"*

Whatever attenuation of substance one may be conscious of in Mrs. Ward's later work has been very nearly—perhaps quite—offset by an increase of the sensitiveness, the mobile play of feeling, which has always given her stories their real charm. We have borne with the religion and the politics of her Elsmeres and her Tressadys because they were, after all, human enough to be in love and to suffer, because, above all, of the warm feminine presences which, in one capacity or another, attend them on their way. And we have been always held by the flow of her narrative. There is no beating about or harking back. She will, to be sure, have her passages of religious or political byplay, but it is easy to skip them as interpolations—stepping-stones across the stream of which we do not care to make use. The current moves on unimpeded, with a quiet celerity, and carries us with it. These stories are of a kind which one is disposed to make an end of at a sitting, however long—a fact which, by one of the paradoxes which seem to determine the character of popular periodicals, no doubt gives them their serial value.

The Testing of Diana Mallory is not a great novel; it is a moving tale. Diana herself is a figure of appealing grace, who at last wins to the dubious joy of union with the weakling to whom she has given her heart. It is not, one perceives, a question of great or single-mindedness, but of the love of woman. What does she love?

The plot is on the face of it old-fashioned to the point of quaintness. It is *Framley Parsonage* over again, only the heroine's disqualification in the maternal mind is somewhat more serious than in the case of Lucy Robarts. The Lady Lucy Markham of this tale is that established *dea ex machina* of the English novel, the dowager who holds the family purse, thinks only of the family name, and is able and willing to cut off the grown-up son with a shilling if he marries without her consent. Oliver Markham is a man of ambition and ability, and, with the aid of his mother's great wealth, is placed in his late thirties well beyond the rank and file of his fellow-radicals. He is already among the prominent figures of his party, and seems to be in line for the highest honours. Thus late comes to him his first serious test of character. Diana Mallory is the daughter of an Englishman of means and refinement. The mother has died a few years after her marriage, and the father has expatriated himself, bringing up his daughter in a retired villa of the Riviera, and never returning to England. His death releases the girl—now indeed fairly a woman—from what she has always felt to be exile. She flies "home" to England, and takes an old house in the country, almost at random. The neighbourhood chances to be that of Markham, who has visited the Mallorys in Italy. She is taken up by his mother, and actually recommended by her to Markham as a possible wife. In no long time he proposes marriage and is accepted. Then the bolt falls; the terrible reason of her father's exile is divulged to her and to Markham. The haughty Lady Lucy, of course, forbids the match, with the usual threats of disinheritance, and the usual letter to the hapless Diana, representing it as her duty to her lover and to society to release him from his promise of marriage. And now Markham promptly shows himself the poltroon who, if we are to credit the repeated asseverations of the British novelist, is the familiar product of British convention. He has only a paltry thousand a year himself, and Diana has but a few more, while the price of filial obedience will be, in time, a round twenty thousand. He is a radical in theory, with a leaning toward socialism, but in practice he is the pampered and dependent offspring of great wealth. While he is telling himself that money is necessary to his political ca-

*The Testing of Diana Mallory. By Mrs. Humphry Ward. New York: Harper and Brothers.

reer, he is perfectly aware that it is also necessary for his horses, his Scotch moors, the thousand luxuries which make up his life. There is, in fact, nothing that he is willing to sacrifice for the woman who has just given herself to him with such touching abandon. In America, one reflects—but perhaps not in "the best society"—a person of this kind would be disposed of as a cad, a good-for-nothing, a negligible quantity. We are, Heaven knows, a race of money-grubbers and spendthrifts, but it does not occur to us to admire the man who refuses to sell his sweetheart for a few millions. But it is clear that Mrs. Ward is prepared to admire her Markham if he pass that arduous test, and so, of course, is her Diana. And when Markham perfunctorily and insultingly proposes to stick to his word because he has given it, we are expected to regard him with disappointment, with sorrow, with some tincture of anger even, but not with contempt. For to the trans-atlantic mind, family property being a shibboleth and family pride a religion, the question which confronts Markham seems a real question. Public opinion, to be sure, condemns his negative answer of it. His decision turns out to be a tactical blunder, which, re-enforced by an act of political turpitude, loses him his place in the party, his seat in Parliament, and his health. Diana saves the wreck of him, and thinks it worth saving. What does she love?

On the face of it, I say, the plot is as old as the hills. But Diana Mallory is not a Lucy Robarts or a Fanny Price. She suggests a reversion toward that type, but there is a wilder strain in her blood. The unhappy mother whose memory is a stain in the eyes of the world was a woman of the Lady Kitty Ashe type—a milder, more amenable Lady Kitty, whom desperate circumstance brings to the saddest downfall or nearly the saddest—a product of our modern and fashionable neurasthenia. Diana's ardour, her thirst for joy, her palpitant eagerness for living, her intellectual ardour, are strange modern companions for that infinite humility which seems always to determine her action, the inheritance of far generations. Yes, it is a moving figure and a moving tale; one hardly knows in what mood to look forward to Diana's eventual years with the man or idea or memory or whatever she loves—whatever is represented to her by the name of Markham. It is Mrs. Ward's way always to leave us with some little puzzle of the kind.

H. W. Boynton.

III

Mr. White's "The Riverman."*

This is the story of a man's fight against a river. Also it is the story of a struggle between honesty and grit on one side, of dishonesty and shrewdness on the other. It is a big, bold story, with no intricacies and very little "plot." Its very lack of pretension develops into one of its strongest recommendations. Mr. White has done an excellent piece of writing, and a good many people are going to say it is his best book.

The Riverman brings us back to the Michigan woods of the book with which its author's name is most often linked—*The Blazed Trail,* six years ago discovered by a few hundred discriminative readers, since passed from friendly hand to hand by a great many thousand. Mr. White knows these woods as he knows the mountain slopes and plateaus of the Pacific Coast and the Canadian forests—by living in them. They are home ground with him, and especially is Michigan. There, as a boy, he trained with the lumbermen, witnessed their toil and battles, bunked with them, heard their stories. To something of that kind, indeed, this new book bears insistent testimony. By no method of induction alone could the place and people have been made as real as they are on these pages. But Mr. White's work in general and this new story in particular stands for more than an accurate reproduction of what an attentive eye and ear communicate to a retentive mind. It informs, while it holds us, almost as much because of the absence of facts deliberately put aside from the mass of those proffered by his recollections as because of what he chooses to use. Many a writer, otherwise well

*The Riverman. By Stewart Edward White. New York: The McClure Company.

equipped in a literary way and equally familiar with the men and the operations of cutting and driving logs, had he attempted to describe them in print, would probably have lost his reader in a tangle of details and relatively trivial technicalities. The instinct of selection, aided by good taste, and a certain poetic appreciation, which makes for charm in some of those descriptions of light and shadow, of action and repose so frequently met with in Mr. White's book, is largely responsible for the widespread and deep interest in his tales. Few things are more enticing than that flattering sense of familiarity with the subject which certain writers, notably the writer of *The Riverman,* enable us as readers to experience, and which comes, as it seems to me, from being told just enough to focus attention upon the essentials, the rest being suggested by a deft touch, here and there.

Aside from this happy faculty of selection, Mr. White possesses a gift for plain speaking in the words of every-day speech which fits exactly with the straightforward tales he tells. There have been times, perhaps, when his method exposed him to the criticism of offering a narrative in the guise of a "story," but that, again, is as you take it, and certainly *The Riverman* is less likely than are some of its predecessors to suggest such remark. For all its lack of plot it exhibits a deliberate and clean cut plan to develop the character and temperament of its central figure by events which have genesis in existing conditions and natural relation to one another. In this respect the art of Mr. White has made steady progress since he first began to write. Orde, who dominates the present story, is not merely a man set down in the environment of the book and made to run his race to the end. While manv of his qualities are the qualities common to strong men generally and he would probably have won out as surely in quite another walk of life, he belongs indisputably where he is found, is as much a part of the place as are the big trees and the roaring river. All of which effect is easy enough to bring about in the case of minor figures whose action and speech do not throw them at any time into uncompromising relief against a contrasting background, but very different when the scene is shifted and the actors remain the same.

Whether Mr. White has even yet mastered the more difficult task is to be questioned. There is a suspicion of "play to the galleries" in the adventure of Orde with the impolite young man of the New York street car, and some of us may not be willing to be carried off our feet so quickly by the conquering march of the hero into the heart of Carroll Bishop. But this last at least we may refer to the fine enthusiasm for Orde which the writer plainly shares with his reader and without which the story would not grip us as it does. It is a fault, rooted in so rare a virtue as to make the wisdom of attempting its correction doubtful. Finally, there is promise as well as immediate satisfaction in the thought that *The Riverman,* all in all, represents an advance artistically, if we confine consideration to the author's novels.

To try to outline Mr. White's story would be to tell it all in advance. But it is to be heartily recommended to any and every one who likes a tale of action that is American through and through, that has no tinge of melodrama, an occasional incident excepted, but that has thrills in plenty, and is pervaded with a bouyant spirit of optimism and rugged health which is good for mind and body. It is the kind of book which those who like such books at all—and happily they are a big and growing class—read with zest a second and a third time.

Churchill Williams.

IV

Mr. Chambers's "The Firing Line."*

Kitchen-maids and grocers' boys find a peculiar joy in devouring the pages of romances dedicated to the doings of "the smart set"; we are all, at times, kitchen-maids and grocers' boys. Polite condolences are due the unhappy person who cannot, once in a thousand books, simply revel in the absorbed contemplation of a superior class of beings, moving in a world where steam yachts and automobiles and shooting preserves and mountain "camps" are matters of course, yet

*The Firing Line. By Robert W. Chambers. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

preserving still the signs of their common humanity, loving and hating and doing even commoner things quite as you and I might. To be introduced auspiciously to these wonderful creatures, to be placed for a time on intimate terms with them, is, I contend, an experience that we ought all to welcome; that most of us do welcome. Mr. Chambers, as a sort of licensed guide to the region, performs the introductions skilfully. What wonder that his books are widely sought, and that the latest one is at this moment, as we may suppose, in the hands of some thousands of readers?

Doubtless these great ones of the life of fashion are susceptible of being viewed in more than one light. The attitude of abject worship of the Miss Braddons and Mary J. Holmeses may be ignored; if we were ever taken in by it, the time is now past. In these later days we have Mrs. Wharton unmasking them in the cold light of her intelligence; Mr. Sinclair painting them in lurid colours as beasts or demons. Mr. Chambers seems to have arrived at the best way of regarding them. He treats them with an easy familiarity that is almost awe-inspiring; the idea being, one supposes, to show their essential humanness. "Here is your much abused, much talked-of smart set," Mr. Chambers seems to say. "You see, some of them are rather cynical and reckless and dissipated, and some decidedly decent and unselfish. They have their ambitions and disappointments, and though they are not all game, the best of them are about the best to be found anywhere." Well, they need a defender, poor things; and the eloquent plea of one who knows them so well will not be unheeded.

And so Mr. Chambers takes us to Palm Beach, which is, one learns, the place for the annual field manœuvres of the army of idle rich. You soon discover that this designation does not fit all whom it is supposed to cover. Hamil, the hero, is a poor young landscape gardener who works himself close to death in his devotion to his profession. Neville Cardross is rich but not idle. Even Louis Malcourt, who must do for villain, is the salaried manager of his friend Portlaw's Adirondack "camp." But they all belong, by right of birth or of money, to the elect. Their talk and their manners are perfectly adapted to their station in life. They always wear the right clothes, and they are capable of a classical allusion now and then. With subtle realism, Mr. Chambers takes care that they shall not speak too correctly. The heroine tells her lover that she releases him "to that not impossible she," and they are all prone to say "under the circumstances" —which is at least more human than the "in the circumstances" of Mrs. Wharton's more academically polished personages.

The story, like other good stories, suffers from the fact that it is based on a rather ancient situation—that of the innocent girl secretly married to a man whom she does not love. But as this happens before Mr. Chambers has taken his characters in hand, perhaps he is not to be held responsible for it. Granted the situation, the complications that ensue before the heroine can be liberated are not preposterous. And the characters are throughout simple and understandable. Young Garry Hamil is the kind of young man whom you like from the beginning because you are intended to like him. Shiela Cardross is quite as adorable as her name. As for Louis Malcourt, he enters as a conventional cynical young man of high society, develops a capacity for unselfishness and consideration that threatens the pre-eminence of the hero, and finally stalks to the centre of the stage, thrusting aside his friend Hamil that he may make his exit from life in the manner of a true hero of melodrama. The character not only grows and develops under your eye; it changes radically. Probably Mr. Chambers had no such complex creature in mind when he set out on the unravelling of his tale, and Louis took possession of the story in spite of the author.

It is not to be supposed that *The Firing Line* is nothing more than a mere love story. Mr. Chambers has learned the trick too well to offer his many-mouthed public anything so simple. We are grown exigent in these matters; every author who would please us must bring us novelties, tickle a jaded appetite with this or that unaccustomed spice. Next to his

complete familiarity with the world of the unco' smart, Mr. Chambers's special "line" is outdoors life. Whether or not you have camped in a Florida forest, you will enjoy his picture of the experience, his stories of game and snakes, his discourse of woodcraft and learned talk of rare butterflies. But even this is not enough. Out of deference to a prevailing mode, the tale has a picturesque fringe of supernaturalism. Louis holds communion with his deceased male parent, and in the end betakes himself off the stage in a manner spiritually recommended to him. There is a table-tipping scene so preposterous that I anticipate a solemn statement from author and publishers proclaiming it a literal report of some actual occurrence. These are the elements that the popular author, the genius, of to-day throws in for good measure. And yet the story remains the real thing—a good, honest, likable story, about a decent, likable set of people. who, if they are a trifle too sentimental, are at least not disfigured by an undue loftiness of brow.

Ward Clark.

V

F. Hopkinson Smith's "Peter"*

F. Hopkinson Smith is an optimist by temperament and by philosophy. His characters, too, are seen through a haze of charity and sympathy, which gives his novels their charm and their limitations. *Peter* is no exception. It is a characteristic story, betraying all the recognisable qualities of the author; it is well-bred, nicely written, with a painter's instinct for light and shade, constructed with an engineer's sense of form, and it glamours with the usual suspicion of personal reminiscence and autobiographic impressions.

The scene, as in *Oliver Horn*, is laid a few decades ago in New York, when the Century Club was down town, Harlem a pilgrimage, and just when the city was beginning to hear the encroaching hum of the fierce financial intensity which is burning the nation to-day. Peter, an amiable gentleman of long descent and cultivated tastes, is more than an example of the old school: he is a protest. As receiving teller in his bank he stands for the conservatism of legitimate banking, as opposed to the nervous marginal speculation and wild cat investment of the day. This is the dominant *motif* of the book and the technical hero, a young impulsive fellow, is swayed between these two extremes of our financial life. In the process of finding himself, which makes the story, he is brought into contact with many quaint people, including Peter and his unforgettable sister Felicia: it is their charm and sincerity which serves as a restraining influence when he actually fights the more strenuous battles in the world. He is an extremely conventional young hero and marches properly to his sweetheart and his success. But, ultimately, in solving his problem, he typifies that which will be the best spirit for the future—the tempering conservatism of the past touched with the energy of the present.

Peter is not a vigorous book, but it makes interesting reading. It contains many gentle indictments of our modern money madness and frequent sly digs at the social professionalists. The author is at his best, too, when he recalls the functions of the past and decries, always politely, the studied sociability of the present. In this respect his new novel contains suggestion of *The Romance of an Old Fashioned Gentleman* and *Oliver Horn;* and surely Peter himself must have known Colonel Carter as well as Adam Gregg. There is a strong family likeness among the old gentlemen, and one must confess rather a fondness for them all.

Yet while lingering over the fragrance of old days and quaint personalities, the author in *Peter* never once underestimates what is splendid and strong in the life of the present. His own profession prevents him from becoming over-sentimental, and, as in *Caleb West* and *Tides of Barnegat,* this novel contains vivid pictures of those who are bridling nature.

George Middleton.

*Peter. By F. Hopkinson Smith. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

TEN YEARS LATER—THE MOST CELEBRATED CASE IN HISTORY

BY ALVAN F. SANBORN

In Two Parts—Part II

OF the five Ministers of War dubbed by the Dreyfusards "the prevaricating Ministers," Cavaignac (who, in spite of the abuse heaped upon him by his opponents, must go down to history as the person who rendered the first revision possible by extorting a confession from Henry) died three years ago, recalcitrant and combative to the end. Billot, who was a life-senator, is also dead. Chanoine keeps up a Paris establishment, but spends much of his time in the country at Anglure, in the Marne district. De Freycinet, at eighty, continues to be a power in the Senate. Zurlinden, immediately after the exculpation of Dreyfus, announced his submission to the verdict. The same year he published a work upon the War of 1870-71.

Of the chiefs of the famous État-Major, Pellieux is dead. Gonse, incensed by an utterance of Picquart before the Cour de Cassation in 1906, provoked the latter to a duel. Picquart refused to fire, but was not wounded. The retirement of Boisdeffre in the Château de Boisdeffre, in the Sarthe district, has been practically complete. The others, like Boisdeffre, have had no histories. Because they are living unostentatiously either in Paris or on their country estates and systematically hold their peace, all sorts of sensational stories have been circulated regarding the ostracism to which they are subjected and the depths of degradation to which they have sunk; but as old soldiers are not in the habit of setting the world on fire either by their utterances or by their deeds, these stories must be dismissed for the most part as pure inventions.

If, as the preceding pages show, the later careers of the principal actors in the Dreyfus Affair are recalcitrant to the exigencies of the romance, the drama and the dramatic poem, the present lamentable situation of Esterhazy is all that the most ardent believer in poetic justice and avenging Nemesis could desire. When Esterhazy, who had fled to London, had exhausted his documents and had reached the point where he could extort no more money from either Dreyfusards or anti-Dreyfusards, he became the paramour, secretary and runner-in of a French woman, who was the proprietress of a house of ill-fame. At the end of two years this lady, discovering that her protégé had been robbing her systematically, cut him adrift; and since that time he has known the worst extremities. He has suffered hunger and cold and every sort of physical privation, as his husky voice, yellow visage, soiled, frayed linen and worn, rusty clothes bear pathetic witness. The last account of him (report of the French secret police at London) says in effect: He lives under an assumed name in a cheap hotel of one of the most depressing faubourgs. He stays in bed nearly all day. Toward night, he goes out to lose himself in the tangled streets of the immense city. Once a month, he visits the Post-Office, where he finds a registered letter. He lives on the contents of this and on an occasional translation or an occasional military article he has the luck to place. In 1906, Esterhazy protested in the *Libre Parole* against the contumely that was being heaped upon him in the course of the second revision. He admitted that he had been a swindler, a blackmailer and a *proxénète,* but he defended himself stoutly against having been a traitor; and this defence, to the unspeakable surprise of great numbers of Frenchmen.

was given at least a colour of probability by the findings of certain members of the Court.

A few words regarding several other participants in the earlier stages of the Affair.

President Loëw of the Cour de Cassation retired some years ago, having reached the age limit. He lives in the exclusive Faubourg Saint-Germain, and at eighty is still sufficiently vigorous to travel as far away as Germany, where he is spending the present summer. M. Manau, Procureur-Général of the Court during the first revision, retired, somewhat against his inclination, in 1900 because the Minister of Justice, Monis, wanted his place for a protégé. He with-



MAITRE DEMANGE TO-DAY

The dignified senior counsel in the defence of Dreyfus continues to be the Dreyfus family lawyer, as he was before the Affair. Disliking the limelight as much as Labori enjoys it, he sedulously avoids public notice, but, like Dreyfus, he attends the occasions commemorative of the Affair.



JULES LE MAITRE

The distinguished Academician and critic who took the stump against Dreyfus

drew to a cottage at Vernon, in Normandy, where he lived most simply and where he died in February of the present year, aged nearly eighty-six, leaving by way of heritage only an honoured name. He had continued energetic, clear-minded and young in character to the end. His tomb bears this simple inscription—

JUSTITIA, LEX, VERITAS

Quesnay de Beaurepaire, who created a sensation in 1899 by resigning from the Cour de Cassation because he disapproved of the methods employed by his fellow-judges, is living on his farm at Glouvet (Orne), where he divides his time between literary work, hunting and farming. He has published, since his resignation, *France* (a historical novel) signed with his nom-de-plume, Jules de Glouvet, and *Le Panama et La République* (1900) and *La Conspiration* (1907) signed with his own name. The author claims that the last-named book, which abounded in "revelations," was "stifled in France by an admirably organised conspiracy of silence." M. de Beaurepaire is a frequent contributor to *Le Gaulois* and is at present engaged in writing his memoirs. He is seventy-one years of age.

M. Ballot-Beaupré, who played an important part in the first revision, presided over the public sessions of the Court in 1906. He is now seventy-two years of age.

Paul Déroulède, the Parisian Don Quixote, occasional poet and perpetual and professional patriot, who attempted to lead General Roget and his troops against the Elysée Palace in 1899 and who was condemned to banishment for conspiring against the State, is living calmly, for him, now in Paris and now at his country-seat, having reached an age when it is "easier to sit still than it is to climb trees." He is chiefly engaged in editing his memories of the Franco-Prus-



OCTAVE MIRBEAU

The novelist and dramatist who took the stump in Dreyfus's behalf

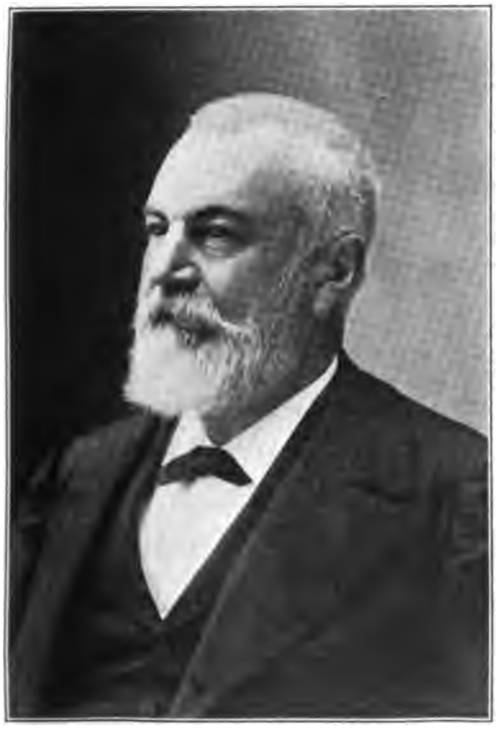
sian War, two volumes of which have already appeared and achieved a considerable success (twenty-four editions of the second volume in twelve days). Jules Guérin, of "Fort-Chabrol" fame, who was condemned to ten years imprisonment for his escapade, received sixteen votes (out of a total 3,000) in the Fort-Chabrol district as "anti-Juif" candidate for the Municipal Council at the Paris elections of last May.

Of the journalists (nearly all politicians also) who espoused the cause of Dreyfus, Cornély, of *Le Figaro,* died last spring, after having been beaten about from pillar to post for a number of years. Arthur Rauc of *Le Radical* died in August of the present year almost an octogenarian. He was editor-in-chief of *L'Aurore* for some time before his death. Clemenceau, of *La Justice, Le Bloc* and *L'Aurore,* is Prime Minister. Jaurès (socialist) of *La Petite République,* now has a paper of his own, *L'Humanité.* Francis de Pressensé, who resigned from *Le Temps* because of his ardent Dreyfusism, has succeeded Trarieux as President of the "League of the Rights of Man," and, having turned socialist, writes for the socialist papers, particularly for *L'Humanité.* The eminent economist, Yves Guyot, of *Le Siècle,* resumed some time ago his interrupted newspaper assaults on protectionism and socialism and has published latterly several meaty volumes on economics. Joseph Reinach, also of *Le Siècle,* continues to write for that paper. He has practically completed his history of the Dreyfus Affair, in which he has not entirely succeeded, perhaps, in recounting contemporaneous events "as if they had occurred in the time of the Carolingians or Merovingians, or at Rome or Byzantium" as he announced his purpose of doing, but which is nevertheless remarkably fair-minded for a work written by one of the leading participants in the exciting events it recounts. M. Reinach was reinstated only last winter in his rank of Captain in the Reserve, from which he



JOSEPH REINACH

Journalist and Deputy, author of a history of the Dreyfus Affair



YVES GUYOT

The eminent economist, who did yeoman service for the Dreyfus cause

was suspended a number of years ago for his articles in *Le Siècle*. The unstable and irresponsible Urbain Gohier (originally a Royalist), who was prosecuted and acquitted for his *L'Armée contre La Nation,* is writing here, there and everywhere as occasion permits.

Of the prominent anti-Dreyfusard journalists, Édouard Drumont, nothing daunted by reverses, continues in *La Libre Parole* his anti-Semitic crusade. Ernest Judet, of *Le Petit Journal,* has become editor-in-chief of *L'Éclair*. Henri Rochefort, although he has lost *L'Intransigeant,* which he founded and conducted for a quarter of a century, has not lost his readers, who have followed him into *La Patrie* and *Le Figaro*. At seventy-eight, he is the most picturesque figure, and, probably, in spite of his vagaries, the best-loved personality in Paris, by reason of his bravery, his wit, his verve and his combativeness.



AN ANTI-ZOLA POST CARD

Most of the politicians who lost their seats during the heated period of the Dreyfus Affair because of their Dreyfusard sympathies have since been returned by their old constituencies or have found new constituencies (under the convenient French system of movable representation) to elect them. In the world of politics, in fact, the revulsion has been complete since the final verdict of innocence was rendered by the Court. The minority of yesterday has become the majority of to-day. The "outs" have become the "ins." Only the members of the Right and certain of the Nationalists maintain an uncompromising attitude. Convinced or not, the members of the Centre, who, having for years based their votes upon respect for the law, are logically driven to accept the new situation, do not venture to oppose seriously the measures of reparation and even of reprisal which the Dreyfusard leaders propose. To intimate that the masters of the hour have revealed a disposition to abuse their victory is to put it mildly indeed. It would be nearer the truth to say that they have revealed an inflexible determination to "rub it in." Rarely, even in France, has the doctrine "to the victors belong the spoils" been more sedulously and systematically applied. In the name of "the laicisation of the State," all the "boys" who were out in the cold have been invited in "to warm their toes." Such, at a given moment, was the scramble for the perquisites of power that even so good a Dreyfusard as Picquart was constrained to observe that the former apostles of justice were "too busy amassing their booty" to think of anything else.

No corresponding revulsion has yet occurred in the nation at large. In spite of the complete exculpation of Dreyfus two years back, the Dreyfus Affair continues to be considered as impenetrable a mystery as the venerable "Affair of the Necklace" by a large body of the French people. Bewildered, wearied and disgusted by the unworthy manœuvres of anti-Dreyfusards and Dreyfusards alike, a monumental indifference, a mighty lassitude, a veritable lethargy (from which

nothing has been able to rouse them since for more than a few days at a time), took possession of the masses as soon as Dreyfus, by Executive pardon, was set free. From that moment, Dreyfus innocent or Dreyfus guilty was all one. If guilty, he had been, perhaps, sufficiently punished. If innocent, the past was to be regretted, of course, but the victim of the judicial error was no longer in durance and was as well or even better off (being possessed of an abundance of this world's goods) than they were themselves. The rehabilitation by which Dreyfus set so much store did not appeal in the least to their somewhat sordid imaginations. All they asked was to be allowed to pursue their daily vocations in peace—to be bothered no more by this perplexing and disquieting affair.

Partly because of this profound apathy and partly because Ullmo made an unequivocal confession, the recent arrest and trial of that Jewish traitor created scarcely a ripple of excitement—notwithstanding the shrieks of *La Libre Parole.* But should the organised attempt, which the anti-Semites predict, ever be made to save Ullmo, by chicanery, from the full consequences of his crime, the scenes of 1898 and 1899 would surely be reenacted with redoubled violence.



QUESNAY DE BEAUREPAIRE

Who created a sensation by resigning from the Cour de Cassation ten years ago



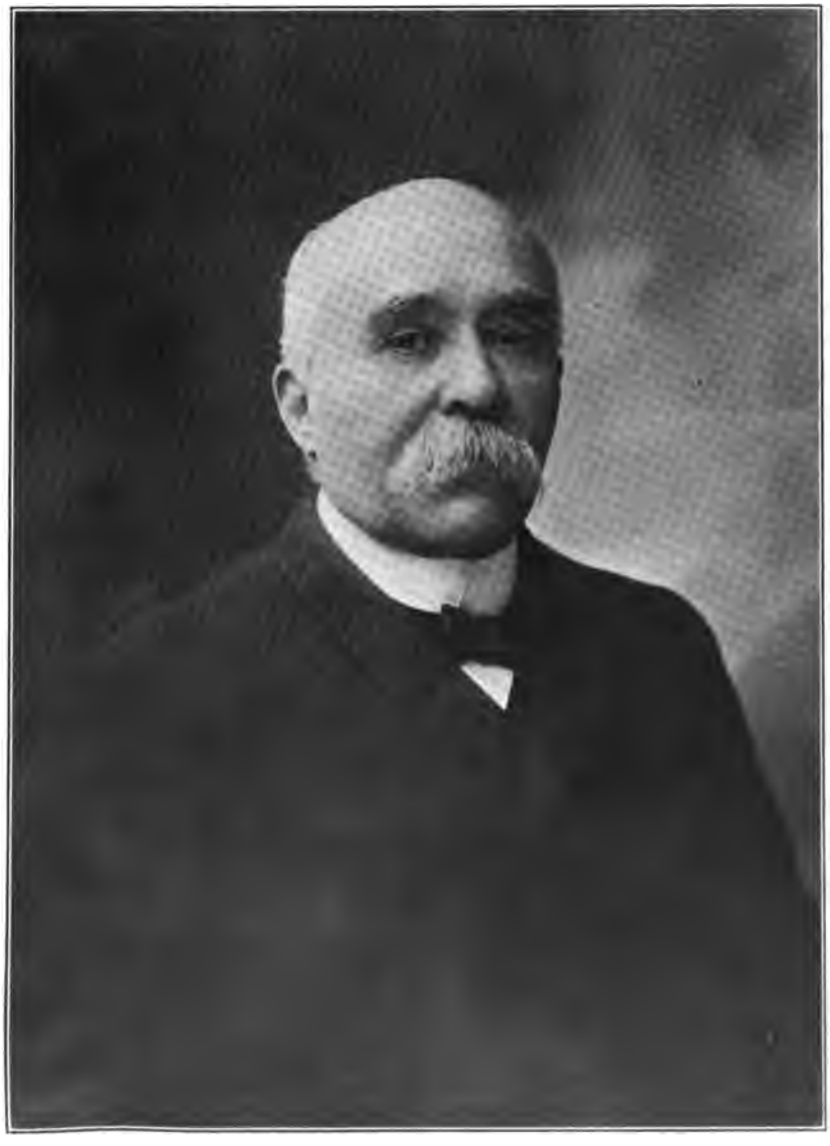
FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ

An ardent Dreyfusard, formerly of *Le Temps*, now President of the League of the Rights of Man

At the time when the conflagration kindled by the Dreyfus Affair was at its height, Francis de Pressensé said, "This is one of the necessary chapters in the history of the great crisis from which France will emerge irrevocably bowed under the yoke of a pretorian dictatorship or definitively emancipated from this accursed militarism." Neither the one nor the other of these things has come to pass. Aside from the reduction of the compulsory military service from three years to two, the military organisation of France remains very much what it was before the Dreyfus upheaval. No radical transformation has been effected, attempted or even projected. The abhorred *Conseil de Guerre* has been left practically undisturbed, except as to its personnel, and credible authorities affirm that it was never more powerful than it is at present. The equally abhorred secret trial also persists; indeed it was employed (very slightly modified) in the Ullmo case without evoking a serious

protest in any important quarter. The service of espionage (*"Bureau des Renseignements"*) continues to function very much as of old. The much-criticised "companies of discipline" have been maintained, though something is being done toward abolishing their worst abuses.

In the domain of jurisprudence, likewise, the Dreyfus Affair has produced no radical reforms. Anomalous relations continue to exist between the administrative and legislative and the judicial departments of the government. Too often still, the courts take their orders from above. The defects of the so-called "Latin" code (inherited from the Napoleonic régime) which were brought



GEORGE CLEMENCEAU

Now Prime Minister, who was one of the most vigorous champions of Dreyfus to the time of Dreyfus's pardon

out in relief by the high light of the Affair, have not been remedied. The tendency still prevails to consider a man guilty until he is proved innocent (instead of the reverse) and the extortion of confessions by the merciless application of moral torture goes merrily on. Furthermore, the Cour de Cassation displays such an incomprehensible reluctance to apply to other judicial errors the Law of 1895, under which it proceeded to the first Dreyfus revision, as to give some colour to the charge that the passage of that law was secured by long-headed partisans expressly in the interests of Dreyfus.

In quite a different field, however, the Dreyfus Affair has worked a veritable revolution. The laws against the religious orders, fairly just and reasonable as devised and applied by Waldeck-Rousseau, but, as treacherously applied by Combes, unreasonable, unjust and tyrannical, and the separation between Church and State, which will probably prove a blessing to both Church and State in the long run, but which was effected in a spirit of vindictiveness by



DRUMONT AND HIS FOLLOWING

means that were anything but edifying, are both direct results of the Dreyfus Affair.

Shortly after the pardon of Dreyfus, Zola was presented by his admirers with a medal by way of a tribute for his *J'Accuse*. On that occasion he said, "I do not feel like singing because I have conquered; Dreyfus is free, but our France remains sick." Zola was referring, no doubt, to the fact that Dreyfus was not yet rehabilitated, but his words are susceptible of a much wider application. This country of France which is so admirable in many respects and which might be incomparable in all that makes for the higher civilisation is afflicted with the canker of politics. At the end of ten years of unprecedented agitation, she seems simply to have exchanged one set of greedy and unscrupulous masters for another.



A CLEMENCEAU POST CARD

Alvan F. Sanborn.

THE BOOKMAN'S LETTER BOX

I

Our readers will be interested to know that the cavalry officer who told us about the little Southern town which contains a monument erected to the memory of John Wilkes Booth, has acceded to our request, and has given us, for our private information, the name of the town in question. He still prefers that we should not divulge it, because, as he says, this *bizarre* memorial was erected by an individual and much against the wish of his fellow townspeople. It would be hardly fair to give the place a bad name and an undue notoriety just because of the eccentricity of one citizen. Our informant says that although he is himself of Northern birth, he spent his early youth in the South, and loves the people of the Southland. Of course, we shall respect his confidence and desire here to thank him for it. We do not think it indiscreet to mention that the town is in one of the Gulf States; and it must be rather obscure, because we never heard of it before.

II

A correspondent writing from Detroit, Michigan, asks the following question:

Is there any truth in the story that Henry Clay became a member of the United States Senate when he was constitutionally ineligible for this office? If so, how did such a thing happen and why was it allowed?

Yes; Henry Clay first entered the Senate when he was some months under the constitutional age of thirty years, having been appointed by the governor of Kentucky to fill a vacancy in that body. The reason why this was allowed and was not made a subject of protest is found in the fact that Clay was universally believed to be more than thirty. He had had an elder brother, also named Henry Clay, who died while quite young. The record of his birth was supposed to be the record of the birth of the great Henry Clay, who was therefore thought to be constitutionally eligible in respect to age. When the facts finally came out, Clay was past thirty, and so there was nothing to do about it. The case, however, is unique in the annals of American history.

III

A letter postmarked in this town asks:

Why do you think that you are more of a Sherlockian than the Junior Editor? How could you prove it?

We could prove it easily enough on the basis of some things which he wrote recently in a number of *Collier's Weekly*. But for the present we prefer to let the matter rest, since he is not wholly pleased with what we said last month about him. When he recovers his wonted urbanity, we shall take up this matter once again, not in a controversial spirit, but in a dispassionate scientific manner like that of Holmes himself.

IV

A Boston lady asks us:

I should be very glad if you would give me your views on the value of Hydrotherapeutics.

It is very unfortunate, and we are quite ashamed to confess it; but somehow or other our mind absolutely refuses to work on the subject of Hydrotherapeutics. Doubtless the topic is interesting to many, but it does not take hold of us; and so we are obliged to request the Boston lady to seek elsewhere.

V

From Topeka, Kansas, we have received the following note:

I wish that you would kindly set me right as to the difference between "Mr." and "Esq." Some persons whom I know always use "Mr." in addressing letters, while others always use "Esq." and still others use both at random. Is there any reason for a choice; and if so what is the reason?

The distinction in England was originally a legal one. Any person might be styled "Mr." (that is to say "Master"); whereas "Esquire" designated a gentleman, and those persons who were so

classed paid a special tax in consequence. In this country, the distinction when now made is a purely social one, recalling faint echoes of older English usage. In England, a man with any pretensions to consideration would feel insulted if he were addressed on a letter as "Mr." In the United States, only persons with a nice sense and delicate discrimination make any difference between the two forms. Ladies almost always write to you as "Mr.," and this is rather curious because women are supposed to be especially keen about all the little touches of social intercourse. On general principles, we should say that when you are writing to those whom you consider your natural associates and people of your own sort, you should use the honorific suffix "Esq.," reserving "Mr." for the man who enters your house through the area rather than through the front door.

VI

As this magazine is devoted not only to Literature but also to Life, we suppose that the following question is one that may be fitly answered in its pages. It comes with a sense of agitation throbbing in it. It is from a correspondent in Keokuk, Iowa:

> Is there no rule about taking lumps of sugar from the sugar bowl? Of course when there are sugar-tongs I use them; and when there are no sugar-tongs, I have always taken a teaspoon to use in their place. But lately, I have had the sugar-bowl set before me without sugar-tongs and when I was unable to secure a teaspoon. Not feeling sure about what I ought to do, I went without the sugar altogether, for I should have had to take the lumps out with my fingers for my coffee. What ought I to have done? Is it proper to use your fingers in such emergencies?

We grieve at the distress of mind which must have come upon our correspondent in this trying ordeal. We hasten to assure him that he might have used his fingers without transgressing the established code of table manners; at least, that is what we always do ourselves. However, there was still another course of action open to him which he might have followed. We wonder that it did not occur to him in his extremity. When there are no sugar-tongs depending from the side of the sugar-bowl, and when there is in sight no friendly teaspoon, and when you shudder at the thought of removing lumps of sugar with your fingers, why not boldly pour your coffee into the sugar-bowl and consume it out of that? We should advise our correspondent to try this method of procedure the very next time when such a dilemma looms up before him.

VII

We have had so many letters with reference to the Inferno that we cannot possibly answer them all in this number and shall, therefore, devote the Letter Box next month wholly to their consideration. Meanwhile we reproduce the Inferno with some additions which have since occurred to us.

THE BOOKMAN'S INFERNO

"Along these lines."
"Auto*mo*'bile."
"Brainy."
"Clubman."
"Dandy" (as an adjective).
"Exclusive" (as a social term).
"Gentlemanly."
"He (she, it) struck a new note."
"In touch with" (except as a technical term in military or naval discourse).
"Locate" (as an intransitive verb).
"Lunch."
"Nom de plume."
"'Phone," for "telephone," either as noun or verb.
"Pleased to meet you."
"Social standing."
"Stylish."
"Sur le tapis."
"The Four Hundred."
"Up to date."

CONCERNING THE HONOURABLE MR. TAWNISH

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCING MR. TAWNISH, AND WHAT BEFELL AT THE CHEQUERS

MYSELF and Bentley, who, though a good fellow in many ways, is yet a fool in more, (hence the prominence of the personal pronoun, for, as every one knows, a fool should give place to his betters)—myself and Bentley then were riding home from Hadlow, whither we had been to witness a dog-fight (and I may say a better fight I never saw, the dog I had backed disabling his opponent very effectively in something less than three-quarters of an hour—whereby Bentley owes me a hundred guineas)—we were riding home, as I say, and were within a half mile or so of Tonbridge, when young Harry Raikes came up behind us at his usual wild gallop, and passing us with a curt nod, disappeared down the hill in a cloud of dust.

"Were I but ten years younger," says I, looking after him, "Tonbridge Town would be too small to hold yonder fellow and myself—he is becoming a positive pest."

"True," says Bentley, "he's forever embroiling some one or other."

"Only last week," says I, "while you were away in London, he ran young Richards through the lungs over some triviality, and they say he lies a-dying."

"Poor lad! poor lad!" says Bentley. "I mind, too, there was Tom Adams—shot dead in the Miller's Field not above a month ago, and before that young Oaklands and many others besides——"

"Egad," says I, "but I've a great mind to 'call out' the bully myself."

"Pooh!" says Bentley, "the fellow's a past master at either weapon."

"If you will remember, there was a time when I was accounted no mean performer either, Bentley."

"Pooh!" says Bentley again, "leave it to a younger man—myself, for instance."

"Why, there is but a month or two betwixt us," says I.

"Six months and four days," says he, in his dogged fashion; "besides," he went on, argumentatively, "should it come to small-swords you are a good six inches shorter in the reach than Raikes; now as for me——"

"You!" says I. "Should it come to pistols you could not help but stop a bullet with your vast bulk." Hereupon Bentley must needs set himself to prove that a big man offered no better target than a more diminutive one, all of which was of course but the purest folly as I very plainly showed him, whereat he fell a-whistling of the song "Lillibuleero" (as is his custom ever, when at all hipped or put out in any way). And so we presently came to the cross-roads. Now it has been our custom for the past twelve years to finish the day with a game of picquet with our old friend Jack Chester, so that it had become quite an institution, so to speak. What was our surprise then to see Jack himself upon his black mare, waiting for us beneath the finger-post. That he was in one of his passions was evident from the acute angle of his hat and wig, and as we approached we could hear him swearing to himself.

"Bet you fifty it's his daughter," says Bentley.

"Done!" says I promptly.

"How now, Jack?" says Bentley, as we shook hands.

"May the devil anoint me!" growled Jack.

"Belike he will," says Bentley.

"Here's an infernal state of affairs!" says Jack, frowning up the road, his hat and wig very much over one eye.

"Why what's to do?" says I.

"Do?" says he, rapping out three oaths in quick succession—"do?—the devil and all's to do."

"Make it a hundred?" says Bentley, aside.

"Done!" says I.

"To think," groans Jack, blowing out his cheeks, and striking himself a resounding blow in the chest, "to think of a pale-faced, pranked-out, spindle-shanked, mealy-mouthed popinjay like him."

"Him?" says I questioningly.

"Aye—him!" snaps Jack, with another oath.

"Make it a hundred and fifty, Bentley?" says I softly.

"Agreed!" says Bentley.

"To think," says Jack again, "of a prancing puppy-dog, a walking clothes-pole like him—and she loves him, sir."

"She?" repeated Bentley, and chuckled.

"Aye, she, sir," roared Jack; "to think after the way we have brought her up, after all our care for her, that she should go and fall in love with a dancing, dandified nincompoop, all powder and patches. Why damme! the wench is run stark, staring mad. Egad! a nice situation for a loving and affectionate father to be placed in."

"Father?" says I.

"Aye, father, sir," roared Jack again, "though I would to heaven Penelope had some one else to father her—the jade!"

"What!" says I, unheeding Bentley's leering triumph (Bentley never wins but he must needs show it), "what, is Penelope—fallen in love with somebody?"

"Why, don't I tell you?" cries Jack, "don't I tell you that I found a set of verses—actually poetry that the jackanapes had written her?"

"Did you tax her with the discovery?" says I.

"To be sure I did, and the minx owned her love for him—vowed she'd never wed another, and positively told me she liked the poetry stuff. After that, as you may suppose, I came away; had I stayed I won't answer for it but that I might have boxed the jade's ears. Oh, egad, a pretty business!"

"And I thought we had settled she was to marry Bentley's nephew some day," says I, as we turned into the High Street.

"It seems she has determined otherwise—the vixen: and a likely lad, too, as I remember him," says Jack, shaking his head.

"Where is he now, Bentley?" says I.

"Humph!" says Bentley, thoughtfully, "his last letter was writ from Venice."

"Aye, that's it," says Jack, "while he's gadding abroad, this mincing, languid ass, this—"

"What did you say was the fellow's name?" says I.

"Tawnish!" says Jack, making a wry face over it, "the Honourable Horatio Tawnish. Come, Dick and Bentley, what shall we do in the matter?"

"Speaking for myself," I returned, "it's devilish hard to determine."

"And speaking for us all," says Bentley, "suppose we thrash out the question over a bottle of wine?" and swinging into the yard of the Chequers hard by, he dismounted and led the way to the sanded parlour.

We found it empty (as it usually is at this hour) save for a solitary individual who lounged upon one of the settles, staring into the fire.

He was a gentleman of middling height and very slenderly built, with a pair of dreamy blue eyes set in the oval of a face whose pallor was rendered more effective by a patch at the corner of his mouth. His coat of a fine blue satin laced with silver sat upon him with scarce a wrinkle (the which especially recommended itself to me); white satin small-clothes and silk stockings of the same hue, with silver-buckled, red-heeled shoes, completed a costume of an elegance seldom seen outside London. I noticed also that his wig, carefully powdered and ironed, was of the very latest French mode (vastly different to the rough scratch wigs usually affected by the gentry hereabouts), while the three-cornered hat upon the table at his elbow was edged with the very finest point. Altogether, there was about him a certain delicate air that reminded me of my own vanished youth, and I sighed.

As I took my seat, yet wondering who this fine gentleman might be, Jack seized me suddenly by the arm.

"Look!" says he, in my ear, "damme, there sits the fellow!" Turning my head, I saw that the gentleman had risen, and he now tripped toward us, his toes carefully pointed, while a small, gold-mounted walking cane dangled from his wrist by a ribband.

"I believe," says he, speaking in a soft,

affected voice, "I believe I have the felicity of addressing Sir John Chester?"

"The same, sir," says Jack, rising, "and, sir, I wish a word with you." Here, however, remembering myself and Bentley, he introduced us—though in a very perfunctory fashion to be sure.

"Sir John," says Mr. Tawnish, "your very obedient, humble, gentlemen, yours," and he bowed deeply to each of us in turn with a prodigious flourish of the laced hat.

"I repeat, sir," says Jack, returning his bow very stiff in the back, "I repeat, I would have a word with you."

"On my soul, I protest you do me too much honour!" he murmured—"shall we sit?" Jack nodded, and Mr. Tawnish sank into a chair between myself and Bentley.

"Delightful weather we are having," says he, breaking in upon a somewhat awkward pause, "though they do tell me the country needs rain most damnably!"

"Mr. Tawnish," says Jack, giving himself a sudden thump in the chest, "I have no mind to talk to you of the weather."

"No?" says Mr. Tawnish, with a tinge of surprise in his gentle voice, "why then I'm not particular myself, Sir John—there are a host of other matters—horses and dogs, for instance."

"The devil take your horses and dogs, sir!" cries Jack.

"Willingly," says Mr. Tawnish, "to speak the truth I grow something tired of them myself; there seems very little else talked of hereabouts."

"Mr. Tawnish," says Jack, beginning to lose his temper despite my admonitory frown, "the matter on which I would speak to you is my daughter, sir, the Lady Penelope."

"What—here, Sir, John?" cries Mr. Tawnish, in a horrified tone, "in the tap of an inn, with a—pink my immortal soul!—a sanded floor, and the very air nauseous with the reek of filthy tobacco? No, no, Sir John, indeed, keep to horses and dogs, I beg of you, 'tis a subject more in harmony with such surroundings."

"Now look you, sir," says Jack, blowing out his cheeks, "'tis a good enough place for what I have to say to you, sanded floor or no, and I promise it shall not detain you long."

Jack rose with a snort of anger, and began pacing to and fro, striking himself most severely several times, while Mr. Tawnish, drawing out a very delicate enamelled snuff-box, helped himself to a leisurely pinch, and regarded him with a mild astonishment.

"Sir," says Jack, turning suddenly with a click of spurred heels, "you are in the habit of writing poetry!"

The patch at the corner of the Hon. Horatio's mouth quivered for a moment. "Really, my dear Sir John—" he began.

"You sent a set of verses to my daughter, sir," Jack broke in, "well, damme, sir, I don't like poetry!"

"I do not doubt it for a moment," says Mr. Tawnish, "but these were written, if you remember—to the lady."

"Exactly," cries Jack, "and you will understand, sir, that I forbid poetry, once and for all—curse me, sir, I'll not permit it!"

"This new French sauce that London is gone mad over is a thought too strong of garlic to my thinking," says Mr. Tawnish, flicking a stray grain of snuff from his cravat. "You will, I think, agree with me, Sir John, that to a delicate palate—"

"The devil anoint your French sauce, sir," cries Jack in a fury; "who's talking of French sauces?"

"My very dear Sir John," says Mr. Tawnish with an engaging smile, "when one topic becomes at all—strained shall we say?—I esteem it the wiser course to change the subject, having frequently proved it to have certain soothing and calming effects—hence my sauce."

Here Bentley sneezed and coughed both together and came nigh choking outright (a highly dangerous thing in one of his weight), which necessitated my loosening his steenkirk and thumping him betwixt the shoulder-blades, while Jack strode up and down, swearing under his breath, and Mr. Tawnish took another pinch of snuff.

"French sauce, by heaven!" cries Jack suddenly, "did any man ever hear the like of it?—French sauce!" and herewith he snatched off his wig and trampled upon it, and Bentley choked himself purple again. I will admit that Jack's round bullet head, with its close-cropped, griz-

zled hair standing on end, would have been a whimsical, not to saw laughable sight in any other (Bentley for instance)—but Jack in a rage is no laughing matter.

"By the Lord, sir," cries he, turning upon Mr. Tawnish, who sat cross-legged regarding everything with the same mild wonderment—"by the Lord! I'd call you out for that French sauce if I thought you were a fighting man."

"Heaven forfend!" exclaimed Mr. Tawnish, with a gesture of horror; "violence of all kinds is abhorrent to my nature, and I have always regarded the duello as a particularly clumsy and illogical method of settling a dispute."

Hereupon Jack looked about him in a helpless sort of fashion (as indeed well he might), and catching sight of his wig lying in the middle of the floor, promptly kicked it into a corner, which seemed to relieve him somewhat, for he went to it and picked it up again, knocked out the dust upon his knee, and setting it on very much over one eye, sat himself down again, flushed and painting, but calm.

"Mr. Tawnish," says he, "as regards my daughter, I must ask—nay demand that you cease your persecution of her once and for all."

"Sir John," says Mr. Tawnish, bowing across the table, "allow me to suggest in the most humble and submissive manner, that the word 'persecution' is perhaps a trifle—I say just a trifle unwarranted."

"Be that as it may, sir, I repeat it nevertheless," says Jack, "and furthermore I must insist that you communicate no more with the Lady Penelope either by poetry or—or any other means."

"Alas!" sighs Mr. Tawnish, "cheat myself as I may, the possibility will obtrude itself that you do not look upon my suit with quite the degree of warmth I had hoped. Sir, I am not perfect, few of us are, but even you will grant that I am not altogether a savage?" As he ended, he helped himself to another pinch of snuff with a pretty, delicate air such as a lady would use in taking a comfit; indeed, his hand, small and elegantly shaped, whose whiteness was accentuated by the emerald and ruby ring upon his finger, needed no very strong effort of fancy to be taken for a woman's outright. I saw Jack's lip curl and his nostrils dilate at its very prettiness.

"There be worse things than savages, sir," says he pointedly.

"Indeed, Sir John, you are very right—do but hearken to the brutes," says Mr. Tawnish with lifted finger, as from the floor above came a roar of voices singing a merry drinking-catch, with the ring of glasses and the stamping of spurred heels. "Hark to 'em," he repeated with a gesture of infinite disgust; "these are creatures the which having all the outward form and semblance of man, yet, being utterly devoid of all man's finer qualities, live but to quarrel and fight—to eat and drink and beget their kind—in which they be vastly prolific, for the world is full of such. To-night it would seem they are in a high good humour, wherefore they are a trifle more boisterous than usual, indulging themselves in these howlings and shoutings, and shall presently drink themselves out of what little wit Dame Nature hath bestowed upon 'em and be carted home to bed by their lackeys—pah!"

"How—what?" gasps Jack, while I sat staring (very nearly open-mouthed) at the cool audacity of the fellow.

"Are you aware, sir," cries Jack, when at last he had regained his breath, "that the persons you have been decrying are friends of mine, gallant gentlemen all—aye, sir, damme, and men to boot!—hard-fighting, hard-riding, hard-drinking, six-bottle gentlemen, sir."

"I fear me my ignorance of country ways hath led me into a grave error," says Mr. Tawnish, with a scarce perceptible shrug of the shoulders; "upon second thoughts I grant there is about a man who can put down one throat what should suffice for six undoubtedly something great."

"Or roomy!" adds Bentley, in a strangling voice.

"We are at side issues," says Jack, very red in the face, "the point being, that I forbid you my daughter once and for all."

"Might I inquire your very excellent reasons?"

"Plainly then," returns Jack, hitting himself in the chest again, "the Lady Penelope Chester must and shall marry a man, sir."

"Yes," nodded Mr. Tawnish, "a man is generally essential in such cases, I believe."

"I say a man, sir," roared Jack, "and damme I mean a man, and not a clothes-horse, or a dancing master, or—or a French sauce, sir. One who will not faint if a dog bark too loudly, nor shiver at sight of a pistol, nor pick his way ever by smooth roads. He must be a man, I say, able to use a small-sword creditably, who knows one end of a horse from another, who can win well but lose better, who can follow the hounds over the roughest country and not fall sick for a trifle of mud, nor fret a week over a splashed coat—in a word, he must be a man, sir."

"Alas, what a divine creature is man after all!" sighs Mr. Tawnish with a shake of the head, "small matter of wonder if I cannot attain unto so high an estate; for I beg you to observe that though I am tolerably efficient in the use of the weapon fashion decrees us to carry (here he laid his hand lightly upon the silver hilt of his small-sword), though I can tell a spavined horse from a sound one, and can lose a trifle without positive tears—yet, and I say it with a sense of my extreme unworthiness—I have an excessive and abiding horror to mud, or dirt in any shape or form. But is there no other way, Sir John? In remote times it was the custom in such cases as this to set the lover some arduous enterprise to try his worth. Come now, in justice do the same by me, I beg, and no matter how difficult the undertaking, I promise you shall at the least find me zealous."

"Come, Jack," cries Bentley suddenly, "smite me, but that's very fair and sportsmanlike!—how think you, Dick?"

"Why, for once I agree with you, Bentley," says I, "'tis an offer not devoid of spirit, and should be accepted as such." Jack sat down, took two gulps of wine, and rose again.

"Mr. Tawnish," says he, "since these gentlemen are in unison upon the matter, and further, knowing they have the good of the Lady Penelope at heart as much as I, I will accept your proposition, and we will, each one of us, set you a task. But, sir, I warn you, do not delude yourself with false hopes, you shall not find them over easy, I'll warrant."

Mr. Tawnish bowed, with the very slightest shrug of the shoulders.

"Firstly then," Jack began, "you must—er—must—here he paused to rub his chin and stare at his boots. "Firstly," he began again, "if you shall succeed in doing—" Here his eyes wandered slowly up to the rafters, and down again to me; "curse it, Dick!" he broke off, "what the devil must he do?"

"Firstly," I put in, "you must accomplish some feat the which each one of us three shall avow to be beyond him."

"Good!" cries Jack, rubbing his hands, "excellent—so much for the first. Secondly—er—what's secondly, Bentley?"

"Secondly," says Bentley, "you must make a public laughing-stock of that quarrelsome puppy, Sir Harry Raikes."

"Excellent!" cries Jack again, chuckling, "Raikes is a dangerous fellow and generally kills his man, sir."

"So they tell me," nodded Mr. Tawnish, jotting down a few lines in his memorandum.

"Thirdly," ended Jack, "you must succeed in placing all three of us—namely, Sir Richard Eden, Mr. Bentley, and myself—together and at the same time, at a disadvantage. Now, sir," says Jack, complacently, "prove your manhood equal to these three tasks, and you shall be free to woo and wed the Lady Penelope whenever you will. How say you, Dick and Bentley?"

"Agreed," says we.

"Indeed, gentlemen," says Mr. Tawnish, glancing at his memoranda with a slight frown, "I think the labours of Hercules were scarce to be compared to these, yet I do not altogether despair, and to prove to you my readiness in the matter, I will, with your permission, go and set about the doing of them." With these words he rose, took up his hat, and with a most profound obeisance turned to the door. At this moment, however, there came a trampling of feet upon the stairs, another door was thrown open, and in walked Sir Harry Raikes himself, followed by D'Arcy and Hammersley, with three or four others whose faces were familiar. They were all in boisterous spirits, Sir Harry's florid face being

flushed more than ordinary with drinking, and there was an ugly light in his prominent blue eyes.

Now, it so happened that to reach the street, Mr. Tawnish must pass close beside him, and noting this, Sir Harry very evidently placed himself full in the way, so that Mr. Tawnish was obliged to step aside in order to avoid a collision; yet, even then, Raikes thrust out an elbow in such fashion as to jostle him very unceremoniously. Never have I seen an insult more wanton and altogether unprovoked, and we all of us, I think, ceased to breathe, waiting for the inevitable to follow.

Mr. Tawnish stopped and turned. I saw his delicate brows twitch suddenly together, and for a moment his chin seemed more than usually prominent—then all at once he smiled—positively smiled, and shrugged his shoulders with his languid air.

"Sir," says he with a flash of his white teeth, "it seems they make these rooms uncommon small, and narrow, for the likes of you and me—your pardon." And so, with a tap, tap, of his high, red-heeled shoes, he crossed to the door, descended the steps, turned up the street, and was gone.

"He—he begged the fellow's pardon!" spluttered Jack, purple in the face.

"A more disgraceful exhibition was never seen," says I, "the fellow's a rank coward!" As for Bentley, he only fumbled with his wine-glass, and grunted.

The departure of Mr. Tawnish had been the signal for a great burst of laughter from the others, in the middle of which Sir Harry strolled up to our table, nodding in the insolent manner peculiar to him.

"They tell me," says he, leering round upon us, "they tell me your pretty Penelope takes something more than a common interest in yonder fop; have a care, Sir John, she's a plaguey skittish filly by the looks of her, have a care, or like as not—" But here his voice was drowned by the noise of our three chairs, as we rose.

"Sir Harry Raikes," says I, being the first afoot, "be you drunk or no, I must ask you to be a little less personal in your remarks—d'ye take me?"

"What?" cries Raikes, stepping up to me, "do you take it upon yourself to teach me a lesson in manners?"

"Aye," says Bentley, edging his vast bulk between us, "a hard task, Sir Harry, but you be in sad need of one."

"By God!" cries Raikes, clapping his hand to his small-sword, "is it a quarrel you're after? I say again that the wench—"

The table went over with a crash, and Raikes leaped aside only just in time, so that Jack's fist shot harmlessly past his temple. Yet so fierce had been the blow, that Jack, carried by its very impetus, tripped, staggered, and fell heavily to the floor. In an instant myself and Bentley were bending over him, and presently got him to his feet, but every effort to stand served only to make him wince with pain; yet balancing himself upon one leg, supported by our shoulders, he turned upon Raikes with a snarl.

"Ha!" says he, "I've long known you for a drunken rascal—fitter for the stocks than the society of honest gentlemen, now I know you for a liar besides; could I but stand, you should answer to me this very moment."

"Sir John, if you would indulge me with the pleasure," says I, putting back the skirt of my coat from my sword-hilt, "you should find me no unworthy substitute, I promise."

"No, no," says Bentley, "being the younger man, I claim this privilege myself."

"I thank you both," says Jack, stifling a groan, "but in this affair none other can take my place."

Raikes laughed noisily, and crossing the room, fell to picking his teeth and talking with his friend, Captain Hammersley, while the others stood apart, plainly much perturbed to judge from their gestures and solemn faces. Presently Hammersley rose, and came over to where Jack sat betwixt us, swearing and groaning under his breath.

"My dear Sir John," says the Captain, bowing, "in this much-to-be-regretted, devilish unpleasant situation, you spoke certain words in the heat of the moment which were perhaps a trifle—hasty shall I say? Sir Harry is naturally a little incensed, still, if upon calmer consideration,

you can see your way to retract, I hope—"

"Retract!" roars Jack, "retract—not a word, not a syllable, I repeat, Sir Harry Raikes is a scoundrel and a liar——"

"Very good, my dear Sir John," says the Captain, with another bow; "it will be small-swords, I presume?"

"They will serve," says Jack.

"And the time and place?"

"Just so soon as I can use this leg of mine," says Jack, "and I know of no better place than this room. Any further communication you may have to make, you will address to my friend here, Sir Richard Eden, who will act for me in this affair."

And so, having presently summoned a coach (for Jack's foot was become too swollen for the stirrup), we all three of us got in and were driven to the Manor. And I must say, a gloomier trio never passed out of Tonbridge Town, for it was well known to us that there was no man in all the South Country who could stand up to Sir Harry Raikes; and moreover, that unless some miracle chanced to stop the meeting, our old friend was as surely a dead man as if he already lay in his coffin.

CHAPTER II

OF THE FURTHER ASTONISHING CONDUCT OF THE SAID MR. TAWNISH

Myself and Bentley were engaged upon our usual morning game of chess, when there came a knocking at the door and my man, Peter, entered.

"Checkmate!" says I.

"No!" says Bentley, castelling.

"Begging your pardon, Sir Richard," says Peter, "but here's a man with a message."

"Oh, devil take your man with a message, Peter!—the game is mine in six moves," says I, bringing up my queen's knight.

"No," says Bentley, "steady up the bishop."

"From Sir John Chester," says Peter, holding the note under my nose.

"Oh! Sir John Chester—check!"

"What in the world can Jack want?" says Bentley, reaching for his wig.

"Check!" says I.

"Why, what can have put him out again?" says Bentley, pointing to the letter—"look at the blots."

Jack is a bad enough hand with the pen at all times, but when in a passion his writing is always more or less illegible by reason of the numerous blots and smudges; on the present occasion it was very evident that he was more put out than usual.

"Some new villainy of the fellow Raikes, you may depend," says I, breaking the seal.

"No," says Bentley, "I'll lay you twenty, it refers to young Tawnish."

"Done!" I nodded, and spreading out the paper, I read (with no little difficulty) as follows:

DEAR DICK AND BENTLEY: Come round and see me at once, for the devil anoint me if I ever heard tell the like on't, and more especially after the exhibition of a week ago. To my mind, 'tis but a cloak to mask his cowardice, as you will both doubtless agree when you shall have read this note.

Yours,

JACK.

"Well, but where's his meaning? 'Tis ever Jack's way to forget the very kernel of news," grumbled Bentley.

"Pooh! 'tis plain enough," says I, "he means Raikes, any but a fool would know that."

"Lay you fifty it's Tawnish," says Bentley, in his stubborn way.

"Done!" says I, and taking our hats we sallied out together. Jack and I are near neighbours, so that a walk of some fifteen minutes brought us to the Manor, and proceeding at once to the library, we found him with his leg upon a cushion and a bottle of Oporto at his elbow—a-cursing most lustily.

"Well, Jack," says Bentley, as he paused for breath, "and how is the leg?"

"Leg!" roars Jack, "leg, sir—look at it—useless as a log—as a cursed log of wood, sir—snapped a tendon—so Purdy says, but Purdy's a damned pessimistic fellow—the devil anoint all doctors, say I!"

"And pray, what might be the meaning of this note of yours?" and I held it out toward him.

"Meaning," cries Jack, "can't you

read—don't I tell you? The insufferable insolence of the fellow."

"'Faith!" says I, "if it's Raikes you mean, anything is believable of him——"

"Raikes!" roars Jack, louder than ever, "fiddle-de-dee, sir! who mentioned that rascal—you got my note?"

"In which you carefully made mention of no one."

"Well, I meant to, and that's all the difference."

"To be sure," added Bentley—"it's young Tawnish, anybody but a fool would know that."

"To be sure," nodded Jack. "Dick," says he, turning upon me suddenly, "Dick, could you have passed over such an insult as we saw Raikes put upon him the other day?"

"No!" I answered, very short, "and you know it."

Jack turned to Bentley with a groan. "And you, Bentley, come now," says he, you could eh!—come now?"

"Not unless I was asleep or stone blind and deaf," says Bentley.

"Damme! and why not?" cries Jack, and then groaned again, "I was afraid so," says he, "I was afraid so."

"Jack, what the devil do you mean? I exclaimed. For answer, he tossed a crumpled sheet of paper across to me. "Read that," says he, "I got it not an hour since—read it aloud." Hereupon, smoothing out the creases, I read the following:

TONBRIDGE, October 30, 1740.

MY DEAR SIR JOHN: Fortune, that charming though much vilified dame, hath for once proved kind, for the first, and believe me by far the most formidable of my three tasks, namely, to perform that which each one of you shall avow to be beyond him, is already accomplished, and I make bold to say, successfully.

To be particular, you could not but notice the very objectionable conduct, I might say, the wanton insolence of Sir Harry Raikes upon the occasion of our last interview. Now, Sir John, you, together with Sir Richard Eden and Mr. Bentley, will bear witness to the fact that I not only passed over the affront, but even went so far as to apologise to him myself, wherein I think I can lay claim to having achieved that which each one of you will admit to have been beyond his powers.

Having thus fulfilled the first undertaking assigned me there remain but two, namely, to make a laughing-stock of Sir Harry Raikes (which I purpose to do at the very first opportunity) and to place you three gentlemen at a disadvantage.

So, my dear Sir John, in hopes of soon gaining your esteem and blessing (above all),

I rest your most devoted, humble, obedient,

HORACE TAWNISH.

"This passes all bounds," says I, tossing the letter upon the table, "such audacity—such presumption is beyond all belief, the question is, whether the fellow is right in his head."

"No, Dick," says Bentley, helping himself to the Oporto, "the question is rather—whether he is wrong in his assertion."

"Why, as to that——" I began, and paused, for look at it as I might 'twas plain enough that Mr. Tawnish had us at a disadvantage.

"We all agree," continued Bentley, "that we none of us could do the like, it therefore follows that this Townish fellow wins the first hand."

"Sheer trickery!" cries Jack, "hurling his wig into the corner—"sheer trickery—damme!"

"'Fore Gad! Jack," says I, "this fellow's no fool, if he 'quits himself of his other two tasks as featly as this, sink me! but I must needs begin to love him, for look you, fair is fair all the world over and I agree with Bentley for once that Mr. Tawnish wins the first hand."

"Bentley," says Jack, "I'll thank you to reach me my wig."

"By the way," says I, after a pause, "I saw Hammersley this morning, and he was anxious to know when the—the——"

"Meeting was likely to take place?" put in Jack, as I paused; "Purdy tells me I sha'n't be able to use this foot of mine for a month or more."

"That will put it near Christmas," added Bentley.

"Yes," nodded Jack, "I think we could do no better than Christmas Day."

"A devilish strange time for a duel," says Bentley, "peace on earth, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"Why it's Pen," says Jack, staring hard into the fire, "she will be at her Aunt Sophia's then, which is fortunate on the whole. I shouldn't care for her to see me—when I come home."

For a long time it seemed to me none of us spoke. I fumbled through all my pockets for my snuff-box without finding it (which was strange), and looking up presently, I saw that Bentley had upset his wine, which was trickling down his satin waistcoat all unnoticed.

"Jack," says I at last, "a Gad's name lend me your snuff-box!"

"And now," says he, "suppose we have a hand at picquet." Bentley agreed with alacrity and rose to get the cards while I set the table. We had not begun to play, however, when glancing toward the window, I saw Penelope beckoning to me from the terrace; so perforce I rose, and excusing myself, slipped out, despite Jack's growls and Bentley's expostulations.

I found Penelope hooded and cloaked, waiting for me in the Yew Walk, leaning against the statue of a satyr. And looking from the grotesque features above to the lovely face below, I suddenly found my old heart a-thumping strangely—for beside this very statue, in almost the same attitude, her mother had once stood long ago to listen to the tale of my hopeless love. For a moment it almost seemed that the years had rolled backward, it almost seemed that the thin grey hair beneath my wig might be black once more, my step light and elastic with youth. Instinctively, I reached out my hands and took a swift step across the grass, then, all at once she looked up, and seeing me, smiled.

My hands dropped. "Penelope," I said.

"Uncle Dick," says she, her smile fading, "why, what is it?"

"Naught, my dear," says I, trying to smile, "old men have strange fancies at times——"

"Nay, but what was it?" she repeated, catching my hands in hers.

"Child," says I, "child, you are greatly like what your mother was before you."

"Am I?" says she very low, looking at me with a new light in her eyes, then she leaned suddenly forward and kissed me.

"Why, Pen!" says I, all taken aback.

"I know," she laughed, "on Monday my hand, on Wednesday my cheek, and on Sunday my lips——"

"And to-day is Tuesday!"

"What if it is, sir," says Pen, tossing her head, "I made that rule simply for peace and quietness sake; you and Uncle Bentley were forever pestering me to death, you know you were."

"Were we?" says I, chuckling, "well, I'm one ahead of him to-day, anyhow."

Thus, talking and laughing, we came to the rose-garden (Pen's special care) and here we must needs forget our merriment to fall a-sorrowing over the dead flowers.

"And yet," says Pen, pausing beside a bush whereon hung a few faded blooms, "all will be as sweet, and fresh, and glorious next year."

"Yes," I answered heavily—"next year." And I sighed again, bethinking me of the changes this next year must needs bring to all of us.

"Uncle Dick," says she suddenly, laying a hand on either of my shoulders, "how did father hurt his foot?"

"Why, 'twas an accident," says I, hard put to it to find a suitable answer on such short notice.

"An accident," she repeated, "yes?"

"Yes," says I, "he—he slipped, you know, and—twisted it—caught it in a rut, I fancy."

"I see," nodded Pen, "a rut, to be sure."

"To be sure," says I.

"And why," she went on, "why is he so anxious to be able to use it by Christmas Day? I heard him tell Doctor Purdy he must be able to stand by then."

"Oh, well," says I, greatly hipped, "to—to dance at the Assembly Ball belike."

"Oh, the Assembly Ball," says Pen, and nodded again.

"He still dances, you know," I added lamely.

"To be sure," answered Pen.

"But come," says I, shifting from dangerous ground with all my customary adroitness, "what's all this about young Mr. Tawnish?"

"Father has told you, then," says she, her lashes drooping.

"To be sure he has—why not; you be-

long as much to myself and Bentley as you do to Jack, though he is your father, and we but your uncles by adoption as it were, and your happiness is dearer to us all three than——"

"I know, I know," says she, and her soft fingers crept up to my cheek.

"You see, dear Pen, we have all had a hand in your up-bringing, and it has been our boast that there was not such another in all the South Country as our matchless maid—and now you must needs be wanting to run away and leave us. Well, 'tis but right and natural, and yet, such a choice, Pen——?"

"There!" cries she, "you have been hearing father rail against him."

"Nay, dear lass, I've seen him for myself."

"Well?"

"Pen, he is not the one we could give our little maid to—the best and noblest in the world were scarce good enough, and this——"

"Ah, no!" cries Pen, with tears in her eyes, "you do not know how good—how noble he is. Oh! dear Uncle Richard, cannot you trust me to know the base from the real gold—think you I am so little credit to you all? Could you but know him as I do, ah! you would be the first to see and acknowledge your error."

"He is a man of fashion," says I, bitterly, "and should be lounging about Whitehall instead of dazzling us country yokels with his finery and trying to steal away our little maid."

"Dear heart! how little you know him," says she, shaking her head.

"And we had settled you were to marry Bentley's nephew, I went on, "a fine young fellow as I remember him, and highly accomplished, they tell me."

"But I heard he had no mind to marrying poor little me," sighed Pen wickedly.

"But then, he'd never seen you," says I.

"Alack!" cries Pen, throwing out her hands, "and how may I love a man I've never seen?"

"'Twould come," says I, "and you could have lived where we could have watched over you—we shall be very lonely without you, Pen. Yet this is but the selfish part of the matter—if he were only different to what he is——"

"If you could only know him for what he is," says she, sighing. At this juncture some one approached, whistling lustily and a moment later Bentley appeared.

"Ah ha!" says he, and would have kissed her but I interfered.

"To-day is Tuesday, Bentley," says I.

"Is it?" says he. "Dash my wig! so it is," and he kissed her hand instead.

"We were speaking of Mr. Tawnish," says I.

"What?" cries Bentley, "the patched and powdered puppy-dog?"

"Uncle Bentley!" exclaimed Pen, her eyes flashing, and she snatched her hand from his.

"Hey day," says Bentley, "what's to do,—would you throw over an old, tried uncle for this young jackanapes, with his perfumes and laces? Hoity toity."

"Uncle Bentley," says Penelope, standing before us very proud and straight, "and you also, Uncle Richard, I wish you to know once and for all that I—that I love this gentleman, and come what may, I will marry him or none." And with the words she turned and left us, walking with a certain determined carriage that was all her father, never once looking back to where we stood, side by side among the dying roses.

"Egad!" exclaimed Bentley, with a pinch of snuff at his nose, "the minx seems bent on having her way and marrying this young fop,—will-I, nill-I." And straightway he fell again to whistling of this new song—"Lillibuleero."

CHAPTER III

OF HOW WE MET A HIGHWAYMAN AT THE CROSS-ROADS

Myself and Bentley were returning from another dog-fight. This time my dog had lost (which indeed was but natural, seeing its very unfit condition, though to be sure, it looked well enough at a glance). Alas! the sport is not what it was in my young days, when rogues can so put off a sick dog upon the unsuspecting. Methinks 'tis becoming a very brutal, degrading practice—have determined to have done with dog-fighting once and for all.

Bentley was in a high good humour (as was but to be expected, seeing he had won nigh upon two hundred guineas of me), but then, as I have said, Bentley never wins but he must needs show it.

"By the way," says he, breaking off in the middle of the air he was humming, "did you see him at the fight?"

"Him?" says I.

"Raikes," nodded Bentley. "Man, Dick, I never see that swaggering fellow but my fingers itch for his rascally throat. I heard some talk that he had won a thousand or so from young Vesey by this one bout alone."

"Humph!" says I.

"Come, Dick," says Bentley, "let's get on, he cannot be so very far behind, and I have no stomach for his society—I'll race you to the cross-roads for fifty."

"I'll hurry myself for no such fellow as Raikes!" says I.

"Nor fifty guineas?"

"No," says I, "nor fifty guineas!" Whereupon, Bentley yielding to my humour, we rode on with never a word betwixt us. It lacked now but a short three weeks to Christmas, and every day served but to bring Jack nearer his grave, and add a further load to that which pressed upon my heart. At such times the thought of Pen, and the agony I must see in her eyes so soon, drove me well-nigh frantic. In this rough world men must be prepared for Fortune's buffets—and shame to him that blenches, say I—but when through us Fate strikes those we fain would shelter, methinks it is another matter. Thus, had Jack proved coward, I for one should have rejoiced for Pen's sake, but as it was, no power on earth could stay the meeting, and this Christmas could bring her but anguish, and a great sorrow. With all these thoughts upon my mind I was very silent and despondent—and what wonder. As for Bentley, he, on the contrary, manifested an indifference out of all keeping with his character, an insensibility that angered and disgusted me not a little, but surprised and pained me, most of all.

So it was in moody silence that we walked our horses up the hill where the beacon stands, and were barely atop, when we heard the sound of rapidly approaching hoofs behind us, and a few minutes later Sir Harry Raikes with his friend, Captain Hammersely, galloped up.

Hereupon, Bentley, in his usual easy, inconsequent fashion, fell into conversation with them, but as for me, having bowed in acknowledgment of their boisterous salutation, I relapsed once more into gloomy thought. Little by little, however, it became apparent to me that for some reason I was become a mark for their amusement; more than once I caught them exchanging looks, or regarding me from the corners of their eyes in such fashion as set my ears a-tingling. The Captain was possessed of a peculiarly high-pitched, falsetto laugh, which, recurring at frequent intervals (and for no reason as I could see), annoyed me almost beyond bearing. But I paid no heed, staring straight before me and meditating upon a course of action which had been in my head for days past—a plan whereby Jack's duel might be prevented altogether and our sweet maid shielded from the sorrow that must otherwise blight her life so very soon. As I have said before, there was a time, years ago, when I was accounted a match for any with the small-sword, and though a man grows old he can never forget what he has learned of the art. I had besides seen Raikes fight on two or three occasions, and believed, despite the disparity of our years, that I could master him. If on the other hand I was wrong, if, to put it bluntly, he should kill me, well, I was a very lonely man with none dependent upon me, nay my money would but benefit others the sooner; moreover, I was a man of some standing, a justice of the peace, with many friends in high authority, both in London and the neighbourhood, who I knew would raise such an outcry as would serve to rid the country of Raikes once and for all. Thus, I argued, in either case my object could not fail, and I therefore determined on the first favourable opportunity to put the matter to a sudden issue.

Presently the road narrowed so that we were forced to ride two abreast, and I noticed with a feeling of satisfaction that Raikes purposely reined in so as to bring himself beside me.

"By the way, Sir Richard," says he carelessly, "what of Jack Chester?"

"You possibly allude to my friend, Sir John Chester?" I corrected.

"To be sure," he repeated, staring me in the eyes, "to be sure—Jack Chester." Hereupon the Captain giggled.

"They tell me his leg yet troubles him," continued Raikes, seeing I was silent.

"'Tis nearly well," says Bentley, over his shoulder, and at the same time I noticed his great mare begin to edge closer to the Captain's light roan.

"Can it be possible?" cried Raikes in mock surprise. "On my soul, now you astonish me!" At this the Captain screeched with laughter again, yet he broke off in the middle to curse instead, as his horse floundered into the ditch.

"Pink my immortal soul, sir!" says he as he got down to pick up his hat, "but I verily believe that great beast of yours is gone suddenly mad!" And indeed, Bentley's mare was sidling and dancing in a manner that would seem to lend truth to the words.

"No," says Bentley, very solemn, "she has an objection to sudden noises—'twas your laugh frightened her belike."

The Captain muttered a curse or two, wiped the mud from his hat, and climbing back into the saddle, we proceeded upon our way.

"Speaking of Jack Chester," began Raikes, but here he was interrupted by Bentley, who had been regarding us for some time with an uneasy eye.

"Gentlemen," says he, pointing to the finger-post ahead of us, "'tis said Sir Charles D'Arcy was stopped at the cross-roads yonder by a highwayman, no later than last night, and he swears the fellow was none other than the famous Jerry Abershaw himself, and he is said to be in these parts yet."

"The devil!" exclaimed the Captain, glancing about apprehensively, while I stared at Bentley in surprise, for this was the first I had heard of it. As for Sir Harry Raikes, he dismissed the subject with a careless shrug, and turned his attention to me once more.

"Speaking of Jack Chester," says he, "I began to fear that leg of his never would mend!"

"Ah?" says I, looking him in the eyes for the first time. "Yes?"

"Considering the circumstances," he nodded.

"It would seem that your fears were wasted none the less, sir."

"My dear Sir Richard," he smiled, "as I was saying to some one only the other day, an injured arm or leg for that matter, has often supplied a lack of courage before now." As he ended, the Captain began to laugh again, but meeting my eye, stopped, for the moment I had waited for had arrived, and I reined round so suddenly as to throw Sir Harry's horse back upon its haunches.

"Damnation!" he cried, struggling with the plunging animal, "are you mad?"

"Do me the favour to dismount," says I, suiting the action to the word, and throwing my bridle to Bentley.

"And what now?" says Raikes, staring.

"You will perceive that the road here is passably even, and the light still fairly good," says I.

"Highly dramatic, on my soul!" he sneered.

"Sir Harry Raikes," says I, stepping up to his stirrup, "you will notice that I have here a sword and a whip—which shall it be?" The sneer left his lips on the instant, his face as suddenly grew red, and I saw the veins start out upon his temples.

"What," cries he, as if disbelieving his ears, "is it a fight you're after?"

"Exactly!" says I, and laid my hand upon my small-sword; but at this moment Bentley rode betwixt us.

"By God, you don't, Dick!" says he, laying his great hand upon my shoulder.

"By God, but I do!" says I, endeavouring vainly to shake off his grasp.

"Man, Dick," cries he, "you're a madman—and full six inches shorter in the reach! Now I—"

"You!" I broke in, "you are a mountain—besides the quarrel is mine—come loose me, Bentley—loose me I say."

"No!" says he, "devil take me!"—do you think I'll stand by and see you murdered?"

"Bentley," I cried, "if ever you were friend of mine you will free my arm this instant."

All this time Raikes sat regarding us with a look of such open amusement as came nigh driving me frantic.

"Mr. Bentley," says he, with a flourish of his hat, "I fancy 'twould be as well for Sir Richard were I and Captain Hammersley to ride on before, yet do not loose him till I am out of sight, I beg."

"You hear, Bentley?" says I, trembling with passion, "come—let me go—fool," I whispered under my breath, "for her sake!" Bentley's fingers twitched upon my arm. "Ah, I thought so," he nodded.

"Then quick, do as I bid and let me get it over."

"On condition that you settle the affair in the meadow yonder—'tis a better place in all respects."

"I care not where it be," says I.

"So," sneered Raikes, "you are bent on fighting, then?"

"In the meadow yonder," nodded Bentley, pointing with his whip to a field that lay beyond a narrow stone bridge, some little distance ahead.

"As you will," says Raikes, shrugging his shoulders; "but whatever the consequences I call you to witness that Sir Richard's own impulsiveness is entirely to blame." So, having remounted, we rode forward, Raikes and the Captain leading the way.

Now as we drew nearer to the bridge I have mentioned, I noticed a solitary figure wrapped in a long horseman's cloak who sat upon the coping, seemingly absorbed in watching the flow of the stream beneath.

We were almost upon him when he rose slowly to his feet, and as he turned his head I saw that he was masked, and, furthermore, that in either hand he held a long barrelled pistol.

"Abershaw, by God!" exclaimed the Captain, reining up all of a sudden.

"Stand!" cried a harsh voice, whereupon we all very promptly obeyed with the exception of Raikes, who, striking spurs to his horse, dashed in upon the fellow with raised whip. There was the sound of a blow, a bitter curse, and the heavy whip whirling harmlessly through the air, splashed down into the stream.

"Ah! would you then?" says the fellow, with the muzzles of his pistols within a foot of Sir Harry's cowering body, "ah, would you? Curse me! but I've a mind to blow the heart and liver out of you—d'ye take me?"

"I'll see you hanged for this," says Raikes betwixt his teeth.

"Maybe aye, maybe no," says the fellow in the same rough yet half jovial voice, "but for the present come down—get down, d'ye hear?" Muttering oaths, Sir Harry perforce dismounted, and being by this still nearer to the threatening muzzles, immediately proceeded to draw out a heavy purse, which he sullenly extended toward the highwayman, who, shifting one pistol to his pocket, took it, weighed it in his hand a moment, and then coolly tossed it over into the stream.

"What the devil!" gasped Raikes, "are you mad?"

"Maybe aye, maybe no," says the fellow, grinning beneath his mask, "but that's neither here nor there, master, the question betwixt us being a coat."

"What coat?" cries Raikes, with a bewildered stare.

"This coat," says the fellow, tapping him upon the arm with his pistol barrel, "and a very passable coat it is—fine velvet, I swear, and as I'm a living sinner, a flowered waistcoat!—come, take 'em off, d'ye hear?"

Very slowly Sir Harry obeyed, swearing frightfully, while the fellow, sitting upon the parapet of the bridge, swung his legs and watched him.

"Humph!" says he, as if to himself, "buckskin breeches, and boots brand new—burn me!" and then suddenly in a louder tone, "Off with them."

"What d'ye mean?" snarled Raikes, and his face was murderous.

"What I says," returned the other with a flourish of his pistols, "such being my natur'—d'ye take me? And if the gentleman in the muddy hat moves a finger nearer his 'barkers' I'll blow his head off—curse me if I won't!" Saying which the highwayman began to whistle softly, swinging his legs in time to himself. As for the Captain, the hand which had crept furtively toward his pistols dropped as if it had been shot, and he sat watching the fellow with starting eyes.

And indeed he made a strange, fantas-

tic figure sitting there hunched up in the failing light, with the quick gleam of his evil restless eyes showing through the slits of his hideous half-mask, and the pout of his whistling lips beneath; nay, there was about the whole figure, from the rusty spurs at his heels to the crown of his battered hat, something almost devilish, with an indefinable mockery beyond words.

"Bentley," I whispered, as Raikes slowly kicked off his boots one after the other, "this fellow's a madman beyond a doubt, or we are dreaming." Bentley's reply was something betwixt a groan and a choke, and looking round, I saw that his face was purple.

"Man, don't do that," I cried, "you'll burst a blood-vessel!"

"Come," says the fellow, breaking off his whistle of a sudden, and turning over the garments at his feet with the toe of his boot, "you wouldn't go for to cheat me of your breeches, would you? Come now, master, off with 'em, I say, for look ye I mislike to be kept waiting for a thing as I wants—such being my natur', d'ye take me?" Sir Harry Raikes stood rigid, his face dead white—only his burning eyes and twitching mouth told of the baffled fury that was beyond all words. Twice he essayed to speak, and could not—once he turned to look at us with an expression of such hopeless misery and mute appeal as moved even me to pity. As for the highwayman, he began to whistle and swing his legs once more.

"Bentley," says I, "this must go no farther."

"What can we do?" gasped Bentley, and laid his heavy hand upon my arm.

"Come," says the fellow again, rising to his feet.

"No," cries Raikes, in a choking voice, "not for all the devils in hell!"

"I'll count five," grinned the fellow, and he levelled his pistols. "One!" says he, but Raikes never stirred—"two," the harsh, inexorable voice went on "three—four—"there was a sudden wild sob, Sir Harry Raikes was shivering in his hat and shirt.

The highwayman now turned his attention to Raikes's horse—though keeping a wary eye upon us—and having drawn both pistols from their holsters, motioned him to remount. Sir Harry obeyed with never so much as a word; which done, the fellow gives a whistle, upon which a horse appeared from the shadow of the hedge beyond, from whose saddle he took two lengths of cord, and beckoning to the Captain, set him to bind Raikes very securely to the stirrup-leathers. As one in a dream the Captain proceeded about it (bungling somewhat in the operation), but it was done at last.

"Now, my masters," says the fellow briskly, "I must trouble each one of you for his 'barkers'—and no tricks, mark me, no tricks!" With this he nodded to Bentley, who yielded up his weapons after a momentary hesitation, while the Captain seemed positively eager to part with his, and I in my turn was necessitated to do the same.

It may be a matter of wonder to some, that one man could so easily disarm four, but 'tis readily understood if you have looked into the muzzle of a horse-pistol held within a few inches of your head.

Thus all being completed, the highwayman, having mounted, gave us the word to proceed, Bentley and I riding first, then Raikes and the Captain, and last of all the fellow, pistol in hand.

So thus was it, in the dusk of evening, that we came into Tonbridge Town, with never a word betwixt us—myself silent from sheer amazement, the Captain for reasons of his own, Sir Harry Raikes for very obvious causes, but mostly (as I judge) on account of his chattering teeth, and Bentley because, as every one knows, a man cannot whistle "Lillibuleero" beneath his breath and talk at the same time.

Lights were beginning to gleam at windows as we entered the High Street, and here I made sure the highwaymar would have left us—but no, on turning my head, there he rode, close behind—his battered hat over his nose, and his pistol in his hand, for all the world as if we were back on the open road rather than the main thoroughfare of a Christian town.

By this time we were become a mark for many eyes; people came running from all sides, the air hummed with

voices; shouts were heard, mingled with laughter and jeers, but we rode on, and through it all, at a gallop. As we passed the Chequers I saw the windows full of faces, and Truscott and Finch with five or six others came running out to stare after us open-mouthed.

So we galloped through Tonbridge Town, and never drew rein until we were out upon the open road once more. There the fellow stopped us.

"Masters all," says he, "'tis here we part—maybe you'll forget me—maybe not—especially one of you; d'ye take me?" and he pointed to the shivering figure of Raikes. "The wind is plaguily chill I'll allow, but burn me! could I be blamed for that, my masters— What, all silent?—well! well! Howsomever, give me that trinket, master—just to show there's no ill feelings, so to speak," and he indicated a small, gold locket that Raikes wore round his neck on a ribband, who, without a word, or even looking up, slipped it off and laid it in the other's outstretched hand.

"Well, good-night, my masters, good-night!" says he, in his jovial voice; "maybe we shall meet again, who knows? My best respects to you all—me being respectful by natur'—good-night."

So, with an awkward flourish of his hat, he wheeled his horse and galloped away toward London.

(*To be concluded*)

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

Frank Fisher (Baltimore):

The Minstrel with the Selfsame Song and Other Poems. By Charles A. Fisher.

A collection of over one hundred short poems.

Elkin Mathews (London):

Ariadne Diainomene and Other Poems. By E. W. Sutton Pickhardt.

Besides the tragedy of "Ariadne Diainomene," the volume contains about twenty-five short poems.

The State Company (Columbia, S. C.):

The Banners of the Coast. By Archibald Rutledge.

Containing a number of short poems.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Doubleday, Page and Company:

My School and My Gospel. By Professor Sir Hubert Von Herkomer.

In which the artist tells of his school in the little English village of Bushey, and of his theories of teaching. The volume contains reproductions of some of the author's own paintings and those of many other artists.

Duffield and Company:

The Sources and Analogues of *A Midsummer Night's Dream.* Complied by Frank Sidgwick.

In that section of the Shakespeare Library, known as the Shakespeare Classics, and edited by Prof. I. Gollancz, Litt.D. This series includes the romances, histories, plays and poems used by Shakespeare as the original or direct sources of his plays.

Much Adoe About Nothing. Edited by W. G. Boswell-Stone. Introduction and Notes by F. W. Clarke, M.A.

The Merry Wives of Windsor. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt. Introduction and Notes by F. W. Clarke, M.A.

In the Old Spelling Shakespeare, another section in the Shakespeare Library. This series is under the general editorship of F. J. Furnivall, M.A., and when complete will consist of forty volumes.

John Lane Company:

Beau Brummel. A Play in Four Acts. Written for Richard Mansfield. By Clyde Fitch.

It was produced for the first time at Madison Square Theatre by Mr. Mansfield on May 17, 1890. The illustrations show Mr. Mansfield and other members of the company in the various rôles.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Standard Concert Guide. A Handbook of the Standard Symphonies, Oratorios, Cantatas, and Symphonic Poems for the Concert Goer. By George P. Upton.

For this work the author has condensed the matter contained in his "Standard Cantatas," "Standard Oratorios," and "Standard Symphonies." It contains additional matter in regard to the leading symphonic poems and works by Bruckner, Cowen, Dvořák, Elgar, Franck, Mackenzie, Parker, Parry, Sinding, Richard Strauss, and Tschaikowsky. The present volume is illustrated with portraits of the composers whose works are described.

Privately Printed (St. Louis):

The Death of Gracchus. By Edwin Sauter. A tragedy in five acts.

RELIGION, SCIENCE

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Mastery of Mind in the Making of a Man. By Henry Frank.

An analysis and exposition of the power of mind in body-building and the forming of personality; each subject being treated from the point of view of advanced science and the new psychology.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Naturalisation of the Supernatural. By Frank Podmore.

Mr. Podmore traces the history of the spiritualist movement and gives some exposures, together with explanations, of some of the ghost stories which have hitherto been accepted by the followers of psychical research as incontrovertible. There are chapters on Experimental Thought-Transference, Spontaneous Thought-Transference, Hallucinations, Poltergeists, Spiritualism, Communication with the Dead, Phantasms of the Dead, Haunted Houses, Messages Received Through Trance and Automatism, the Case of Mrs. Piper, and Clairvoyance and Prevision.

Elliot Stock (London):

Pastor in Ecclesia. A Practical Study in the Art of Money-Raising. By the Rev. Gilbert Monks. With Preface by the Very Rev. the Dean of Durham.

Presenting the various aspects of church life. The author's chief aim is to point out the ways and means which may be adopted by the clergyman who finds the business affairs of the church entrusted to his hands. He discusses a question sometimes perplexing to the young clergyman, namely, what to do to keep the church out of debt and to make it a prosperous church in a temporal as well as in a spiritual sense.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

E. P. Dutton and Company:

The Alps. In Nature and History. By W. A. B. Coolidge, M.A.

The present work is based on the author's forty years of climbing and study all through the Alps, and deals with the history of the Alps, their great historical passes, the exploration of the high Alps, mountaineering, Alpine guides, and many other interesting features.

The Cradle of the Deep. By Sir Frederick Treves, Bart.

The author here gives an account of his travels through the West Indies. He not only treats of the islands historically, but of the various changes they have undergone and of the conditions existing there to-day. Reproductions of photographs taken by the author illustrate the volume throughout.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Peru. Its Former and Present Civilisation, History and Existing Conditions, Topography and Natural Resources, Commerce and General Development. By Reginald Enock, F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by Martin Hume.

After years of travel and study the author here sets forth in a practical and interesting manner existing conditions in Peru, as well as a record of its past achievements. It is a volume for which the author bespeaks the attention not only of the student and traveller, but the trader and financier as well. Among the many interesting topics discussed are Recent Development, Political Administration and Divisions, the Social

System, Orography, Geology, Hydrography, Natural History, Climate, Means of Communication, Agricultural and Natural Products, Mineral Wealth, Financial, Industrial, and Commercial Conditions.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Good Citizenship. By Julia Richman and Isabel Richman Wallach.

Treating of the fire department, the police department, the street cleaning department, and the health department, as organised and administered in all large cities, with comments upon the duties of good citizens to each of these departments of the city government. It is planned to meet the needs of the fourth year children.

Baltasar. A Biblical Drama. In Four Acts and in Verse. By Gertrude Gómez De Avellaneda. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by Carlos Bransby, Litt.D.

In this edition the notes throw such light upon the text as will better enable the student to appreciate the historic setting of the play and to understand how far it conforms to the Bible record.

Er Soll Dein Herr Sein. By Paul Heyse. Edited with Introduction, Notes, Exercises and Vocabulary. By Martin H. Haertel, Ph.D.

The scene of this story is laid in a small Bavarian town, not far from Munich, where Heyse spent his most productive years. The time is that of the Franco-Prussian War.

Goethe's Hermann und Dorothea. Edited for the Use of Students, with Notes and Vocabulary, by Waterman T. Hewett, Ph.D.

The present edition has been prepared to meet the wish of teachers for an edition of *Hermann und Dorothea,* with concise notes and vocabulary. The introduction deals with the history of the poem and its literary form, while in the vocabulary the definitions are intended to afford a broad culture and a valuable equipment for subsequent reading; a mechanical translation is discouraged throughout.

Xenophon's Hellenica. (Selections.) Edited with Introduction, Notes and Appendices by Carleton L. Brownson, Ph.D.

The aim of this edition of the *Hellenica* has been to include within one volume of reasonable size those portions of Xenophon's work which are historically most valuable. The introduction and appendices deal with all important questions touching the life of Xenophon, the composition and essential characteristics of the *Hellenica,* the other authorities for the period which it covers, and the syntax and style of Xenophon.

A Spanish Reader. For Beginners in High Schools and Colleges. By Charles Alfred Turrell, A.M.

The first selections are so simple that they may be used to accompany grammar work at a very early stage of Spanish study, and at the same time afford the teacher a useful basis for conversation. Progression is made gradually to short stories of sufficient difficulty to furnish an introdution to any of the longer novels and plays the teacher may choose for further reading.

A Source Book of Mediæval History. Edited by Frederic Austin Ogg, A.M.

In this book are provided a number of documents illustrative of European life and institutions from the German invasions to the Renaissance, intended to be used in connection with the study of mediæval history, either in secondary schools, or in the earlier years of college. An introductory explanation, giving the historical setting of the extract. and commenting on its general significance, accompanies each translation.

Outline for Review in American History. By Charles Bertram Newton, A.B., and Edwin Bryant Treat, A.M.

This book brings out impartially all the essential facts of American history. Brief summaries are given, in chronological order, of the leading facts and events. In the index, battles, laws, and wars are grouped both chronologically and alphabetically. The book includes fifty typical questions from recent college entrance examinations.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Grammar and Its Reasons. For Students and Teachers of the English Tongue. By Mary Hall Leonard.

This volume consists of a series of essays dealing with the more important parts of English grammar and also to some extent with the development of grammar itself as a science. It is a discussion of the present-day status of English grammar and of the relation of this science to other forms of language study.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Montaigne, and Education of the Judgment. By Gabriel Compayré. Translated by J. E. Mansion.

The sixth and last volume in the series of Pioneers of Education. This vol-

ume treats of the rise and growth of popular education as shown in the efforts of the great "pioneers."

The Macmillan Company:

The Kindergarten in American Education. By Nina C. Vandewalker, B.L., M.Pd.

A *résumé* of the kindergarten movement in the United States. Among the special topics treated are: the service that women's organisations have rendered the kindergarten; the extent to which the churches are adopting it as an agency in Sunday-school and missionary work; its effectiveness in social settlement and welfare work; its place in the public school system; and new tendencies in kindergarten work.

School Reports and School Efficiency. By David S. Snedden, Ph.D., and William H. Allen, Ph.D. For the New York Committee on Physical Welfare of Children.

The object of this book is to show how actual facts of school administration are to be got at, so that the school principal on the one hand and the taxpayer on the other can tell exactly how school funds have been expended and how the greatest efficiency in school management is to be secured.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Makers of American Literature. A Class-Book on American Literature. By Edwin W. Bowen, A.M., Ph.D.

Dr. Bowen has selected only the greatest writers in American literature and has arranged them in chronological order. After a review of Colonial literature he takes up in order of their birth, Franklin, Irving, Cooper, Poe, Prescott, Hawthorne, Emerson, Bryant, Longfellow, Holmes, Whittier, Lowell, Lanier, and Whitman. He gives the salient facts of the writer's life and a critical estimate of his work as a whole and of his separate masterpieces. Following each study the author has collected representative selections from the works of each writer.

Benjamin H. Sanborn and Company:

An Elementary Latin Course. By Franklin Hazen Potter, A.M.

In The Students' Series of Latin Classics. The volume contains seventy-eight lessons which have been made fairly comprehensive in order to afford an adequate preparation for reading Cæsar. The vocabulary of these lessons includes about six hundred words exclusive of proper names.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Harmony and Ear-Training. By William Alfred White.

This study in Harmony and Ear-Training, which is said to be a treatise on entirely new lines, is the result of many years' experience in the class-room. It is a presentation of the actual facts and effects of music based upon the universal use of musical material by composers.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Firing Line. By Robert Chambers.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Car and the Lady. By Percy F. Megargel and Grace Sartwell Mason.

Two men, an American and an Italian, both interested in automobiles and both in love with the same girl, Betty Albright, an enthusiastic motorist, make a wager as to which can produce the best machine, the test being a trip across the continent, from New York to Portland, Ore. Jerry Fleming, the American, stakes his all, $25,000 bequeathed to him by his grandfather, against the Italian's car. Jerry wins the race and also the hand of Miss Betty.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Circular Staircase. By Mary Roberts Rinehart.

The summer occupants of "Sunnyside" find themselves involved in many mysteries. The dead body of Arnold Armstrong, son of the owner, is found on the circular staircase. Following the murder a bank failure is announced, and word is received from California that Paul Armstrong, president of the bank, has died very suddenly. Here the author starts the working out of a plot which lends itself to much supposition and constant change of opinion as to the real criminals. Is John Bailey, the bank cashier and the young man to whom Gertrude Innes is engaged, guilty of the double crime? Is Halsey Innes guilty of the murder? Or Gertrude? Or is it at the door of some person on whom suspicion does not seem to fall? Events point first to one and then another, and finally work out in an entirely different direction. With the discovery that Paul Armstrong's death is a myth and the finding of the secret room at "Sunnyside" the bank mystery is solved. The "ghosts" and strange noises on the circular staircase, frightening the servants from the house, prove to have been Paul Armstrong trying to steal in at night. John Bailey, who comes to "Sunnyside" in the guise of a

gardener, also alarms the household in his midnight attempts to discover the secret room which, he feels confident, will reveal the missing funds.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Wraith of Knopf and Other Stories. By Howard James.

Containing eight short stories.

Comedy of Petty Conflicts. By Ida Blanche Wall.

A Southern story portraying domestic life with its every-day joys and sorrows.

The Century Company:

The Well in the Desert. By Adeline Knapp.

The scene of the story is laid in the Arizona desert. Gabriel Gard escapes from prison, where he has been held for a murder of which he was not guilty, and unable to secure aid from Ash Westcott, who had robbed and wronged him, flees to this desert, where he finds a wooded and watered spot in which he lives the life of a hermit for many months. He returns to civilisation, however, sees the plotting and the downfall of his enemy, Westcott, and in the end a great happiness comes into his own life.

For portrait of the author see August issue.

Cupples and Leon Company:

The Soul of Crœsus. By Gerald Villiers-Stuart.

The scenes of the story are laid in London, Paris, New York and the Orient. Standish Van Draken, having inherited $200,000,000, sets out to enjoy life to the fullest extent. He comes in contact with one Abdul von Tarsenheim, an occultist, famous for his discoveries and theories on psychology, hypnotism, etc., who, for an enormous sum of money, makes young Van Draken, through some ancient Chaldean practices, exempt from the evil effects of his continuous round of pleasure and the gay life he leads, and through his hypnotic powers causes Fabian Ware, a youth of impressionable and poetic temperament, to bear the burden of the other's sins.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Time, the Place and the Girl. By John W. Harding.

A romance taken from the play of Will M. Hough and Frank R. Adams.

Wyoming. By William MacLeod Raine.

A story of the outdoor West. Helen Messiter, a young girl in the East and the owner of a Western ranch, decides to visit the West and look over the ranch for herself. The free outdoor life appeals to her love of nature, and she soon becomes infatuated with the life, the country and her surroundings, including a handsome young cowboy.

Raw Gold. By Bertrand W. Sinclair.

The story is set in the wilds of the Northwest. A man has been robbed and murdered. Just before he dies, however, he confides to a company of men, who arrive upon the scene too late to be of assistance, the hiding-place of a great fortune in raw gold. They immediately join in an attempt to locate the hidden treasure and to capture the criminal who had escaped them.

The Warrens of Virginia. By George Cary Eggleston.

Founded on William de Mille's play and illustrated with scenes from the same.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Round the Corner in Gay Street. By Grace S. Richmond.

The Bells, an ideal family of six and the new occupants of the little house on Gay Street, not only have a jolly time among themselves, but exert an enlivening influence over the members of the Townsend family, their wealthy neighbours, all of whom come to appreciate the happy and congenial atmosphere created by the Bells. The friendship between the families results in two marriages.

The Blotting Book. By E. F. Benson.

The firm of lawyers by whom Morris Assheton's fortune is being held in trust speculate with the funds, and, as his father's will stipulated that the estate was not to be turned over to his son until he was twenty-five years of age unless he married before that time, in which event he was to take possession of his own at once, the lawyers do all in their power to hold off his marriage with Madge Templeton, to whom he is engaged, in order to gain time to replace the money. The affair assumes such a serious aspect for the lawyers that they quarrel, which ends in the elder member of the firm taking the life of the younger and throwing suspicion on the client, Morris Assheton. What is thought to be a strong piece of evidence against the young man is a letter on a blotting pad found in his home and supposed to be in his handwriting. Later it served as evidence against the real criminal, Edward Taynton, who, when

his secret becomes known, takes his own life.

Duffield and Company:

Pride and Prejudice. Two Volumes. By Jane Austen. With General Introduction by R. Brumley Johnson.

The first volumes to appear in the new ten-volume edition of the works of Jane Austen. Each volume illustrated by ten reproductions from water-colour drawings by A. Wallis Mills, the London *Punch* artist.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Tamar Curze. By Berthe St. Luz.

Tamar Curze, in whom the chief interest of the story centres, is a young woman who comes from India to live with relatives in England. While she has the appearance of a woman, it is discovered that at times, in the night, she becomes a leopardess, prowling about the grounds and giving vent to the animal instinct and thirst for blood. As a woman she possesses a strong hypnotic power, but her influence is an evil one. Prof. D'Herbelot is the first to discover the secret of Tamar Curze, and in a letter which he writes just before his death tries to open the eyes of a colleague to the mystery surrounding the young woman and her Hindu nurse, Ayah, whom he designates as a pair of theurgists.

Harper and Brothers:

The Duke's Motto. By Justin Huntly McCarthy.

The action takes place in France in the time of Louis XIII. The Duke is Louis de Nevers, who had been secretly wed to Gabrielle de Caylus, notwithstanding the enmity existing between the two families. Owing to this there is a conspiracy organised against him and he is foully assassinated. His young daughter, Gabrielle, is saved by Henri de Lagardere, a world-famed swordsman, who keeps her in hiding for seventeen years, during which time he works to unravel the plot and bring the culprits to justice and the real heiress to her rightful place. In the meantime the Duke de Nevers's wife has been forced into a marriage with the Duke of Gonzague, who, after making a desperate search for the missing child, presents a gypsy maid as the true heiress, but his wife refuses to receive the girl and looks forward to the reappearance of Gabrielle.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Two Gentlemen of Virginia. A Novel of the Old Régime in the Old Dominion. By George Cary Eggleston.

A prosperous young man in the West inherits a much run down Southern estate with its outfit of negroes. The new master has many theories on the social problem, and tries some interesting experiments in connection with the negroes on the plantation.

Myrtle Baldwin. By Charles Clark Munn.

A revelation of life in the underworld of a great city.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel. A Romance of the Sea. By Randall Parrish.

The story opens in Valparaiso and is told in the first person by John Stephens, a young American, who takes part in a war between Chile and Peru, and later is made an officer in the Peruvian navy. He joins an expedition which goes in search of a Spanish vessel, the *Donna Isabel,* which had been missing for a hundred years and which was known to have been laden with gold, silver and precious stones on the last voyage she made. After many exciting adventures and thrilling experiences with the desperate crew, the *Donna Isabel* is found amid the snow and ice of the antarctic regions. Interwoven with this struggle and strife on the high seas is a pretty love story.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Man Without a Head. By Tyler de Saix.

See Chronicle and Comment.

Y. Okura and Company (Tokyo, Japan):

I am a Cat. Translated by K. Ando. Revised by K. Natsume.

A translation of the first two chapters of Mr. K. Natsume's story, *Wagahai wa Neko de aru.* It is the story of the life of a cat as told by itself.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Last of the Plainsmen. By Zane Grey.

The author tells of his trip across the desert of Arizona in the pursuit of big game. The centre of interest in his narrative is his sketch of the life and character of Buffalo Jones, who has spent a number of years pursuing, capturing and taming the buffalo, and who, through his efforts in this direction, has won fame throughout the West, and also the name of Preserver of the American Bison.

Reid Publishing Company:

The Realm of Light. By Frank Hatfield.

The thrilling experiences of three men who journey into the heart of Africa, where they discover a mountain, the summit of which they find inhabited by a race which has lived a free and ideal life for thousands of years—a race of giants, physically and intellectually, who have made some wonderful discoveries and inventions.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Waldo Trench and Others. By Henry B. Fuller.

Containing seven short stories, dealing with life in Italy among the members of the American colonies of Florence, Rome, and other cities.

Peter. A novel of which He is Not the Hero. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

An Olympic Victor. A Story of the Modern Games. By James Brendan Connolly.

See Chronicle and Comment.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Coffee and a Love Affair. By Mary Boardman Sheldon.

A young American girl anxious to see the world travels about and finally visits the coffee regions of South America. A despondent lover to whom she bade farewell in New York turns up on the coffee plantation, where they are thrown much together, and where he and a fascinating Spaniard contend for the hand of the girl, who, after considerable hesitation, gives preference to her old lover.

By Right of Purchase. By Harold Bindloss.

The scene of the story is laid in the great wheat-growing section of Canada. The hero is a Canadian who enters into a mercenary marriage with a society girl. At first they seem hopelessly unsuited to each other, but as time goes on and she comes to see the strength and courage he possesses and sees him fight the prairie fires, storms, horse thieves, and other obstacles and enemies, her contempt turns to respect, and the result is happiness for both.

JUVENILE

The Baker and Taylor Company:

A Child's Guide to Pictures. By Charles H. Caffin.

Mr. Caffin here sets forth, in a manner that will interest and attract young people, the qualities, and methods of distinguishing them, required in good pictures. He instructs them how to discern these qualities for themselves, using some well-known pictures as examples.

Duffield and Company:

Twelfth Night.

The Merchant of Venice.

In the series entitled the Lamb Shakespeare for the Young, based on Charles and Mary Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare. Each volume is illustrated with scenes from the play, and songs from the play have been set to music. The series is under the general editorship of Prof. I. Gollancz.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

The Story of Frederick the Great for Boys and Girls. By Kate E. Carpenter.

The story is told of his unusual childhood, and also of the later triumphs which won for him the undying title of the "Great."

A Little Heroine of Illinois. A Young Girl's Patriotism and Daring. By Alice Turner Curtis.

A story of the early days of the Civil War, when it was very doubtful how portions of States adjoining the line of division would stand when the final test came. The heroine is a little girl who has the opportunity to render a service of great importance to the cause of the Union, and by rare discretion and physical courage and endurance is equal to the occasion.

Little Sister Prue. By Amy Brooks.

The first of a series of Prue Books. Prue is a bright, good-hearted little thing and a great favourite among the children of the village in which she lives.

The Hero of Pigeon Camp, or How Lucci Made Good. By Martha James.

Four bright young schoolboys have a camp through the summer vacation on the shore of a fine lake, incidentally caring for the premises of an eccentric old man, absent on a long journey. One of the four, Lucci, has been a waif, though well-born and of great artistic ability. He repays the kindness of his young friends by affectionate companionship, and proves himself a real hero when occasion comes.

The Club Boys of Lakeport, or the Water Champions. By Edward Stratemeyer.

Telling how the royal good fellows, known as the "Lakeport Boys," take up water sports, after successful organisations for hunting and camping trips, and baseball. They secure the necessary equipment and coaching, and have spirited contests with a rival club in sailing and four-oared and eight-oared shell racing.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Fairy Tales from Folk Lore. By Herschel Williams.

Containing twelve tales from the folklore of different nations—Irish, Scotch, Scandinavian, American, Canadian, English, Spanish, French, Japanese, German, Welsh and Italian.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Jack the Young Explorer. By George Bird Grinnell.

In this book we find Jack climbing and tramping about the mountains of Northern Montana with Hugh, his guide, and an Indian boy. Like all the other "Jack books, this one contains much practical information on camp life, gunning, etc., presented in a way most interesting to boys.

Photography for Young People. By Tudor Jenks.

The use of the camera is described, the working of its various parts, the process of negative development, toning or developing the print, and mounting. The reader is also instructed in the details of successful photography; exposure; what to take and how to take it; developers; the theory of development; tank development; printing papers; their working and comparative value; lenses; and shutters. There are chapters on the history of photography and the chemistry of photography.

MISCELLANEOUS

L. K. Cameron (Toronto):

Sessional Papers. Volume XL.—Part IV. Fourth Session of Eleventh Legislature of the Province of Ontario. Session 1908.

Carnegie Library Press:

Classified Catalogue of the Carnegie Library, Pittsburg. Second Series, Vols. I. and II.

This second series begins in the middle of the year 1902 and brings the work down to the end of 1906. Vol. I. covers General Works, Philosophy, Religion, Sociology, Philology, Natural Science, Useful Arts, Fine Arts, and Literature. Vol. II. includes English Fiction, Fiction in Foreign Languages, History and Travel, Biography, an Author's Index and a Subject Index.

Carnegie Institution of Washington:

The Old Yellow Book. Source of Browning's "The Ring and the Book." In Complete Photo-Reproduction, with Translation, Essay, and Notes by Charles W. Hodell.

This work, Mr. Hodell announces, has been designed primarily to place side by side the crude raw material of "The Old Yellow Book," and the completed art product, "The Ring and the Book," in illustration of the play of the creative mind of Robert Browning in this stupendous work of imagination—one of the most potent and masterful creative undertakings in English poetry since Shakespeare. Of chief importance is the reproduction of "The Old Yellow Book" itself, and for the benefit of those not conversant with Italian and Latin a translation has been provided. There is also an essay on the relationship of "The Ring and the Book" to "The Old Yellow Book," which is entitled "The Making of a Great Poem."

Duffield and Company:

The Legend of the Holy Fina, Virgin of Santo Gimignano. Now First Translated from the Trecento Italian of Fra Giovanni Di Coppo; with Introduction and Notes by M. Mansfield.

In the Medieval Library which comprises a selection of mediæval romances and other works of interest, especially such as have been little known to American readers. The volume contains photogravure and woodcut reproductions of the illustrations in the works reproduced.

The Babees' Book. Mediæval Manners for the Young. Done into Modern English from Dr. Furnivall's Texts by Edith Rickert.

Another volume in the Mediæval Library. Showing something of the home life and the training of children in England in the mediæval period.

Dana Estes and Company:

Living on a Little. By Caroline French Benton.

A volume of practical hints to young people, enabling those beginning housekeeping on small means to so arrange their living expenses as to realise the best results and make both ends meet.

Ginn and Company:

Studies in Victor Hugo's Dramatic Characters. By James D. Bruner, Ph.D.

The method of criticism employed in the treatment of this subject is that of sympathetic induction. The author states that whatever deduction or comparison he may make is based upon the careful observation and analysis of all the facts in each case; that all generalisations are, in the main, supported by the evidence whether direct or indirect. The characters treated are Hernani, Don Ruy Gomez, Don Carlos, and Doña Sol from Victor Hugo's *Hernani;* the character of his Ruy Blas; the villain in *Ruy Blas;* and the character of his Lucrezia Borgia.

Harrisburg Publishing Company:

Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of Public Charities of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania for 1906; also the Report of the General Agent and Secretary, and the Report of the Committee on Lunacy. Transmitted to the Legislature, January, 1907.

The Macmillan Company:

(For Columbia University Press)

The French Influence in English Literature. From the Accession of Elizabeth to the Restoration. By Alfred Horatio Upham, Ph.D.

An addition to the Columbia University Studies in Comparative Literature. The purpose of this work is the investigation, verifying, grouping and interpreting the influences of French life and letters upon the literature of England, beginning with the so-called Elizabethan period and extending through the years prior to the Stuart Restoration.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

A Week in the White House with Theodore Roosevelt. A Study of the President at the Nation's Business. By William Bayard Hale.

As a result of his week's stay at the White House, during which time he was privileged to observe daily the President at work and in his recreations, the author has given this intimate picture of him. The various chapters are: "The President in the White House," "A View of the President at Work." "The Spirit of the White House," "A Typical Day with the President," "A Cabinet Day at the White House," "Giving Audiences to Two Hundred." "An Estimate of Mr. Roosevelt" and "The President on Mr. Roosevelt."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Courts and Camps of the Italian Renaissance. By Christopher Hare.

Being a mirror of the life and times of the ideal gentleman, Count Baldassare Castiglione, derived largely from his own letters and other contemporary sources, to which is added an epitome of his famous work, *The Book of the Courtier,* with appreciation and annotations.

Skinner and Kennedy:

The Waters Pierce Case in Texas. By Frederick Upham Adams.

Compiled from the series of press articles entitled "Battling with a Great Corporation."

The Vir Publishing Company (Philadelphia):

The Social Duty of Our Daughters.

A short essay addressed to mothers and their grown daughters on the dignity and privilege of wifehood and motherhood.

The John C. Winston Company:

Historic Houses and Their Gardens. Palaces, Castles, Country Places and Gardens of the Old and New Worlds Described by Several Writers. Illustrated with Plans and Photographs. Edited by Charles Francis Osborne. Introduction by Frank Miles Day.

Besides giving a history of the various houses, there are comments on the harmonious relation that should exist between the house proper and its garden.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of August and the 1st of September.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Mystery of the Yellow Room. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
- Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Aunt Maud. Oldmeadow. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Exton Manor. Marshall. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3 The Mystery of the Yellow Room. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Jack Spurlock—Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Bishop of Cottontown. Moore. (Winston.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Warrens of Virginia. Eggleston. (Dillingham.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Nun. Bazin. (Scribner.) $1.00.
2. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Open Window. Barbara. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Breaking in of a Yachtsman's Wife. Vorse. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Circular Staircase. Roberts. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.
4. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon, (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. Prisoners of Chance. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. Prisoners of Chance. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Silver Blade. Walk. (McClurg.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Somehow Good. De Morgan. (Holt.) $1.75.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

5. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Diana of Dobson's. Hamilton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
5. Come and Find Me. Robins. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Car and the Lady. Megargel and Mason. (Baker & Taylor.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS. MINN.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Morals of Marcus Ordeyne. Locke. (Lane.) $1.50.
4. For the Avenger. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. Adam's Clay. Hamilton. (Brentano.) $1.50.
6. Wolfville Folks. Lewis. (Appleton.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. R. J.'s Mother. Deland. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Vera the Medium. Davis. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. King Spruce. Day. (Harper's.) $1.50.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Jack Spurlock—Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.
6. The House of the Lost Court. d'Alpens. (McClure.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Princess Dehra. Scott. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
4. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Marcia Schuyler. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Duchess of Dreams. Macvane. (Lipincott.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, McComb, Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
5. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. Jack Spurlock—Prodigal. Lorimer. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Shoulders of Atlas. Wilkins. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Old Wives for New. Phillips. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Shuttle. Burnett. (Stokes.) $1.50.
5. The Servant in the House. Kennedy. (Harper.) $1.25.
6. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

4. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. King Spruce. Day. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
5. The Chaperon. Williamson. (Musson.) $1.25.
6. The Under Groove. Stringer. (Musson.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Sir Richard Escombe. Pemberton. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Mystery of the Yellow Room. Leroux. (Brentano.) $1.50.
5. Uncle William. Lee. (Century Co.) $1.00.
6. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, McComb, Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

						POINTS
A book	standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

		POINTS
1.	Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	284
2.	The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	236
3.	The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50	156
4.	Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50	105
5.	Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50	81
6.	The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50	73
	The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	73

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

NOVEMBER, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Welcoming a Contemporary

This is an age of specialisation in everything, and nowhere more, perhaps, than in magazines. Thus there are some magazines devoted entirely to baseball, others to automobiling, others to photography and others to muck-raking, just as there are some which confine themselves to literature and life. Whenever a new magazine comes into existence we always like to speak a friendly word about it and metaphorically to clasp its hand, without displaying any but the most appropriate emotions. We must confess, however, that we were just the least bit staggered the other day when we received a copy of the *Uric Acid Monthly,* which has the attractive sub-title (in part): "A Medical Magazine Devoted Exclusively to the Discussion of . . . all Suboxidation products of the Uric Acid Type." It is a neat little periodical, published at Danbury, Conn., and we have examined it with considerable interest. The editorials are brief and pungent; and they are likely to attract attention in the table of contents. The first has to do with the subject "How to Administer It." There is a certain mystery about this that will fascinate the most careless person. Another editorial is headed "The Blues, and Uric Acid Explosions." That is a beautiful touch of journalism. We never heard of "uric acid explosions" before; and after reading the editorial we are inclined to classify them with "brain-storms."

But it is when you come to the solid reading-matter that the *flair* of the editor is most clearly seen. Some of these articles, or perhaps you may call them



MISS MARY JOHNSTON. FROM A RECENT PORTRAIT

Four years ago Miss Johnston's health had a serious breakdown and her physician ordered her to stop all literary work. During several years spent in foreign travel, however, *Lewis Rand*, which was reviewed in our last issue, was in her mind; she kept turning it over and over, creating first one subsidiary character and then another, and slowly developing the plot. And so the story was worked out little by little, sometimes in Sicily, sometimes in England, sometimes on steamships, sometimes in hotels.

stories, suggest the adventures of Sherlock Holmes, such as "A Case of Sciatica," which brings to our mind the familiar Sherlockian tale "A Case of Identity." For sheer pathos we have seen nothing lately to compare with the story entitled "Epigastric Distress" by a medical gentleman in South Dakota. The magazine has no illustrations and the present number contains no poetry, though we artlessly mistook a contribution called "Neurasthenia Gastrica" for a lyric poem addressed to a Greek girl. There is one interesting short story styled "Swollen Joints" which attracted us not a little. It begins with an account of a



DR. CHRISTIAN K. F. HÜLSEN

young lady known as Miss E. C. T. (in this magazine everybody is spoken of by his or her initials) who came to the author "suffering rather severely with pain in several joints." Then the story goes on to say, somewhat to our surprise: "The relative frequency of gout in females, especially in young females, occurred to me; and also, knowing the abstemious habits of the young lady, I hesitated to make a diagnosis of gout." Here is at once a mystery and yet a possible clew. We do not wish to deprive our readers of the pleasure which they will receive from discovering just how this complicated situation was worked out; but it is pretty good, especially as other clews were derived from an entirely different set of facts relating to the girl's father. There is a very pretty piece of deductive reasoning in the essay "Does Thialion take the place of Calomel?" while a special article set off by itself, has to do with "Rheumatism of Long Standing Cured," by Dr. L. E. Chappell—an admirable instance of the story with the happy ending. Perhaps it was a mistake to let it be known in the title that it all turned out well; for it is a good thing to keep the reader in suspense. But probably the editor knows his public, and we have ourselves met people who will not read anything at all unless they are assured that it does not terminate in tragedy. Altogether, the *Uric Acid Monthly* is a distinct addition to our periodical literature. It mingles humour with pathos, and entertainment with information. Its vocabulary is a little steep for us; but if we were to read it every month we should probably get used to this. We therefore beg to offer our congratulations and best wishes to both editor and contributors, who have certainly marked out a new path for themselves in the mazes of contemporary literature.

A Successor to Mommsen

When Theodor Mommsen died a few years ago it was universally said that no one could succeed him. This in a sense was true; for Mommsen was undoubtedly the most learned man of modern times, equalling his learning by his versatility. Thus, he was not only linguist, archæologist, epigraphist and historian; but he was also for many years a prominent figure in the political life of Germany. At one period, too, he wrote poetry, which was admirable in its grace and harmony. That a man can be versatile and at the same time a scholar of solid acquirements is a truth which many of our petty pedants, with half-pint minds, can scarce believe. They were obliged to believe it in the case of Mommsen; but they viewed him as a miracle, whereas he was not at all miraculous, except in degree. His mind was simply large enough to have more pigeon-holes than one or two, and it was powerful enough to seek out many

spheres of mental activity and to win distinction in them all. When he died, however, there was no one man who could be accounted his successor in everything which he had undertaken. But in the sphere of Roman archæology, and especially of topography, Mommsen is to-day succeeded by a scholar whose portrait is given here and who erelong will visit our country as the result of that admirable system, which is gradually becoming established between foreign universities and those of the United States. This gentleman is Dr. Christian K. F. Hülsen, of the German Archæological Institute at Rome, who during the coming year will be in residence at Columbia University as a regular member of its teaching staff, giving courses in Roman monumental art and in the topography of the Eternal City. In these subjects he is on a level with Mommsen; and, by a curious coincidence, Americans are to receive a visit also from the eminent Italian historian Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, whose *Grandeur and Decline of Rome* is brilliant both from the point of view of learning and of literary style. The five volumes which have so far appeared are being translated into English; and whoever reads them must feel that Signor Ferrero has wrought a piece of work as notable as Mommsen's great history of Rome, which was written by him almost off-hand out of the treasures of a richly stored and many-sided intellect.

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Pronunciation and Mispronunciation

The author and the publishers of Mr. Booth Tarkington's new novel, *The Guest of Quesnay,* pronounce the last word of the title as if it were spelled "Kesnay." There is a sound business reason for this. One of the most dangerous of experiments is to offer to the American public a book or a play embodying in the title a foreign word which is at all difficult to pronounce. For one reader or theatre-goer who can use it glibly there are three who will stumble over it, and who in consequence will do their best to avoid the subject in their conversation. The late Richard Mansfield always held that the failure of his play *Monsieur* was largely due to the inability of most Americans to pronounce the word correctly. People were conscious of this inability, and as a measure of safety stayed



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Jesse Lynch Williams on the Glidden Tour. Despite the fact that his class at Princeton was that of 1892, Jesse Lynch Williams preserves a youthfulness of appearance that at times leads to embarrassing complications. He lives in the old New Jersey university town, and every autumn he is regarded with suspicion by such sophomores who do not happen to know him. They cannot quite decide whether he is a member of the incoming freshman class and therefore to be mildly "horsed." In the above picture Mr. Williams is seated on the driver's left. The picture was taken during the Glidden Tour, which Mr. Williams accompanied as a sort of war correspondent for *Collier's Weekly*. The tour came as a kind of interruption between his two latest books, *My Lost Duchess*, a delicate story of New York, and *The Girl and the Game*, a collection of tales of undergraduate life.

away from the theatre. When Mr. Mansfield produced Mr. Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire,* the first word was rigorously eliminated, and the story on the stage was plain *Beaucaire*—"Beaucaire" being one of the few French words which an American cannot well mispronounce.

The Mansfield Life

Mr. Paul Wilstach's *Richard Mansfield: the Man and the Actor* is announced for publication in book form on the seventh of this month. Serially it has been running in *Scribner's Magazine*. The instalment in the October issue of that periodical deals with the actor's first success, and is an exceedingly spirited piece of writing. Before the evening of January 11, 1883, when A. R. Cazauran's translation of Feuillet's *A Parisian Romance* was first produced, Mansfield was an actor of no renown and no particular importance. He was convinced that he had made the mistake of his life in coming to America. In New York he was regarded as a drawing-room entertainer and a provincial comic-opera comedian. His services were declined by Daly, Palmer and Wallack. Finally, in September, 1882, he obtained a part in *The Three Black Cloaks.* As Dromez, the Miller, he won some success, and after playing Nick Vedder, the Innkeeper in *Rip Van Winkle,* and being considered for the rôle of the Lord Chancellor in *Iolanthe,* he was cast for the small part of Tirandel, in *A Parisian Romance,* then in rehearsal. The rôle of Baron Chevrial was to be played by the late J. H. Stoddart, but at the last moment that admirable actor was obliged to refuse it and Mansfield had his opportunity.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Albert Kinross as a newspaper correspondent in Russia at the time of the revolution



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

David Graham Phillips



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Prince Troubetsky and Princess Troubetsky (Amelie Rives)

Mansfield was fascinated with the chance, but he kept his counsel. He bent every energy to the task of giving a new and vivid interpretation of the tottering old Baron:

He sought specialists on the infirmities of roués, he studied specimens in clubs, on the avenue and in hospitals; and in the privacy of his own room he practised make-ups for the part every spare moment. The rehearsals themselves were sufficiently uneventful. He gave evidence of a careful workmanlike performance, but promise of nothing more.

While he was working out the part, Mansfield scarcely ate or slept. He had a habit of dining with a group of young Bohemians at a table d'hôte in Sixth Avenue. The means of none of them made regularity at these forty-cent banquets possible, so his absence was meaningless. One evening he dropped into his accustomed chair, but tasted nothing.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Mrs. McClung and "Pleurisy." "Pleurisy," the horse in Mrs. McClung's *Sowing Seeds in Danny*, is in real life the Jasper who appears in the above picture

"What's the matter, Mansfield?" asked one of the others.

"To-morrow night I shall be famous," he said. "Come see the play."

His friends were accustomed to lofty talk from him. His prophecy was answered with a light laugh, and it had passed out of their memories as they drifted into the night.

The great night came. The cast contained a number of popular favourites and Mansfield was comparatively unknown. He made his entrance in the first act in an unconcerned silence on the part of the audience. During the second act, with the exception of two minutes, he was on the stage from the rise of the curtain to its fall. The applause at the end was for the newcomer alone, and Mr. Palmer rushed back to his dressing room. "Young man," he exclaimed, "do you know you are making a hit?" "That," replied Mansfield, calmly, "is what I am paid for." But it was the fourth act, bringing in the dinner scene and the ghastly death of the Baron, that marked the supreme triumph.

It was probably the most realistic detailed figure of refined moral and physical depravity, searched to its inevitable end, the stage had ever seen. For a moment after the curtain fell there was a hush of awe and surprise. Then the audience found itself and called Mansfield to the footlights a dozen times. But neither then nor thereafter would he appear until he had removed the wig and make-up of the dead Baron. There was no occasion to change his clothes, he wore the conventional evening suit. The effect of shrivelled, undersizedness was purely a muscular effect of the actor. The contrast between the figure that fell at the head of the stairs and the athletic young gentleman who acknowledged the applause was no anti-climax.

Mansfield had come into his own. The superb art of his performance had dwarfed all about it; the play was killed, but he was from that moment a figure to be reckoned with in the history of the theatre.

Next day the papers acclaimed him, but with the studied conservatism which can scarce believe what it has seen; with the understanding which is not sure of itself and hence fears to betray itself.

In the audience, however, was old Maurice Strakosch, who knew the artists of both hemispheres. He fairly ran across to Irving Place and up to a house full of musical celebrities,

several pupils and friends of Madame Rudersonoff, Bohemians who dared offer welcome to a midnight caller. Emma Thursby was among them, and she tells how the great man, crimson with enthusiasm, trembled with his agitation as he called every one about him to give his criticism of the event in the broad sweeping affectionate terms of one who knew whereof he spoke, and really knew that he knew:

"I have to-night witnessed a wonderful event. I have been to see *A Parisian Romance.* The actor who played the Baron Chevrial was unknown till to-night. To-morrow he will be famous. My friends, it is the birth of a great career, the coming of a great artist! A GREAT artist! And do you know who he is? He is Richie, our Richie, Richie Mansfield!"

Other Stage Books

Indeed, it is a long time since a season has brought forth so much of striking interest in the line of reminiscences of the theatre. In addition to Mr. Wilstach's book, there is Mr. William Winter's *Other Days: Being Chronicles and Memories of*



PAUL WILSTACH

the Stage, which in view of Mr. Winter's unique personality, should stir up considerable eontroversial interest. Then, too, there is Ellen Terry's *Reminiscences* which has been appearing serially in *McClure's* and which from the first instalment has had about as much newspaper advertising as any book of recent years. In the September number of *McClure's* Miss Terry had something to



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Kate Douglas Wiggin as Rebecca at the Well. This picture of Mrs. Riggs was taken at her country place, "Quillcote on Saco," Hollis, Maine

say about George Bernard Shaw. The two had a long correspondence before meeting. The letters were sometimes on business, and sometimes they were not, "but always," writes Miss Terry, "his were entertaining, and mine were, I suppose, 'good copy,' as he drew the character of Lady Cecily Waynflete in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion* entirely from my letters. There was talk of Miss Terry appearing in this play when it was first written—she did produce it four years later—and on April 3, 1902, Mr. Shaw sent her the following characteristic ultimatum.

Mr. Bernard's Shaw's compliments to Miss Ellen Terry.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has been approached by Mrs. Langtry with a view to the immediate and splendid production of *Captain Brassbound's Conversion.*

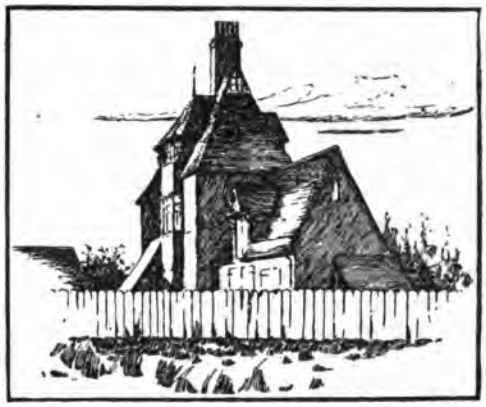
Mr. Bernard Shaw, with the last flash of a trampled-out love, has repulsed Mrs. Langtry with a petulance bordering on brutality.

Mr. Bernard Shaw has been actuated in this ungentlemanly and unbusinesslike course by an angry desire to seize Miss Ellen Terry by the hair and make her play Lady Cecily.

Mr. Bernard Shaw would be glad to know whether Miss Ellen Terry wishes to play Martha at the Lyceum instead.



ELLEN TERRY'S BIRTHPLACE, MARKET STREET, COVENTRY



FALLOWS GREEN, HARPENDEN

Where Ellen Terry lived in 1870 until her return to the stage

Mr. Bernard Shaw will go to the length of keeping a minor part open for Sir Henry Irving when *Faust* fails, if Miss Ellen Terry desires it.

Mr. Bernard Shaw lives in daily fear of Mrs. Langtry recovering sufficiently from her natural resentment of his ill manners to reopen the subject.

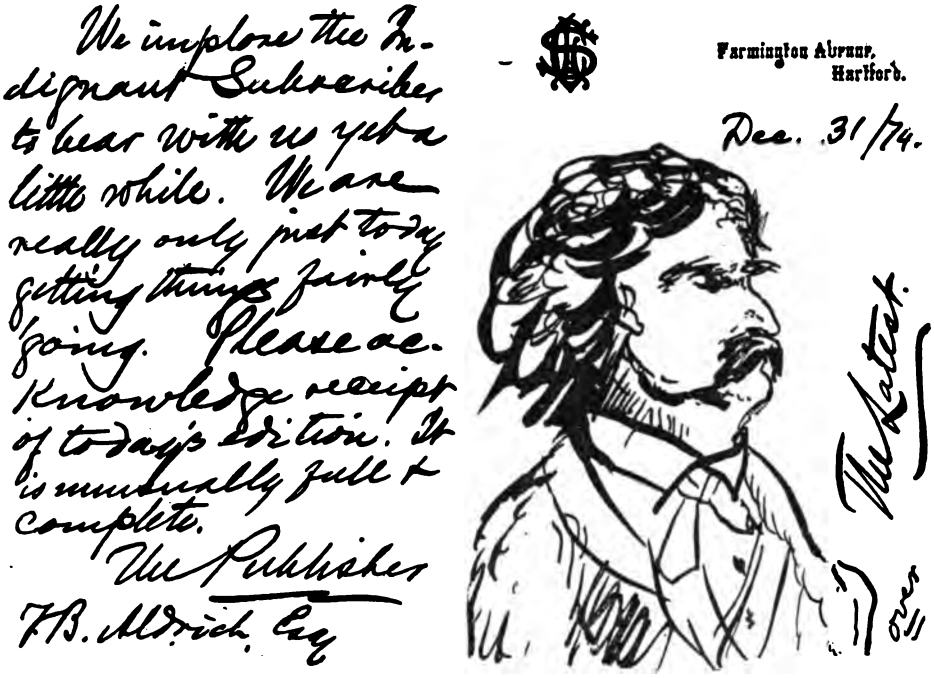
Mr. Bernard Shaw begs Miss Ellen Terry to answer this letter.

Mr. Bernard Shaw is looking for a new cottage or house in the country and wants advice on the subject.

Mr. Bernard Shaw craves for the sight of Miss Ellen Terry's once familiar handwriting.

The Aldrich Life

While on this subject of books of theatrical reminiscences one cannot refrain from allusion to Ferris Greenslet's *Life of Thomas Bailey Aldrich,* for very few American men of letters have been in closer touch than Aldrich was with the men and women of the stage. He was one of the most intimate friends of Edwin Booth and his lines to the Sargent portrait of the Master Player in the Players Club of New York have won a deserved enduring fame. Mr. Aldrich was in Mr. Booth's company when the club was planned, and it was he who suggested the name. In a later issue Mr. Greenslet's book will receive further attention.



MARK TWAIN IN 1874. DRAWN BY HIMSELF

In the meantime we are drawing from it for an explanation of the accompanying sketch of Mark Twain, in 1874, drawn by himself. It seems that in December of that year Mr. Aldrich, desirous of embellishing therewith his library at Ponkapog, asked Mark Twain for his picture. Mr. Clemmens obligingly began sending him one a day. After enduring patiently for two weeks Mr. Aldrich mildly protested against the photographic deluge, with the result that on New Year's day, 1875, he received twenty separate copies of the effigies of Mark Twain in twenty separate covers.

A very interesting chapter of the book is that which treats of Aldrich's life as a young literary aspirant in New York in the fifties. The chief literary potentates of that city at the time were Bryant, Halleck, N. P. Willis and George P. Morris, as against Longfellow, Lowell, Holmes, Emerson, and Whittier for Boston. When Aldrich went to New York, in 1852, he made his home in a house in Clinton Place which belonged to his favourite aunt, Mrs. Frost. This aunt's husband, Charles Frost, is spoken of as a man who bore a very striking resemblance to Thackeray. His was in many respects an unusual and vigorous personality. It was he who said, when Aldrich told him that Dr. Guernsey of *Harper's* had just accepted a poem and paid him $15 for it, "Why don't you send the d—d fool one every day?" A few years later Aldrich was a conspicuous figure in the New York literary Bohemia of the period—the Bohemia which foregathered of nights in Pfaff's cellar on Broadway, near Bleecker Street. The nearer circle of his contemporaries consisted of Bayard Taylor, the Stoddards, Stedman, William Winter, Edwin Booth, Launt Thompson, the sculptor, and a group of journalists and magazine writers of considerable repute in their own day, but now almost entirely forgotten—Henry Clapp, Jr., Ada Clare, Fitz Hugh Ludlow, George Arnold, and Fitz James O'Brien. Among these last Aldrich's closest friend was the wild and talented Fitz James O'Brien. The friendship, though sincere, was of an exceedingly peppery nature, and on one occasion, owing to some misunderstanding, O'Brien went so far as to challenge Aldrich to a duel. The matter

was amicably arranged by Aldrich pointing out to the hot-tempered Irishman that according to the "punctilio of the duello" it was incorrect to challenge a person while one owed him money. At another time O'Brien went to Aldrich with a suggestion that they live for a week after the Venetian manner. "What's that?" asked Aldrich. "Why, sleep all day and live all night." They tried living after the Venetian manner for a while, exploring the streets all night and going to bed at seven in the morning, but it seems to have palled upon them.

A Sideline Diplomat

Although Mr. Walter Camp has been writing for a great many years, and has held a very conspicuous literary place in the eyes of American alumni and undergraduates, *The Substitute,* which has recently come from the press of Messrs. D. Appleton and Company, is his first work of fiction, for the various compilations of football facts and figures which bear his name cannot, strictly speaking, be regarded in the light of fiction. *The Substitute* tells entertainingly the story of "Dick" Goddard, who goes to Yale and devotes his energies to "making" the football team. As the book ends with the call of "Time" at the close of the second half of the Princeton game, some eight weeks after his matriculation, the natural inference is that Dick's university career has come to an end. Any other deduction would suggest an anti-climax. Years ago, in the brave days of over-sophisticated youth, we recall reading a bit of alleged humour which appeared in one of the New Haven undergraduate publications devoted to the comic side of life. It purported to describe a pathetic parting. "And so, Algernon dear," murmurs the heartbroken maiden, "you are going away to college, and I shall not see you again for a whole, whole year." "Not at all, darling," replies the ingenuous swain, "I am only taking the football course at Princeton and will be with you the day after Thanksgiving." There is a flavour to Mr. Camp's yarn that suggests that poor and ancient joke.

While Mr. Camp's official occupation is that of a writer on athletic subjects, the true field of his activities is the field of diplomacy. At Tokio, or Berlin, or Madrid, or Constantinople, in a time of crisis, his very unusual talents would be of genuine service to a nation. Some day this may come to pass. In the meantime in the somewhat smaller field which he has chosen he is a force to be seriously



THE HOUSE IN CLINTON PLACE, NEW YORK, WHERE T. B. ALDRICH LIVED IN THE FIFTIES

considered. This is a fact that certain gentlemen high in the athletic councils of Harvard and Princeton Universities will fervently attest. There is nothing Bismarckian in his particular brand of diplomacy; no resource to "blood and iron," *"saigner à blanc"* methods. Only a gentle suavity and unctuousness; and when, figuratively speaking, he gets a few

thousand square miles of territory in exchange for some very handsome glass beads, he always sees to it that the feelings of the parties of the second part in the transaction are thoroughly soothed, and leaves them delighted and proud in possession of the beads. In a spirit of burlesque that only half veiled a real feeling, a Harvard friend with a picturesque imagination recently summed up the Campian diplomacy. At a conference of



A CURIOUS PORTRAIT OF THÉOPHILE GAUTIER

the football powers the delegate from Harvard brings in the suggestion, for example, that the referee be provided with a silver whistle. Mr. Camp is on his feet at once. A most excellent suggestion. A most admirable suggestion. A suggestion of which he never had thought. Mr. Camp wishes to go on record as endorsing thoroughly and heartily the splendid suggestion of the gentleman from Harvard that the referee be provided with a silver whistle. And of course the gentleman from Harvard, not to be outdone in generosity, is in quite the proper mood to reciprocate by seconding five minutes later the innocent little motion made by Mr. Camp. For example, Mr. Camp might move that in the event of a disastrous first half the Yale eleven be given twenty minutes or so extra time for recuperation and practice in an adjacent field. Seconded by the gentleman from Harvard!

Ralph Henry Barbour

Another book of fiction dealing with the reigning sport of the moment is *Forward Pass,* by Mr. Ralph Henry Barbour, which also comes from the Appleton press. *Forward Pass* is a story of preparatory school life. To quote from the publishers' foreword: "Dan Vinton enters Yardley Hall School, and after many vicissitudes makes the first team as 'sub' end. He gets into the big game of the year and by means of a clever play of his own, involving the forward pass, becomes the hero of the hour." Of all the writers of stories dealing with school or college athletics Mr. Barbour has probably been the most industrious. Since he began writing, about ten years ago, he has published twenty-one books, almost all of which have been designed for the entertainment of the outdoor-loving schoolboy.

The All-Fiction Eleven

Nine years ago this month we printed in THE BOOKMAN an imaginary football eleven made up of certain brawny heroes of fiction. It was a bit of harmless and whimsical absurdity, which happened at the time to be very widely quoted. In subsequent years we have received a large number of inquiries on the subject and we are reprinting the line-up in response to several personal requests.

Left End	Michael Volodyovsky (Pan Michael)
Left Tackle	Le Noir Fainéant (Ivanhoe)
Left Guard	Pan Longin (Fire and Sword)
Centre	John Ridd (Lorna Doone)
Right Guard	Ursus (Quo Vadis)

Right Tackle.....	Taffy Wynne (Trilby)
Right End.......	Aramis (The Three Musketeers)
Quarter-back.....	D'Artagnan (The Three Musketeers)
Left Half-back...	Wilfred of Ivanhoe (Ivanhoe)
Right Half-back..	Porthos du Vallon de Bracieux de Pierrefonds (The Three Musketeers)
Full-back........	Athos Comte de la Fère (The Three Musketeers)

This line-up brought to our office a great many letters of protest and suggestion. In fact, quite as many All-Fiction Elevens were presented indicating personal opinion and preference as there are All-America Elevens that find their way into print at the end of every football season. The most serious criticism came from Professor J. William White, who has been so important a factor in the athletic affairs of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr. White's very sound and just objection was that not an American appeared among the candidates for the original team. His suggestion for an All-Fiction team, to be confined strictly to American heroes, was as follows:

Left End..................	Magua
Left Tackle................	Dick Bullen
Left Guard................	Hurry Harry
Centre......................	Natty Bumppo
Right Guard...............	Chingachgook
Right Tackle..............	Hugh Wynne
Right End.................	Uncas
Quarter-back..............	Van Bibber
Left Half-back.............	Specimen Jones
Right Half-back...........	Jack Hamlin
Full-back..................	Richard Carvel
Head Coach...............	Mr. Dooley
Assistant Coach............	David Harum

The Quest for Local Colour

There is an odd story connected with the very brief visit which C. N. and A. M. Williamson made to this country last spring. They arrived from England and sailed for Italy a few days later. The sole object of the trip is said to have been to get a glimpse of a Bowery lodging-house at first hand. *The Marquis of Loveland,* which is to be published next spring, deals with the adventures of a wild young Englishman, a cousin of the Lady Betty of a former novel, who after ruining himself by his extravagance in the Grenadier Guards, starts for America to find a wealthy wife. His venture begins with disaster, and


WALTER CAMP

after being turned out of one of the big New York hotels he finds his way to the Bowery lodging-house. At this point of the tale Mr. and Mrs. Williamson began to have doubts. They knew many phases of American life, but the Bowery they



RALPH HENRY BARBOUR



J. BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

Author of *Arkinsaw Cousins*. Mr. Ellis's first novel, *The Dread and Fear of Kings*, was published in 1900. It was followed by *Garcilaso* and *The Holland Wolves*. The author's early years were passed in St. Louis, where his father was a prominent criminal lawyer, and most of his life since has been spent teaching in the colleges.



HERBERT TRENCK

Author of *Apollo and the Seaman*



MARY N. MURFREE (CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK)



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS
John Kendrick Bangs at his Maine home



RANDALL PARRISH
Author of *The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel*



PILLARS OF THE PLAYHOUSE. THE HALL CORNERS

felt to be beyond them. They could not hope for a description of even reasonable accuracy. There was, however, a way out of the difficulty; to travel from England to Italy by way of New York. A week later they were in that city, and there stayed just long enough to enable an American friend to take them about through the lower East Side and show them the environment to which a man in the case of Loveland would be obliged to adapt himself.

Hall Caine's "My Story"

In England there has been considerable advance discussion of *My Story*, by Hall Caine. To most readers this work will show the Manx novelist in an entirely new light. It has grown so much to be a habit to associate the author of *The Bondsman*, *The Deemster* and *The Manxman* with the little island in the Irish Sea that it seems a little strange to picture him as rubbing elbows with painters and actors and critics in London dining-rooms. *My Story* contains some interesting personal recollections of Ruskin. Says Mr. Hall Caine:

During the last year but one before Ruskin's death I had the pleasure to meet him at his house at Coniston. Although I had known more than a little of him for so long, and had enjoyed so many points of touch with him, it was the first time I had met him face to face. He had then been for years silent, and so far as active interest in the affairs of life goes, he had long been dead. I found him very old and bent and feeble, a smaller, frailer man than I looked for; well in health, both of body and mind, but with faculties that were dying down very slowly and gently and almost imperceptibly, as the lamp dies down when the oil fails in it. His head was not so large as I had expected to find it, or it hardly seemed to me in form or size grand or massive; his eyes were slow and peaceful, having lost their former fire; and his face,



THE LATE JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

Author of *The Courage of Captain Plum*, who met a strange death in the Hudson Bay country last month

from which the quiet life of later years had smoothed away the lines of strong thought and torturing experience, was too much hidden by a full grey beard. He spoke very little, and always in a soft and gentle voice that might have been the voice of a woman; but he listened to everybody and smiled frequently. All the fiery heat of earlier days was gone, all the nervous force of the fever patient, all the capacity for noble anger and wrath. Nothing was left but gentleness, sweetness and quiet courtesy, the unruffled peace of a breathless evening that is sliding into a silent night. In short, his whole personality left the impression of the approach of death; but of death so slow, so gradual, so tender and so beautiful that it almost made one in love with it to see it robbed of every terror.

A Gratuitous Suggestion

Out of sheer, generous good nature we wish to call the attention of Mr. Upton Sinclair and Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson to Erasmus's Essay "On Behaviour at Meals." One or the other of these eminent men of letters may be contemplating writing an historical novel, and judging from the past the paragraph which we print below should suggest half a dozen chapters in the best vein of *The Jungle, The Metropolis, The Money-changers* or *A Little Brother of the Rich.* Erasmus reminds his readers that it is "very rude to blow your nose on the table cloth" or to "wipe your fingers on your neighbour's coat." He then goes on to remark:

> Never praise the result of your cook's labours or press your guests to eat whether they like or not. Never criticise your host's dinner unfavourably, even if it be badly cooked. Pass all these things over in silence. Do not give dogs your bones under the table, or feed the cat, or encourage animals to jump on the table. Above all, do not lick your plate; it is an act that ill becomes a cat, let alone a gentleman.

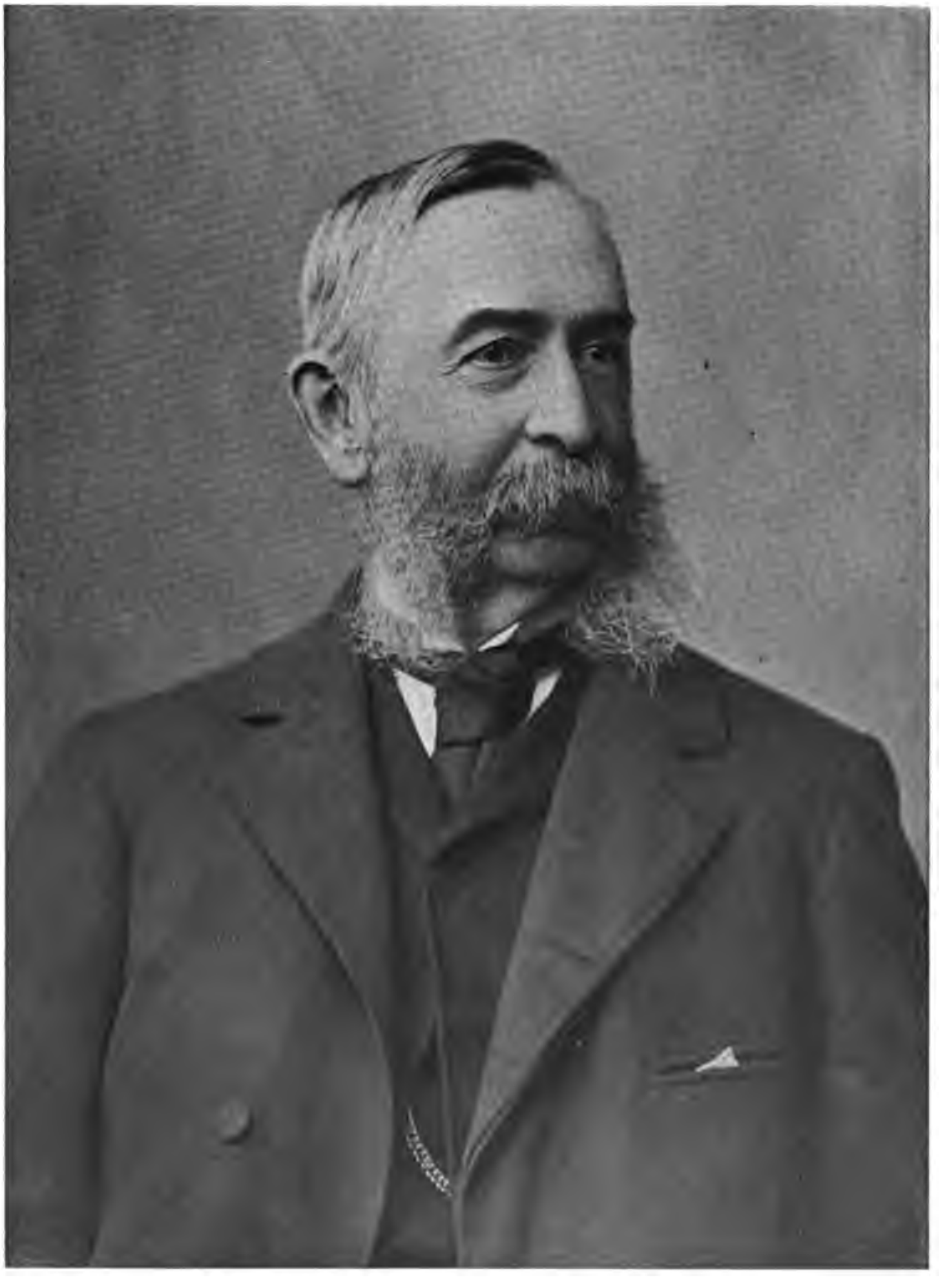
DANIEL COIT GILMAN

IT is given to some men to lay the foundations of a great and noble work. It is given to others to complete the work which their predecessors have begun. But to very few is it given at once to lay the foundations deep and strong, to watch the structure rising into a thing of life and usefulness and beauty, and finally to behold the full completion of the stately edifice. Among these few, the late Daniel Coit Gilman was so fortunate as to be numbered. One cannot readily recall the life of any contemporary so full of helpfulness, so creative, and withal so rich in honourable achievement.

There is no need to enumerate in detail the many activities of one who combined the profound learning of a scholar with the tact of a diplomat and the genius of a great administrator. Dr. Gilman in his seventy-seven years accomplished many things. From the very best New England stock, he inherited the finest traditions of our race. Years of travel and study in Europe gave him breadth of view and a sane outlook upon the world in his early years. He knew every one who was worth knowing. He listened to their opinions. He studied their careers. In all this he was unconsciously making himself ready for what was destined to be his own enduring monument. As professor at Yale University, he came to know the East, where he was born, in all its intellectual aspects. As president of the University of California he came to know the West. In this way he was a representative American—representative of all that is best in our historic past, in our social and political life, and in our latent possibilities.

It is not surprising, therefore, that when the Johns Hopkins University was founded, Dr. Gilman should have been selected as its president; nor is it singular that he should have made of it a beacon light and a source of inspiration to all other American homes of learning. In 1875, there was not one institution in

the United States that could rightfully be styled a university. Ambitious young men who had received all that our colleges could give them were compelled to seek in Europe the exact and scientific training which must precede and accompany original research. Under Dr. Gilman, the Johns Hopkins University became a centre of creative scholarly effort, whose activities were worthy to be com-



July 6, 1831 DANIEL COIT GILMAN October 13, 1908

pared with those of any foreign institution whatsoever. He had much to meet in the way of active and of tacit opposition. A university in the true sense was then scarcely understood by most Americans. There were also some special prejudices in Baltimore which had survived the founder of the university and which in their way did something to hamper the work of its first president. Later, there came financial difficulties. But Dr. Gilman never faltered. He never for one moment lost sight of his ideal. His enthusiasm, his knowledge of men and of the world, and besides this, his judicial temperament, crowned his efforts with success.

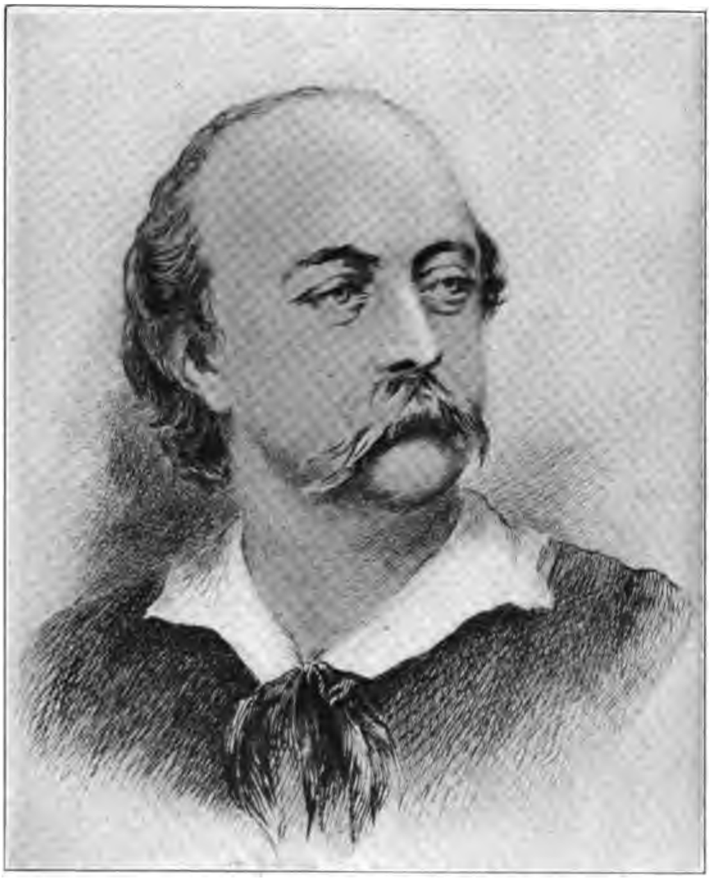
He gathered about him a band of scholars whose names have since become illustrious and whose conception of their work accorded with his own. From Europe there came as lecturers to Baltimore men of eminence, whose presence was itself an inspiration, and they supplemented the work of such distinguished scholars as Gildersleeve and Warren, of Rowland and Remsen, of Newcomb and Sylvester. These and others, under the guidance of Dr. Gilman, brought, as it were, a sort of Promethean fire into American academic life. The quarter-century that followed the founding of Johns Hopkins University saw the transformation of much older institutions into genuine abodes of scientific investigation. Johns Hopkins men went out into them all; and to-day the most advanced of American students can pursue his studies at any one of a dozen American universities with as great profit as in Germany or France or Austria.

This in itself would have sufficed to make Dr. Gilman's name a memorable one; yet fortune willed it that he should carry still further the torch of higher learning. American universities sent forth men equipped by nature and by training to conduct investigations of the greatest moment. Yet how were they to conduct investigations if they were to be hampered by the class-room drudgery work of a professor and unless they had private fortunes of their own? There came forward at the psychological moment, Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who in 1901 had an interview with Dr. Gilman—a long and searching interview. "I wish," said Mr. Carnegie, "to provide for the advancement of knowledge." This was all, yet it comprehended everything. As the result of that morning's talk, Mr. Carnegie made his munificent and almost unique gift by which the Carnegie Institution was established in Washington, "for the advancement of knowledge." With singular good judgment, Dr. Gilman was placed at the head of this new institution, which, with its ample endowment, can encourage and does encourage research, investigation, and the clarification of existing knowledge. It is almost a marvel that the same man should have lived long enough to establish in our country, first the ideal of the creative scholar, and second, an organisation which gives to creative scholarship so free and full an opportunity.

My own personal knowledge of Dr. Gilman came through a rather close association with him in work of an encyclopædic character. During the period of that association, it was a pleasure and a privilege to see from day to day how his disciplined mind, enriched by large experience, could turn itself to any subject and effect results that were immediately fruitful. Dr. Gilman seemed to know every human being in our country who was in any way connected with the intellectual life. He knew the acquisitions of each and the limitations also; and I never found his judgment to be at fault. Besides all this, he had a genial courtesy, a modest, unassuming, and absolutely natural bearing, which made him so delightful as a friend and an associate.

Perhaps no one in the history of American education counts for quite so much as Dr. Gilman. Surely no student of education could have been more sane, more free from fads of every kind, more gracious in his manner, more notable for judgment, tact, and that deeper understanding which gives vitality to learning as to life. He still remains among us, because the work to which he gave his heart and brain still lives; and they must continue more and more to be an enduring monument to his memory.

Harry Thurston Peck.



GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT: A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY

TWO things have made Flaubert famous — he wrote a book and he had epileptiform convulsions. The pages of *Madame Bovary* vibrate in any language; and the author's case is found in everything that treats of genius and neurosis. But the rare qualities of the man were never understood. His subtle composition eluded the analysis of his biographers, whether they have been medical excursionists or fellow-men of letters. They have put him down as an egoist, an epileptic, a chastened realist, or a romanticist gone mad.

Flaubert himself, better than any one, saw the springs of his pictorial fancy and grasped the nature of his turbulent yet timid spirit. "My nervous malady," he wrote, "introduced me to curious psychological phenomena of which no one had any idea, or rather which no one has felt. I will have my revenge. I will make use of them in a book. But, as it is a subject which frightens me, from the point of view of health, I must wait. I must be far from those impressions to be able to give them to myself again artificially, ideally, and so without danger to myself or to my work." He kept his promise. And here follows the story, chiefly as he told it.

Flaubert was born in the Hôtel Dieu of Rouen in 1821. His father, head surgeon, after the Continental custom, made the hospital his home. In it, young Flaubert grew up. To watch his father dissect was one of his diversions, and autopsies he rarely missed. Contact with the business of disease and with the gruesome details of anatomy, to which study Bichât had just given a fresh impetus, made him too soon familiar with tragedy and despair. The early associations sunk deep into his personality; "I never see a child," he wrote later, "but I think he will become an old man, nor a cradle but I think of a grave;" they were never forgotten. Years afterward, death would recall cadavers; and on thinking of his sister, whom he dearly loved, and who died when he was twenty-five, "he saw again the two of them as children climbing the lattice work which shut off their garden from the amphitheatre of the Hôtel Dieu, watching the corpses on the dissection tables, their father at his work and the buzzing flies which flew from them to the flowers, to the dissection tables and back to them again."

In this atmosphere, he discerned the ultimate impotence of medicine, and came to know the humanness of doctors, in spite of their sacred calling. But he also learned the methods of patient observation, common to all the natural sciences, and the lesson of hard work. As a second son, he ceded the place as his father's successor to his elder brother, and was slated, against his will, for law. After two years' study, he failed to pass his examination, and returned home much mortified and upset. Ill health followed and the next few years were passed at home, in travel, and in writing books which were never to see the light of day. His great work, *Madame Bovary,* was three years in the making, but had a prompt success in 1857, thanks to the police. Author, publisher, and even the printer were indicted for outraging public morals. All were acquitted, though there was a Scotch twist to the verdict.

The middle and later years of his life Flaubert lived with his mother at Croisset, a village near Rouen. He never married. A desultory love affair with a Madame Colet ran through eight years. The lady lived in Paris, wrote poor books and had numbered various literary men among her lovers. It was Flaubert's most serious attachment. After the publication of *Salammbô,* its author received much attention, was considered good company and passed two or three months of each year at the capital. But he preferred the life of the monk and always returned to his country home with delight. He was there at the time of the Prussian invasion, an event which outraged all his sensibilities. Indeed, this

depressed him more than any occurrence of his life. He thought the end of art and letters was at hand. He died of apoplexy in 1880.

His life was consecrated to letters. From the age of ten, when he arranged a play, till the morning of his death, he worked with a feverish pertinacity intolerable to health. From the time he got up until far into the early morning hours, was his schedule. In his composition, he took infinite pains; he would pursue the right word with the relentlessness of a hunter and often took days to write a few paragraphs. "It is easier," he says, "to become a millionaire and live in Venetian palaces, filled with master works of art, than to write a good page and be satisfied with one's self." He not only strove for truthful representation, but spared himself nothing in his desire to be accurate in every fact. He read 1500 volumes in preparation of *Salammbô,* and when writing *The Sentimental Education* walked the hospital, in order to describe the croup correctly. But conscientiousness and hard work do not lift men from mediocrity, and with these traits alone Flaubert would be unknown to us. His genius lay in a plastic sensibility which enabled him to project himself into his characters. This was his birthright. With it he broke the classic mould, painted things as they are and was hailed as the founder of a new school of fiction in France.

His was a sensibility excited by ideas rather than by the ordinary messages of the senses. These latter, he said, he could always conquer. Perhaps the appeals they made to him were feeble. In early manhood he went for three years without the consciousness of sex, and throughout he seemed indifferent to objective beauty, except in so far as it aroused ideas. But with an intellectual stimulus, he became all nerves. "For a month I have been in a peculiar state of exaltation, or rather of vibration; at the slightest idea that comes into my mind, I undergo the peculiar effect that one feels to the tips of the fingers, in going near a harp." Such states pushed themselves to the point of pain. He was doubtless drawing on his own sensations and what they caused him when he voiced his theory of genius. "Perhaps genius after all is only a refinement of suffering, a meditation on what is going on outside of us, as it appears translated by our mind. The sadness of Molière was the result of all the human frailty which he himself felt; he suffered from the Diafoirus and the Tartuffes which got into his brain through his eyes. Did not the mind of a Veronese saturate itself with colours, like a piece of cloth in the boiling vat of a dyer? Were not all tints so magnified that none could escape his eye? Michael Angelo said that marble shivered when he drew near; the truth is that he shivered on drawing near to marble. For this man, then, even the mountains had souls; their natures were similar like the affinity between two elements. But all this must bring about, how or why I do not know, volcanic fuses of a kind to annihilate the poor human tenement."

These fuses brought about eruptions in Flaubert. But they also gave him the power to shed his skin and live in others. He had a rare faculty of voluntary metempsychosis. When at work on *Madame Bovary* in 1853, he wrote his mistress—"I am tired out. I feel as though I had an iron helmet on my head. Since two o'clock this afternoon—with only about twenty-five minutes out for dinner—I am writing on Bovary. I go with them on their horseback ride. I am of them. Perspiration runs and throats are dry. This is one of the few times in my life that I have passed the whole day in complete illusion. Just now, as I was writing the words *'attaque des nerfs'* I was so carried away, was talking so loud and feeling so deeply what my poor little woman was going through, that I was afraid I was going to have an attack myself. I got up from the table and opened the window, my head spinning." And again—"My imaginary people take hold of me and follow me, or rather, it is I who am in them. When I was writing the poisoning of Emma Bovary. I had so distinctly the taste of arsenic in my mouth, was so thoroughly poisoned myself, that I vomited my whole dinner." Elsewhere he says he sometimes passes whole days without consciousness of his personality, so deeply does it become

merged in his books. "A book for me is nothing but a way of living. That's what explains my hesitation, my terrors, my slowness."

He knew by experience the difference between these artistic incarnations and the sense deceptions which defy control. "Don't confuse the internal vision of the artist with that of the man truly hallucinated. I know the two conditions perfectly; a gulf divides them. In the true hallucination, fear is always present; you feel your personality leaving you, you think you are going to die.*

"In the poetic vision, on the contrary, there is joy, something that takes possession of you, even though you do not know where you are. Often this vision is put together slowly, piece by piece, as one arranges the different parts of a decoration. But not always; it may come suddenly, like the hallucination of hypnosis; something forms before the eyes—then's the time to seize it."

This faculty of losing himself in his creations is the working capital of the realistic writer. Without it, the representation he gives us fails in truth. Only a small part of what goes on about us enters our consciousness. The rest, while feebly stimulating sight or hearing or the other senses, does not cross the threshold, does not become a part of us. A moment consciousness is composed of fragments, not photographs; glimpses, not inventories. And we recognise it as true in reproduction, quite as much by what is left out as by what is put in. No two moments are identical. What escapes and what gets in varies with different persons, is different with you and with me, is never the same with either of us under the stress of ever-fluctuating emotions, physical conditions, environment.

To these variations, Flaubert was acutely sensitive. And by turning his own consciousness into the mould of that of his hero or heroine, he could, under propitious circumstances, make their sensations his own, give us landscapes as seen by them, reasons as thought by them, emotions as felt by them. This was the artist part of him. And the artisan part of him, the part that had industry and pertinacity and knowledge and long experience, knew no rest until the artist had found expression in the right word and phrase.

Sensibility, extreme and dirigible, and a perfected accuracy with the tools of expression explain the greatness of Flaubert. He is fiction dramatised with the author making lightning changes, like the clever Dutch actor in the play of several characters with no one on the stage but himself.

The theory of emotional complexes helps explain these things. Every strong emotion sinks deep into our personality, carrying down with it much of what is going on about us at the time. The emotion itself and the associations, which cling to it like barnacles, form what is called an emotional complex. The union is too close ever to be entirely broken up. Henceforth, when the emotion reappears, it drags its associations with it; or, if one of the associations is forced up into our consciousness, it tends to recall, if not the emotion itself, at least its shadow. Nowhere are complexes better illustrated than in *Madame Bovary*. Take for example two quotations chosen at random —"The ink of her father's letter had been dried with wood ashes; and as a little of the grey powder fell from the letter on her dress, she thought she almost saw the old man bending over the fireplace to take the tongs." Again—"the sound of a church bell recalled her days at the convent, the altar, the nuns, the figure of the Virgin." In both of these, the complex aroused brought up others in an endless chain.

Throughout our life, we add in a never ending series new emotional complexes to our store, which combine in infinite mosaics. In the nicety of their composition, the quality of their content and the ease with which they can be made to reappear, we have standards by which to gauge disposition, intellectual calibre, and character. We rarely see recalled the closely synthesised and firmly held emotional complexes of the man of self-

*Compare the hullucinatory abstraction of Emma when repulsed by her former lover—"She only suffered from her love and, by the mere memory of it, felt her soul leaving her, as the wounded, in dying, feel their life ebbing away through the wound that bleeds."

control and power of concerted action. In states of dementia, the reactions may fail altogether, due to defects in cerebral structure; or the physical evidences of them may be produced but without psychic equivalent; witness the stolidity of the idiot, the meaningless laugh of the imbecile. When mentality is merely feeble, or failing, we find complexes which, though easily called forth, show a lack of agreement between the strength of the reaction and the intellectual value. This we see in the instability of childhood, of alcoholism, of hysteria.

The stimuli which arouse the complexes are kaleidoscopic in their variety. Messages from any of the sense organs, ideas whose sensorial origins are too closely fused for recognition, combinations of the most trivial circumstances, simple and apparently disconnected words, may call forth composite mental pictures. This fact now gives great practical importance to experimental psychology. It was anticipated by Flaubert. Madame Bovary had communicated with her lover through the intermediary of her child's guardian-nurse. After the fatal dose of arsenic, and as she lay dying, her little girl was brought to her. Not grasping the situation, the child asked some question about the nurse. This loosened a complex. "At this name, which carried her back in memory to her adulteries and to her misfortunes, Madame Bovary turned away her head, as though in disgust at the taste of another poison which came up in her mouth."

As a complex may be revived by a single external circumstance, so it may come to be represented in the mind of its possessor, with its most salient element. A symbol may come to represent it, as a symbol may arouse it. A single stroke of the brush may give the tone to the picture, a symbolic characteristic disclose the meaning of a situation; a night may be described by its silence, a light by one or two reflections. Is not the type of Larivière, the famous doctor of Rouen (fashioned after Flaubert's father), exemplified in the phrase that "he practised virtue without believing in it"?

The highest grade of emotional superiority is found in those who give a true and beautiful mental response to slight excitation. This is the gift which makes the artist. In him the associations of an emotion have so many ramifications, are themselves so salient and well blended, that the complex, far reaching and easy of recall, appears with the vivid truth of life. This faculty was preeminently Flaubert's. If he had not told us so in his correspondence, we would have known it from his writings. For much as he strove to keep himself out of his books, every line betrays his strong emotional reactions.

And his heroine most of all. In her we have the picture of a woman giving the liveliest possible responses to casual stimuli. The sound of a bell, a gesture, the dust of a letter, a smell, would cause past panoramas to enfold themselves before her eyes. But the chief complex, existent from childhood, was an illusion, a fused dream of ecstasy, delight, delirium. Throughout her career, the most insignificant event would wake it, or would determine her action in her effort to realise it. The promise of a riding habit decided her on the step which led to her first fall; and that "it was Paris fashion" led her to her second. Profligate and licentious as she seems to the superficial reader, she refused in desperate extremity to sell herself, as barter had no association with her complex; and in the arms of death "she summoned all her expiring strength and gave the crucifix the closest kiss of love she had ever given."

No one, without the most accessible and flexible emotional fusions, could have given life to a character like Emma. And in her, all unconsciously, the author lays bare his own psychology. He, like her, had complexes that appeared at the winking of an eyelash; both had convulsions which followed emotional reverses; he, like her, clung throughout to the impressions of his youth; like her, he had a dominant illusion, his love of art, which was ever present, and which shaped his life. And however great the differences between the solitary ascetic man of letters and the faithless wife of the country doctor, between the complexes, ideal of the one, and sensorial of the other, their emotional mechanisms

had much in common; and a study of her reveals, with a constancy too great for chance, the tricks of the hand that painted her.

In *Madame Bovary,* Flaubert created one of the world's masterpieces of fiction. But posterity, the critic, has thus far accorded no such approval to his other works. They contain, all of them, flashes of his power; and all bear witness to the great technician. The descriptions of some of the scenes about Carthage, in *Salammbô,* are in the author's best manner; the child with croup in *L'Éducation Sentimentale* is so ill that we can almost hear his laboured breathing; the legend of *St. Julien l'hospitalier* is told with the dramatic simplicity of the Bible. But in spite of this, the other works do not hold us. They fail in human interest and power of conviction. They do not give us what we get on every page of *Madame Bovary,* real people. And they remain tedious compositions that few read through.

Various are the hypotheses to explain these inequalities. Perhaps the one nearest the truth is that Flaubert's genius could not pass the confines of reproduction. The story of the great book was true and the provincial personages in it such as the author had always lived with. He knew them to the core; could think as they thought and make himself feel as they felt. But the subjects of his other romances, subjects legendary, antique, political, he knew mostly at second hand. To have illuminated them was beyond his powers. He could draw on himself and project an immortal type; or revive his experiences and give us scenes which cry with truth. But he lacked the universality of that genius which is not bound down by experience within the range of personal observation, the genius with which the truly great can picture what they do not know. The creative imagination which makes possible the unlimited incorporations of Shakespeare, the soaring flights of Goethe, the passionate imagery of Emily Brontë, was not his. There is proof of this in his unsuccessful books; and more can be found in his letters which were published after his death. The pilgrimage through those four dreary volumes is brightened by few original conceptions except such as concern the writer's own sensations.

Art for art's sake is the famous one. For Flaubert, it was more than an idea; it was a creed. Art is beauty and truth. If a theme is truthfully unfolded and if the unfolding is beautiful, the object is obtained; that is art, no matter what the theme is. Truth in the telling and accuracy and beauty of the phrase, that is the goal to work for.

George Sand, one of his later correspondents, reproached him with caring too much for the purity and beauty of his phrases. He answered her: "The care for the extreme beauty that you find fault with is, for me, a method. When I find a discord or a repetition in one of my phrases, I am certain that I am on the wrong track. Then when I search, I find the correct expression, which is the only one, and which is, moreover, harmonious. The word never fails him who has the idea. I remember having experienced a violent pleasure on contemplating a wall of the Acropolis, a wall entirely bare. Now I wonder if a book, independently of what it tells, cannot produce the same effect. In the precision of the assembling, the quality of the individual pieces, the polish of the surface, the harmony of the whole, is there not an intrinsic value, a kind of divine power, something infinite as a principle?" He thought so. He wrote his friend, Du Camp, that he would rather die like a dog than hurry his pen by a single second to be quit of a phrase that was not complete.

Art demands much of her disciples, he preached. Like the God of the Jews, it delights in burnt offerings. The life of the artist must be a life of self-denial and toil. If he tries for both beauty and happiness, he will get neither the one nor the other. He must live a life of his own outside the world. He must describe emotions, not feel them. You can paint wine, love, women, glory, he wrote, but only on the condition that you are neither drunkard, lover, husband, nor soldier of the line. In the maelstrom of life, you suffer too much or enjoy too much to see well. To be swayed by emotions is to lose the power to portray them. The artist should have no feelings of his own

but must be able to make himself feel. Success is a result, not an end. It is not to be striven for. If it comes, well and good. If not, one has done one's best and nothing else matters.

On no account should the author's personal opinions or sensations appear in his work. Like God in the universe, he should be present everywhere but visible nowhere.

Such was Flaubert's famous theory. Its originality may be questioned. But his unchanging belief in it was original at least. It was his dominating complex, a product of the material impressions of his youth. He never changed it, voiced it everywhere, and by every act of his career proved his fanatical adherence. It determined his mode of life, shaped his methods, moulded his views. Art was to him what God was to the Puritans, what the sun was to the Incas. Intoxicated with his faith, he could only have lived as he did, cut off from the world, the slave of frenetical industry. But his tempestuous nature must give even more. He must resent and avenge all heresy. Those great in letters he regarded with a jealous veneration. Shakespeare, Goethe, Homer, Apuleius, were, to him, gods. One evening at a private gathering of the Empress, he violently commanded a man who spoke disrespectfully of Victor Hugo to cease. The one great hatred of his life was against the bourgeoisie, the comfortable class, the class without high thoughts. The reason for it has long puzzled his biographers and reviewers. It is to be found in this, that the bourgeois for him were heretics. He hated their banality, their complacency, their assumption of comprehension, but above all, their indifference to art. A bourgeois opinion would always irritate him and the material success (through the bourgeois, of course) of some inferior book would drive him to bitterest invective.

It all seems very foolish, but the fact is there, and perhaps the indulgent can even find something lovable in a man who rages against a whole class because it slights or patronises his religion.

Maxime du Camp, Flaubert's friend, and his most important if not his most reliable biographer, attributes Flaubert's lack of ideas and slowness of literary construction to disease. "He was," he says, "a writer of rare talent; without the nervous malady which overtook him, he would have been a man of genius." But there is no proof that Flaubert's ideas diminished, or his methods of managing them changed, after the onset of this illness; on the contrary, his niece, in a short biographical introduction to the correspondence, says, "the incessant and vigorous work of his brain continued without any interruption;" and the nature of the illness itself is wide open to argument.

It has been so uniformly accepted as epilepsy that Flaubert has become a stock argument in favour of the degenerative origin of genius. The proofs adduced are entirely inadequate; and in a critical study which was a recent *Thèse de Paris,* the epileptic theory was rejected. It would be futile to dwell long on these controversial arguments. But the question is too closely knit with the character of Flaubert to be passed by. Were such interruptions as punctuated his productive activity due to a disease which, as physicians practically know it, kills creative power and blunts intelligence and memory, almost without exception? Or were they fortuitous outcomes of his type of genius, concentrated outpourings of himself, which caused no permanent damage to his finer mental workings? The facts are, briefly, these—De Goncourt says in his journal—"Flaubert told us that when he was a child he would become so immersed in his reading, with tongue pressed between his teeth and twisting a lock of hair with his fingers, that he would suddenly fall to the floor. Once he cut his nose in striking against a pane of glass." And De Maupassant states that Flaubert, as a youth, "would stand and read, sometimes for an hour, without moving, deeply immersed and apparently unconscious, but with brain working actively."

At the age of twenty-two, Flaubert had a number of convulsions, which were repeated on a few subsequent occasions, some at night. The first attacks threw his family into great consternation. A doctor or an attendant was constantly with him, and he passed a year or more

in fear and depression. "This nervous malady," his niece wrote, "overhung his whole life like a veil; a fear that darkened his happiest days." Of the facts we have no medical opinion. His father and brother bled him; a doctor who saw him once in Tours confessed his ignorance and prescribed quinine; Hardy of Paris, in later years, called him a hysterical old woman, and Dr. Lambron, a prophet in his day, attributed his nervous sensibility to the abuse of tobacco.

Two persons only have described these attacks—Du Camp, who saw them, and Flaubert himself. Du Camp's description is as follows:

In the month of October, 1843, he had been at Pont-Andemer. His brother went there for him. On a certain evening they started for home together in a buggy, Gustave driving. The night was dark; on the outskirts of Bourg-Achard, as a man pushing a cart passed the buggy on the left, and with the light from a lonely inn on the right, Gustave was overcome and fell. His brother immediately bled him, hoping, though not very confidently, that he had been the witness of an accident that would not occur again. Other attacks followed, four in all, in the next two weeks. . . . Many times have I, terrified and helpless, been present during these attacks. They always occurred in the same way and were always ushered in by the same symptoms. Suddenly, without apparent cause, Gustave would hold his head up and become very pale. He had felt the aura, that mysterious breath which passes over the countenance like the flight of a spirit. His face bore a look of anguish, and he would shrug his shoulders with a gesture of discouragement which was heart-breaking. He would say, "There's a flame in my right eye," and then, after a few seconds, "There's a flame in my left eye; everything looks golden to me." This peculiar state lasted several minutes. And all this time it was plain to me he was hoping it would be nothing but an alarm. Then, his face blanching still further, would take on an expression of despair. He would walk rapidly up and down and run to his bed, throwing himself on it, depressed and gloomy, as though he were getting into a coffin. And then he would cry out, "I have the reins—there is the man pushing the cart—I hear his bell. Oh! I see the light of the inn." Then, after a groan whose rending note still rings in my ears, he would pass into the convulsion. In it, his whole body shook and after it he went into a deep sleep and was exhausted for several days.

This dramatic description does not picture the ordinary conduct of a person in an epileptic fit; Du Camp was no doctor, and certain criteria essential for the diagnosis of epilepsy are (quite naturally) omitted altogether. Without this description, however, the few other facts which might proclaim Flaubert an epileptic are totally insufficient, and one is forced to look further to see if the attacks which from time to time interrupted the writer's career, could not have been of some other character. It is constantly being thrust upon our notice that intense emotional crises, as well as epilepsy, can cause recurrent lapses of consciousness. The *modus operandi* is somewhat as follows. A sudden emotion, generally in the nature of fright, impresses itself on the mind violently. This impression, with the attendant circumstances which cling to it, creates a complex which is independent of all others and which is cut off from the directing forces of the will. Varying with the susceptibility of the individual, and with the violence of the shock, the complex excludes, more or less completely, all else from consciousness. When all conditions favour an intense reaction, all conscious operations of the mind, outside the complex, are suspended. Except in one direction, the person is unconscious or at least unable to direct his consciousness. Each and all of us, at the sight of some petrifying accident, lose, for the moment, consciousness of everything else. When a child falls in front of a rapidly moving trolley car, we, who see it, take no account of anything but that; we do not hear the rush of the elevated train above our head and remember dimly, if at all, what we did during the suspense. And for a long time afterward, many years perhaps, when we see again a child in similar danger or hear the grinding of suddenly applied brakes, or are confronted with some other association, too remote, perhaps, for any one but ourselves to recognise, we again become spellbound, momentarily oblivious to all but that one complex. This is well within the normal. But to keep there, the unconsciousness must be too brief to interfere with rational conduct, and it must weaken with successive appearances;

when the complex returns too easily, or too often, and troubles consciousness for too long a time, it becomes the pathological. Examples of this latter we have in trance, in catalepsy, in double personality, and similar weird conditions, all of which have their origin in outraged emotions. But the examples best known to us are what, for want of a better term, we call psychic attacks, which only occur in highly sensitive natures, and which cut them off, for a brief time, from their surroundings.

These are recurrent emotional crises, sometimes convulsive, dominated by a complex. They may follow the fright at once; or the complex, full formed but dormant, may wait its time to strike until its victim is weakened by some long nervous strain or worry, or until some new emotional insult frees it. Then self-control is lost. All attacks, at first at least, have the same intellectual content and emotional tinge. Later, they become more complicated; new complexes spring up and run unbridled. In the normal oblivion from emotional cause, consciousness is retained for the emotional complexes themselves and they remain in memory. In the psychic attacks, consciousness may be so troubled that no memory remains; or, though memory is apparentlv lost, its preservation may be shown by psychological experiment; or the individual may retain not only a memory for the contents of the attack but some blurred consciousness of other things. This seems to have been the case with Flaubert. In his seizures, his mind, instead of being suspended, teemed with hallucinatory images and he could describe, to a certain extent, other sensations too.

"The trouble I had with my nerves," he wrote retrospectively to his mistress, "was the froth of my intellectual pleasantries. Each attack was like a kind of hemorrhage of the innervation; seminal losses of the pictorial faculty of the brain, a hundred thousand images dancing together like fireworks. It was a brutal wrenching of mind from body (several times I thought I was dead), but that which constitutes the personality, the thinking part of me (*L'être raison*) never let go. Without that, there would have been no suffering, for without that I would have been purely passive. As it was, I was always conscious, even when unable to speak. Then it was my mind bent on itself, like a porcupine sticking itself with its own quills."

So Flaubert was a spectator at the clinic, watching his muscles robbed of power, his tongue bereft of speech, his emotions dancing in mad delight over his prostrate body. "You asked," he wrote a friend later, "how I cured myself of the nervous hallucinations I used to have. In two ways—first by studying them scientifically, that is, by trying to explain them to myself, and secondly, by force of will. I often felt myself going mad. My poor brain had a confused flock of ideas and images and it seemed that my consciousness, my I, was foundering like a ship in the storm. But I clung fast to my reason, which though beaten and broken, triumphed. At other times, I would try in imagination to reproduce these horrible sufferings. I played with madness and phantasy like Mithridates with his poisons. Pride sustained me, and I conquered the trouble by crushing it in a hand-to-hand struggle."

Flaubert's attacks, like psychic attacks generally, seemed to have followed close on some disturbing emotion; when he had the first one, he had recently returned from Paris, discouraged and disgusted at his failure to pass his examinations; at the age of fifty, when his home was occupied by Prussians, the disease is said to have returned after a lapse of seven years. This, too, was a season of despair. "I almost died of grief this winter," he wrote; "no one has felt it more keenly than I, and for two months I thought I had a cancer of the stomach, for I vomited nearly every day."*

Epilepsy rarely knows such emotional precipitants as these. It strikes without apparent reasons, without known cause. Its attacks are annihilating to all forms of consciousness. Personality is blotted out and there is an irrecoverable blank in

*Trace this to its suggestion in *Madame Bovary, Edition definitive*, page 233."At times she had pain in the region of the heart, then again in the chest, in the head, in the limbs; she began to have attacks of vomiting, in which Charles thought he could see the symptoms of a cancer."

memory. Such attacks as Flaubert's, with their rich psychic contents, were but little known in the forties and fifties, and it is doubtful if a single physician who attended the sensitive author, with the possible exception of Hardy, understood them as well as he did himself. "No one has studied these things," he wrote, "and the best (physicians?) are ignorant in one way as the philosophers are in another. Materialists and spiritualists equally block the way to an understanding of matter and mind because they separate them one from the other. The ones would make an angel of man, the others would have him a pig."

We are only beginning to understand them now. Their study will show us, among other things, the natural inequalities of men.

Flaubert's disposition, his niece tells us, was equable and gay. But at bottom, there was an infinite sadness, a sort of unrest. Robust physically and intended for the full enjoyment of life, his mind nevertheless longed for an undiscoverable ideal, and ever suffered at not finding it in anything. Certain it is that melancholy was fundamental; he had it as a youth long before his seizures. The tragedy and despair of the hospital which produced his childish complexes continued throughout life to call up his liveliest visions.

Happiness was impossible with the view he took of art and the fidelity with which he lived up to it. From the first, he strove to put himself outside the ordinary pleasures of life, in order to more faithfully fulfil his ideal. At thirty-six, he wrote—

> I have ruined myself with foolish, sentimental gymnastics. I took pleasure in fighting my passions and tormenting my heart. I pushed aside the human intoxications which came in my path. Furious with myself, I tore out the man in me with both hands, hands full of strength and pride. I wished to make of this tree with its leaves turning green an unique monument and place it high, like some heavenly flame on an altar.

His view of the end of art and life was hopeless. Beauty in contemplation, beauty in execution, and all was said and done. There is no conclusion and no end.

> You must, if you wish to live, give up the thought of having an idea of any subject whatsoever. That's life; it is not a question of changing it, but of knowing it. Life is such a hideous thing that the only way of supporting it is by avoiding it. And one avoids it by living in art, in the constant search for the true, rendered by the beautiful. The frivolous and the unintelligent, minds presumptuous and enthusiastic want a conclusion for everything. No great genius has drawn a conclusion and no great book has drawn a conclusion, because humanity itself is not stable and draws no conclusions. Homer draws no conclusion, nor Shakespeare, nor Goethe, nor even the Bible.

The sensibility which was his greatness deepened his shadows. Such sensory vibrations as he pictured in his men of genius and as he constantly complains of himself, pass the point of pleasure and become, as he said, the refinement of suffering. And they bring with them feelings of apprehension and of dread. Flaubert was what the French call a *timide*. He would blush like a girl when spoken to; he set out on a trip to Egypt with vague forebodings and with tears; he feared his sensations, he feared his attacks, he feared life. And with it all, he passed his days and nights in a way to make a hypochondriac of the most phlegmatic. The midnight oil, pipes before breakfast, rare draughts of fresh air. He would go weeks without seeing any one outside of his own home circle, and months without leaving the house. He never walked and swimming was his only exercise. He had no diversions, never learned to dance, played no games. With warm affections and generous to a degree, he acquired the quick temper and intolerance of the recluse. His strong muscles did no work; his brain with its many tentacles knew little relaxation; his genial nature, cut off from his kind, fed upon itself and shrunk like the *peau de chagrin*. He must have been a disagreeable man to live with. But his character and his work help to explain the nature of artistic genius.

Pearce Bailey, M.D.

THE PLAYHOUSE REVISITED

Percy MacKaye's "Mater"

Of the new plays presented in New York last month only one seemed to us to deviate from theatrical routine. In writing *Mater* Mr. Percy MacKaye indulged his fancy and consulted his personal tastes to a degree very unusual among American playwrights. He calls it "a study in comedy," and a great many of the comic lines betray his studious labours. But he writes as a student of literary expression and not as a student of what the public wants. It is always a pleasure to see a playwright attempt something that is considered beforehand to be impossible, and the significance of Mr. MacKaye's play lies in intention rather than in fulfilment, for the comic spirit has never smiled for him and humour has been left out of his composition. It is plain that he loves that bookish, middle-aged heroine of his. He meant to endow Mater with every feminine charm, gaiety, wisdom, wit, archness, the spirit of mischief, subtlety, airiness and a nimble fancy. And docile minds will find these good things in her. Indeed, it seems almost brutal not to find what the author has so rapturously intended. Mater has every chance in her favour and ought to be irresistible. In the first place, she is the mother of unsmiling twins, a reformer and his sister, both prigs, and in contrast to this dreadful pair a little humour ought to go a great way. The son is the kind of man from whom one would gladly fly to almost any kind of mother. Mater, in short, has the great advantage of being surrounded on all sides by worse alternatives—which is often a woman's greatest charm. If Mater did not interrupt, the son would go on spouting lines like these:

> Whenever the times are in gloom or panic each breed has his own bark: Inalienable Rights!—Return to Nature!—The Truth of Beauty!—The Point of View!—The Voice of Conscience! You may hear them baying in chorus, tenor and basso, from stump and bar and inkpot and pulpit—these moon-dogs of the nation—while the people run to and fro, crying, "Saved!" But none yet ever has voiced the excellent salvation of Common Sense. (*Leaping up.*) What on earth are you doing, Mother?

Then Mater's charms are doubly underscored by the most susceptible of elderly lovers, who is also a wicked politician and who will prevent her son's election to the legislature unless Mater will promise to marry him. Mater must therefore beguile him, and never was man more easily beguiled. He is outwitted, dazzled, fascinated. He is the mirror of Mr. MacKaye's intentions regarding Mater—a sign-post to her wit and a publisher's notice of her "literary quality." "You captivating girl," he exclaims.

> And here I am speaking once more the heart of me—sharing with you fancy and beauty and love, just as once I used to share them in my college days with my books, and the warm fields, golden with young cattle, and the sunset. I don't know myself, Mater: you have made me all over.

But it is Mater's humour that needs most the corroboration of this amazingly responsive man:

> MATER. Promise me not to send your collars to a Chinese laundry. So many of those coolies have tuberculosis, and you know how they—well, how they—you know, what the little Tritons on the street fountains do.
>
> CULLEN (*bursting into laughter*). Oh, wonderful!

The refrain of Mater's love-song, quoted on the bill-boards as the catchword of the play, is "The test of love is laughter," and this is only one of many passages which show how sternly it may be applied and how heroically undergone.

Yet in spite of her advantages, Mater rasps the nerves of some of us rather cruelly. She is a lady of forced notes. We follow her friskiness with the hard smiles we give for charity. She has the self-consciousness of the "bright" American literary manner, as, for example, when some one in the *Atlantic Monthly* becomes playful.

The trouble with Mater and of the play as a whole is the horror of a light manner when worn by a person to whom it does not belong and the sense of an earnestly attempted but unachieved "literary quality." Mater's fun is rather rudimentary throughout and there is a frolicsome passage about a marked thimble that subjects us to a serious strain:

MATER (*examining the thimble*). "M. D. and A. C. Partners." How interesting! Is this one of the riddles we *didn't* guess?

CULLEN. The letters, of course, stand for you and me.

MATER. Us?

CULLEN. The initials——

MATER. Wait. You mustn't tell. Let me guess: M. D.—Marvellous Deep, that's me; and A. C.—Awfully Clever, that's you. Right?

CULLEN. Wrong. You've inverted us.

MATER. Three more guesses! (*She proceeds to point her index finger, first at herself and then at Cullen, in repetition.*) M. D., Mend Darns, and A. C., Aid Charity. Money Deposited and Accounts Credited. Make Declaration and Accept Consequences. Have I won?

CULLEN. Lost! You pointed the wrong way. (*Taking from her the thimble.*) Matilda Dean, M. D.——

MATER. Doctor of Matrimony!

CULLEN. And A. C., Arthur Cullen——

MATER. Author of Compliments.

Nor do Mater's fanciful *tirades* convey any illusion of impulsiveness:

MATER. Now *my* demon— Do you want to know what he's like?

CULLEN. I *must* know.

MATER. Usually he's a fawn and on tiptoe he stands about (*measuring about an inch with her fingers*) so high, though sometimes he shoots up so tall that he shakes the stars from his curls. He's all kinds of artists and philosophers. First, a musician; he has composed a *Symphonic Comique*, in which he plays himself; and whenever the tender violins grow melancholy, he bleats on his droll bassoon—so nearly off the key that it gives you shivers of fun to hear his new-found harmony. Next, a painter; he has a colour-box called Paradox, with brushes of lamb's wool, and with these he will retouch a middle-aged Mamma to pass for a *débutante* in the eyes of a lover. Then he's a biologist; he puts fleas in men's ears, which they can never scratch out; and bees in their bonnets, that don't sting but buzz them to death; and lap-dog puppies on the sills of their doors; whereupon he cries, "Wolf! Wolf!" and howls horridly with laughter. Most of all, he's a Humanist. He will put on the cloak of Erasmus, the cap of La Fontaine and the girdle of Gargantua, and, mounting the rostrum of an American thimble, harangue the nation through the eye of a needle. Oh, he's an adorable demon!

CULLEN. So this is your guide and mentor!

MATER. And true love! To be honest, I know he's a fib, a tease and a March-hare. That's why I introduced you. You will appreciate him. He's Michael's abomination. Michael can't bear to hear me even mention his names.

CULLEN. Names! Has he more than one?

MATER. Lots! Sometimes I call him Plato, sometimes Punch, but his formal family title is Conscience.

It would be hard to define the taint of commonness in this passage. Perhaps it consists in the too manifest striving to be uncommon. It illustrates the spirit of American literary endeavour. We advertise as we go. If we wish to be amusing, we write with a literary smirk. Our sensitive poets are sensitive chiefly to their anticipated effects, and their fancy is too busy with its declarations of independence ever to be quite free. It is characteristic of our approaches to imaginative literature that the "poet's eye" rolls chiefly to the bystander, supplicating his astonishment, hoping that memory will pass muster for invention. The lady's real "demon" in this case is that calculating little literary devil, that epicene Boston fiend in blue stockings, which turns the heads of authors both ways at once, protracts the colonialism of American letters and demonstrates the "literary quality" by the smell of the midnight kerosene. We have quoted freely from the play because it was manifestly written to be quoted and because it is our first step in literary comedy. Its plot and motive are of no account; its style is everything. Already play-reviewers quite generally have pronounced that style, on literary principles, true blue. Certainly no pains have been spared to make it so,

and it ought to appeal to our literary-minded class, for they are not offended by the national literary vice of self-consciousness and they do not demand the illusion of spontaneity. It shows at least a sense of the elasticity of the stage and a regard for a kind of play-goer hitherto neglected. It is an interesting interruption of the humdrum of our stage, but we must proceed with our humdrum chronicle.

The Native Drama

The three other new American plays that we saw make no appeal to the second thoughts of play-goers and attempt nothing that they do not easily achieve. *The Gentleman from Mississippi*, by Mr. Harrison Rhodes and Mr. Thomas A. Wise, recombines the theatrical staples in the well-grounded belief that what has been successful will continue to succeed. Such a play is no matter for criticism; it is matter of habit. It is an agreeable composite of theatrical memories centring about the familiar figure of a Southern senator, played with sympathy and humour by Mr. Wise. He has served long and well on the stage in one form or another, that senator. Mr. Crane has played several kinds of him. He seems simple and very rustic and the polished villains laugh at him, but he will show them that they laughed too soon. His ways may be homely but his heart is sound. Why is this historic antithesis so highly prized? Why is honesty always "old-fashioned honesty" and why do the rugged virtues all come from out of town? But as we said before, we have formed the habit of it and wish it just as it is—the triumph of humour and morality in broadcloth over senatorial corruption in more sophisticated costume.

"The Man from Home"

And the same may be said of *The Man from Home*, by Messrs. Tarkington and Wilson, which, however, is far more youthful and bumptious and is full of that romantic Americanism for which Mr. Tarkington is only a little less distinguished than his literary blood-relative, Mr. Richard Harding Davis. There is no perplexity for these bright and simple natures nor is there anything unintelligible in the whole round world; no doubts, hesitations, complication of motives, need of reflection. The world has been very kind to Mr. Tarkington and Mr. Davis, concealing all its puzzling little patterns, displaying only a few of its passions, and those quite unmixed, arranging itself into magazine short-story endings and behaving as all our young people think it should behave. In the cosmogony of Tarkington-Davis the earth, sun, moon and stars were created that the hero might come by his plum. But there is one mysterious and inviolable rule. After the hero has fought his hardest for the plum's sake, shown her the stuff he is made of, brought her to her senses, scattered to the right and left all cads, bounders, knaves, millionaires and titled vermin, and the plum is easily within his reach and naturally expectant—then he must on no account touch that plum. On the contrary, he must back quickly away from her, a hopeless lunatic. Then the lady follows him and declares her love and gradually his mind must come back to him.

There is no knowing whether the pleasant impression was due to the buoyancy of the playwrights or to the extraordinarily good acting of Mr. William Hodge. But there can be no question as to the genuineness of his talent, though of course there is the question as to versatility which is always raised when a man plays one part so very well. It is the best work we have seen since Mr. David Warfield played *The Music Master*. It is impossible to say what *The Man from Home* would be like without that quiet, lanky, drawling, unaffected, unmannered, altogether delightful person. But perhaps we have a sweet tooth for Tarkington simplicities, and should have been pleased to see almost any piece of good old Indiana homespun, sterling manhood, simple worth, discomfiting debased and vulgar British aristocracy. Perhaps our snobbish heart would have been elated when in the presence of that same despicable aristocracy, no less a person than a grand duke of Russia bobs out of the machinery, sets all things to right in a jiffy and claps homespun on the back. Even if homespun had not been Mr. William Hodge, there is no



ACT II. OF PERCY MACKAYE'S "MATER"

CHARLES STEVENSON
AS THE HONOURABLE
ARTHUR CULLEN

FRED LEWIS
AS MICHAEL DEAN

MISS ISABEL IRVING
AS MATER

knowing that these wonderful doings would not have caught us in a "God's own country" mood. We are stratified beings. Play-going would be intolerable if we could not remove some of the top layers of our intellects almost every night.

A Digression on New York

And what if, for the sake of variety, our David Harums sometimes developed bad hearts? It would be a mechanical variety—merely reverse the lever of routine. We for our part should resent any such needless readjustment of our expectations. Change for the mere sake of changing is the weariest sort of routine. After all, the mind of the playwright is one of the few remaining landmarks on which New York may surely count. It is hard enough in this city to preserve associations with any material thing. No indigenous New Yorker can revisit anything. No spirit of place for him. He cannot retrace the series of his homes. They have decayed into grocer's shops or shot up into apartment houses. His sky-line loses its teeth even as he looks at it, and in a few months from their sockets enormous fangs protrude. His university has zig-zagged uptown, coquetting in the side streets, and is now perhaps for a moment pausing somewhere in the Harlem hills. Or maybe it is perching casually on the top of some tall building with a Latin sign—*perstando et præstando utilitati,* which in the circumstances sounds ironical. His club has dodged him five times and swollen beyond all recognition and lined its fat belly with marbles and rich members and mural decorations, at which he looks very hard and earnestly, hoping perhaps to fix them in his memory before the house comes down. But it is foolish to look hard at anything. It will only trouble him a little later when he tries to remember where he saw it. There is really no use in burdening the memory with anything, except perhaps two rivers and a sky. If his income increases and he wishes to be fashionable, he moves northeast. If his income increases and he does not wish to be fashionable, he moves northwest. If his income remains the same, he moves from the Plantagenet on this side of the Elevated Railway—which has raised the rent—to the Andalusia on the other side —which will soon raise it; then it is ho! for the Cinderella near the water's edge. If his income decreases—but there is no use in mentioning that, for to that extent he ceases to be a New Yorker; ceases, indeed, to be anything, fades, loses all meaning—gets himself perhaps a little ghosthood in the suburbs, but henceforth is never really anywhere, only on his way to it, a lost spirit of detachment, mere phantom of the to and fro. In any case he moves and in any case he cannot find the place he moved from.



WILTON LACKAYE

Who is appearing as James J. Haggleton in Cleveland Moffett's *The Battle*

But he will find the native drama precisely as he left it. There is always the new American play. Man and boy he has known it. It is one of his few old oaken buckets and ivy-covered things. Here twenty years are as one day and his neighbours are assuring him that nobody has grown any older. Why go back to the old farm and the dried apples and the

good old corn-popper? Associations with the play are even earlier—full indeed of a quite incalculable earliness. New York's tastes are her family antiquities and her familiar things are her new successes. She has no dear old woodshed and her hearths are like the nests of sparrows on a derrick, but she has new poems, as good as andirons, and new novels, such as mother used to read, and there is always a rising journalist, a rising dramatist, painted on the same quarter of the sky. There are few spots in her plays or her letters where one is not at home, almost too domestically. Hence to allay any perturbation on finding, say, after six months' absence, Fifth Avenue turned into a tunnel and our friends all gone beyond the Bronx, we have merely to see the play or read the novel. There is the *genius loci* in all its golden immaturity. After all, it is only physically and financially that New Yorkers buzz along. Our wits are at the old homestead. Therefore



WALKER WHITESIDE

Who is appearing in Israel Zangwill's *The Melting Pot*



NAT GOODWIN

Who is to appear in the title role of *Cameo Kirby*, the new play by Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson

when the critics fume as they do about our intellectual condition, let them at least for charity's sake remember that it is about the only thing to which New Yorkers can come home again.

"The Fighting Hope"

The Fighting Hope, by William J. Hurlbut, draws the moral that we must not in our haste declare that the rich man is necessarily a scoundrel, which we gather from a great many newspaper editorial articles is a moral that ought to be drawn. Be that as it may, the play does not invite any thought on the subject. But it does tell its story rather well and sustains an interest in the outcome, though arousing very little in the characters; and the leading woman's part was adequately played by Miss Blanche Bates. There is, however, one point in her presentation that calls for a mild word of protest. In pounding her husband's head she does, we admit, obey a not uncommon

wifely impulse, but it is one so generally resisted even in this country, that a subtler expression of that feeling would perhaps be better on the stage. It is of course a matter of etiquette, and we have read very little on the subject, but is it not somewhere written that no "real lady" pounds her husband's head no matter how annoying he may be?

The Two Devils

The double production of Molnar's *The Devil* has given some of us rather more than twice as much as we desired. In fact, we would cheerfully part with everything in both versions with the exception of just so much as was contributed by the excellent acting of Mr. George



"LOVE WATCHES"

MISS BILLIE BURKE AS JACQUELINE — ERNEST LAWFORD AS EARNEST AUGARDE



"THE MOLLUSC." ACT III.

BEATRICE FORBES ROBERTSON
AS MISS BOBERTS

ALEXANDRA CARLISLE
AS MRS. BAXTER

FORREST ROBINSON
AS MR. BAXTER

JOSEPH COYNE
AS TOM KEMP



ACT II. IN THE HARRISON GREY FISKE PRODUCTION OF "THE DEVIL"
AT THE BELASCO THEATRE, NEW YORK

HAMILTON REVELLE AS SANDOR — MISS EMILY STEVENS AS VILMA — GEORGE ARLISS AS THE DEVIL

Arliss. The play revolves narrowly around the temptation of St. Anthony. It is the successor to mediæval allegory—the modern Immorality of Anyman and Anywoman. Anyman is a painter, but only to the extent that he wears a low collar and a flowing tie. As a repository of the single passion a glazier would serve as well. Anywoman is the wife of an Austrian millionaire equally devoid of any attributes except the passion. The devil has but one shaft in his quiver and that is Cupid's. The theme required of the author more intelligence and art than he brought to it, and one of the essentials of art is diversity. He has leaned too heavily on a simple physiological fact in the hope of lessening the tax on his inventiveness. We require of a play or of a book that a man be something more than a male and a woman something more than a female. Otherwise the sex relations of spiders are more interesting. Otherwise, too, there would be weeks upon weeks of Elinor Glyn. Not that the play was on the Glyn level of dulness. On the contrary, it was several degrees above it. There was some good contriving and a glimpse of humour now and then, and a few of the devil's speeches seemed at the moment amusing. But at no point was there the illusion that it mattered in the least what the characters did or what befell them.

British Satirical Comedy

The Mollusc turns on an exaggerated instance of selfish laziness, which is taken as typical of the molluscous class—that is, the people who sit still and make others do for them precisely what they wish. *Jack Straw* turns on another exaggerated instance, the extreme vulgarity and brutality of a certain family of rich parvenus.

In each play the stroke is heavy and the sarcasm exhaustive. *The Mollusc* is the more serious of the two, and the idea in it is beaten out very flat. The "molluskry" of the lazy woman is forced upon us so insistently that we grow in the course of time vindictive. Torture and slow fire should have been the lady's end



THE BENEDICTION SCENE IN ACT I. OF THE HENRY W. SAVAGE PRODUCTION OF "THE DEVIL" AT THE GARDEN THEATRE, NEW YORK

MISS KATHERINE KAELRED AS OLGA — EDWIN STEVENS AS THE DEVIL — PAUL M'ALLISTER AS THE ARTIST



"JACK STRAW"

JOHN DREW
AS JACK STRAW

MISS MARIE BOLAND
AS ETHEL JENNINGS

instead of a heaven's gift of a brand-new disposition. The equally detestable woman in *Jack Straw* acquires at the very end the same unearned redemption. It seems rather arbitrary. Each has been hounded as only British satire can hound. Each has been followed by the spectator in the hope of being in at the death. If their characters are to be whitened in the end they should show some light spots in their darkened interval. But this is being more serious than the subject deserves. Each is a play that it is worth while to see but not to think about.

F. M. Colby.

THE EARNINGS OF THE DRAM-A TISED NOVEL

"MY boy," said a benign manager to a young dramatist at the rehearsal of his play, "I didn't buy this dramatisation of yours because I thought it was good—in fact, I didn't even read it; and until I came here hadn't the least idea what it was about. I only knew they had sold three hundred thousand copies of the novel."

In this particular case the manager was following a practice of his which several times before had made him large sums. To him the title of a "big seller" was a valuable asset and that was the only reason why he had a leaning for dramatisations. He realised that the publishers had spent a considerable sum of money advertising the book and that through their efforts its peculiar title had been made part of the day's vocabulary. He was willing, consequently, to take advantage of every collateral which might help the play to attract attention, knowing full well that one play as well as another is liable to succeed.

Whenever a book-play is produced the professional critic is instinctively and habitually prejudiced in advance. While it is no doubt true that most dramatisations are patently bad owing to unskilful workmanship—in failing to realise the plays should be made self-sustaining and understandable to those who have *not* read the novels—the real reason of their inadequacy is more often due to the native impossibility for stage purposes of the novels themselves. Yet book-plays have always existed—and always will. Why, then, are books dramatised? What prompts one book to be selected for stage adaptation and another rejected? There are several obvious answers and they are all capped by the most important practical consideration that "there may be money in it."

Why Books Are Dramatised

Besides the immediate advantage obtained from a well-advertised title, the book which has excited additional controversy or comment is not to be ignored. Though *The Jungle* failed, it found its way to the stage solely because of the wide publicity given it by the official investigation of its charges. There are many other examples of utterly unfit novels being staged for similar reasons. Yet it must be remembered that the manager, unlike the politician, is not in the business for his health; he attempts to find out what the people want, and it is entirely to his advantage to obtain it. If the audiences do not like what he offers, they promptly reject it. Experience has told him that often this sort of play will make money and he takes his chance.

Frequently, also, an actor sees in a novel a part. The story of the book may not possess the slightest dramatic interest, yet if there is a bizarre character into which the actor may project his abilities or in which he may hide his limitations he will immediately have it turned into a "vehicle." The "star's" philosophy has

generally been that the public pays to see him or her and not the play. With the case of some this is true, and that accounts for the large majority of monologues foisted on a public which follows a "star." This is no new development; it lies inherent in the histrionic temperament and in the average desire to see "fireworks"; it has always existed and will continue so. The absurd stage version of *Guy Mannering*, for instance, owed its half century of vitality solely to the great opportunities afforded the actress in Meg Merrilies. Charlotte Cushman and Fanny Janauschek made their reputations in the part. *Rip Van Winkle* is an even greater example. Joseph Jefferson fell in love with the character in the tale and endeavoured for years to obtain a play which would sufficiently present Rip's many lovable weaknesses. Even with all Boucicault's amazing skill the play can hardly be called a masterpiece—yet it served the venerable actor forty years and will only survive because he played it. The same may be said of the dramatisation of *The Cricket on the Hearth:* it was the character of Caleb Plummer alone which made it live. The fourteen versions of *Don Quixote,* including those tried by Irving and Sothern, owe their existence solely to the whimsical, extravagant acting opportunities offered in the Don—yet no one has ever had the least success as a play. Of all the versions made of *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,* that made by T. Russell Sullivan for Richard Mansfield alone had success. This play, which incidentally brought nothing to Robert Louis Stevenson, might have been played year in and year out by the distinguished actor, for it never failed to pack the theatre—yet one hardly realises the entire performance could have been given in fifty minutes, so short and inconsequential is it as a play.

It would be unjust to the many book-plays which have succeeded on their own merits not to point out that there are novels which, in their nature, contain splendid plays. Sooner or later these find their way to the stage and have a right to demand of the critic the same consideration as an original drama. *Camille* is the author's own dramatisation of his novel. *Under Two Flags, Under the Red Robe, Tess of the D'Urbervilles, Trilby*—all offered themselves easily to the dramatist.

The Question of Contracts

Since it has been briefly indicated why certain books are selected, one may consider the financial aspect in more detail. How much do book-plays make for their authors and how many of the novelists add to their incomes through dramatisations?

As a rule the author's earnings from a dramatisation of his novel depend upon three things: his own personal arrangement with his publisher—whether, for example, he retains all the dramatic rights or must share with him; the contract made with the manager, or, as the case may be, with the dramatist; and, of course, most necessarily, the amount of business to which it plays. The agreement between the author and his publisher varies according to their ideas on the subject: some publishers prefer to have nothing to do with the stage end, arguing that that should belong entirely to the author; another firm, on the contrary, will send all its novels to all the managers and actors, thus making a strong bid for its sale. To-day, since under the increased organisation of business methods in the Syndicate plays make enormous sums, more attention to stage opportunities is in general paid by the publisher. It is very seldom that the novelist and the dramatist have any mutual agreement; many authors, however, foolishly give their exclusive dramatic rights to the first one who begs for them. One novel, destined to be a great seller, was snapped up in this way, and when it was sought by two famous actors, who eventually produced it, the play was found unactable; yet the dramatist quite naturally kept her interest and made a steady income which was practically a gift. Nine cases out of ten an adequate play will not be made, and if made, it is usually impossible to sell it. A theatrical manager seldom if ever will take a play founded on a book unless contracted for and written to order.

If some book attracts a manager or star for some of the reasons mentioned,

the dramatic rights are obtained by the payment of a sum which is normally about $500; this is considered "advance royalty." The manager then contracts with a dramatist to make the play. The author himself is urged, politely and impolitely, not to interfere, and he seldom has much to say with its ultimate production. Yet if the play succeeds the novelist receives between two or three per cent. of the gross weekly receipts, which often increase if the receipts surpass a certain figure. On a $10,000 week he may draw from $300 to $500, and he gets it every week—equal to the sale of one thousand to fifteen hundred books. Sometimes two or three companies will play it at once, and after it is finished in the regular theatres it will have a long life in "stock." This income is pure gain, for the novelist's work is finished when the novel is written. Besides this, the play will help the sale of the novel. One firm of publishers has long made it a practice to have show-window advertisements of the novel in whichever city the play is being produced—even the one-night stands. There is certainly a substantial return both for play and novel.

Some English Successes

There have been a number of striking successes among the plays made from English novelists. It has not been so very long since *Trilby* was the rage. The profits made by Du Maurier and his estate have been phenomenal. It is well known that the author sold to his publisher his American rights to the novel for $10,000, but with their characteristic chivalry a new contract with a more equable royalty basis was arranged when the book made its furor. The play made by Paul Potter created a sensation all over the world; it has been played in almost every language; and Svengali has lured most of the leading actors. Owing mainly to its unprecedented success in England and America, it would not be a far estimate to say that over $500,000 was divided among those interested. But Du Maurier made nothing else from any of his other books.

About the same time the Zenda stories were bringing fame and fortune to Anthony Hope. Suggested, no doubt, by Stevenson's *Prince Otto* (which was dramatised also), the plays made from these novels started the stage back into an outburst of the romantic; for tastes in the theatre are pendular. *The Prisoner of Zenda* sold about four hundred thousand copies; *Rupert of Hentzau,* its sequel, about half as many. These have both made successful plays, though the first experiences of Rudolf Rassendyll made more money. *The Prisoner of Zenda,* as a play, made Anthony Hope over $50,000; sometimes it has been rented by its manager to stock for $1,500 a week. It is a source of continual income and is being revived at present by J. K. Hackett. Though Mr. Hope has written several successful plays, suggested some of them by stories, no other dramatisations have attracted attention.

Sherlock Holmes has become an international favourite; in this country and in England a large public has seen him personified by William Gillette, who transferred to the stage and created the detective from Sir Conan Doyle's detached stories. This is another play which has been produced everywhere; it will always be a gold mine for all concerned. It is practically impossible to estimate accurately how much this has earned for the author himself, but, coupled with the sale of the stories, it is probably about $300,000. Some of the earlier detective stories—notably *The Sign of the Four,* which was sold for $70—not being protected in this country, have been made the subject of cheap melodramas, from which, of course, the author received nothing. Several of the author's plays from other novels have been fairly successful. *A Story of Waterloo,* founded on one of his short stories, was used for years by Henry Irving; *Brigadier Gerard,* produced by Lewis Waller, did not live up to its possibilities.

James Matthew Barrie, who is equally at home in the novel and the drama, after *The Professor's Love Story,* was persuaded to dramatise for the same actor—E. S. Willard—*The Little Minister.* It is told that "he could not keep Lady Babbie down—she would run away with everything"; so it was put aside, and not until the author saw Maude Adams was it completed. The American rights to the

story had been sold for $400 and were not protected; out of the play he made $100,000. Another version, from which, of course, he received nothing, has had some success in the stock houses. *Peter Pan* was also an elaboration of a story which appeared in *The Little White Bird;* though it is not strictly a dramatisation, it illustrates how the sentimental Scotchman utilises the idea of his stories in his stage productions. Besides making him a fortune, it is already a stage classic and is destined to be revived every year.

Hall Caine also writes with an eye on the stage; his highly seasoned emotions easily lend themselves to the broad colourings required. *The Christian,* which sold about two hundred thousand copies, had a phenomenal run in this country, though failing twice in England. As the author made his own stage version, it probably earned for him $1,000 a week during many months. It is still played in stock. Some of his earlier stories have been pirated, but *The Eternal City, The Bondman* and *The Deemster* have all been successes financially. *The Prodigal Son* failed in America. *The Manxman* was dramatised by Wilson Barrett, and in it he scored a great success. The same novel has been redramatised under the title of *Pete* and is now the reigning melodrama in London.

Stanley Weyman's *Gentleman of France* and *Under the Red Robe,* as plays, have contributed largely to his income. Dr. Watson himself made little out of *The Bonnie Brier Bush,* which has had long runs in this country. Israel Zangwill has always been drawn to the stage: *The Children of the Ghetto* did not attract much more than great praise; *Merely Mary Ann,* founded on a short story, was better received; *The Serio-Comic Governess* was a dire failure. The Castles have had their turn at dramatic caprice: *The Pride of Jennico* proved a profitable venture; *The Secret Orchard* and *The Bath Comedy* (*Sweet Kitty Bellairs*) failed. Marie Corelli's extravagant conceptions have been turned into plays; certain of them, especially *Thelma,* have made money in the cheaper houses, but not for the authoress. W. J. Locke, an instinctive dramatist himself, has had some success and greater promise: *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* had fair success; *The Beloved Vagabond* lost its charm on the stage; the long-delayed and inevitable production of *Idols* is attracting large audiences at present.

Hardy, Meredith and Others

It is interesting, however, to observe how little the works of the three or four greatest English writing novelists have been dramatised. Thomas Hardy's *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* alone of all his numerous volumes has successfully found its way to the stage; Mrs. Fiske has played it in her repertoire for many years, and aside from the very considerable profit it brought the author, it has done more than anything to popularise Hardy in this country. Strangely enough, it has not yet been produced in London. The plot of *Far From the Madding Crowd* was the same as Pinero's *The Squire.* It was found that a woman had sold the same idea to each writer; if it had not been the case the two versions made of Hardy's novel would undoubtedly have had conspicuous success.

Yet George Meredith and Henry James have been neglected entirely. It is quite understandable in the case of the distinguished American, for, excepting a version of *Daisy Miller,* one of the least characteristic of his works, his delicately webbed stories have proved so fragile that their psychology could not by any possibility have been externalised in terms of dramatic action. But with England's greatest novelist the reason is not so entirely obvious. His novels are brimming with the most vigorous drama almost ready to be acted; when he is carried away by a situation and not analysing, his dialogue is breathless in its dramatic intensity; but under analysis itself it is soon discovered that most of the physical action, dear to the dramatist, gains its reality by a subtle spirituality and impelling emotionalism back of it, which would fall impotently before the yellow glare of the footlights. Paul Kester, by way of example, made a version of *Diana of the Crossways* for Ada Rehan, but it was found practically impossible to explain on the stage the curious impulses which led Diana to be-

tray her lover, Davier. Numerous attempts have been made on some of the other stories, including a version of *Evan Harrington*, by Alfred Sutro, but they have never reached the stage. Meredith, like James, has consequently been compelled to depend exclusively upon the royalties on their sale; it is the blessing or the penalty of their method.

There are many less important novelists who have made little from the stage or have been ignored by the dramatist. Rudyard Kipling is an example. Two versions, one in one act, of *The Light That Failed*, live up to their title; *The Story of the Gadsbys* (itself a novel in dialogue) suffered a similar fate under its stage arrangement. A one act play founded on *The Man Who Was* gained some slight recognition because of E. S. Willard's acting. *His Wedded Wife* has just been dramatised in two acts and its production is impending. But the famous "soldiers three"—Mulvaney, Terence and Ortheris—have not yet trod upon the stage, though more than one play founded on their personalities has been threatened.

George Gissing's drab novels of English mediocrity, the opulent stories of Joseph Conrad and even George Moore's red and white studies in sex and spirit, have never been turned into stage pictures. Mrs. Humphry Ward, who has easily made more in royalties than these three combined, has never increased her earnings by plays. *Lady Rose's Daughter*, *The Marriage of William Ashe*, *Eleanor* and *Robert Elsemere* all failed. The vertiginous Robert Hichens has a lure for the dramatist, but his hectic novels are still as they were, and even *The Garden of Allah* has remained for the public a great unvisualised blaze of light. *The Forest Lovers* of Maurice Hewlett lost its quality as a play; no other novel of this successive disciple of Symons, Morris and Meredith has been transferred. Katharine Cecil Thurston made nothing from her husband's version of *The Masquerader*. Beatrice Harraden, Elisabeth Robins, H. G. Wells, Eden Phillpotts, Leonard Merrick, have still to achieve stage fame and earnings from their novels.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "The Clansman"

The most conspicuous American success of the century is, of course, *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. At one time or another almost every actor has studied its lines, and it is a play from whose bourn any player is liable to return. Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe received $300 for the serial right of this novel in the *Era*. A Boston firm offered to publish the book on a half and half basis; but Mrs. Stowe felt too poor to assume the risk. It was eventually bought out on a ten per cent. royalty basis, and in six months she received $20,000. Its success all over the world is a matter of record.

The stage history of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* is not without its element of romance. The first version was made at the suggestion of George C. Howard, the manager of the Troy Museum, by George L. Aiken, brother of Frank E. Aiken. It was produced in Troy in 1851. In the original cast were W. J. Le Moyne and C. Leslie Allen (Viola Allen's father); George Aiken himself played George Harris. It was brought to New York and made a big hit at George L. Fox's National Theatre. It played almost continuously to large business—$2,500 being a large week—a sum to which the late Richard Mansfield would play in one performance. Many other versions were made, but this original six-act adaptation has survived, probably because it was the first to gain the attention of the public and thus became the accepted form of the play. The original Topsy and Eva are still alive. The dramatist received a gold watch for his labours and was very much delighted. Mrs. Stowe, who would have received more than $2,000,000 on the present royalty basis, obtained comparatively nothing from the numerous versions made of her novel. It has probably been played by over three hundred companies.

In connection with *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, the success of Thomas Dixon's books naturally comes to mind. *The Leopard's Spots* has sold over three hundred thousand copies and has earned for its author $60,000; *The Clansman* has sold two hundred thousand with a royalty of $40,000. These two novels dealing with the negro question were dramatised by the author

himself and produced under the title of *The Clansman.* This play has made a sensational success in more ways than one: financially, in three years, it has brought Mr. Dixon $90,000 in royalty. As he is also part owner in the production, it has earned for him in addition $115,000—making a sum total of over $300,000. *The Traitor,* a sequel, has just been produced. *The One Woman* failed.

Some American Authors.

In Indianapolis there is a large apartment house colloquially called "The Ben-Hur," because it was built from the royalties of that celebrated novel. From its remarkable sale and stage success Lew Wallace and his estate have made a half million dollars. The play—with its strong mixture of religion and melodrama—will always be a great favourite. Charles Major, another Indiana author, confesses to having made $250,000 from his novels and their dramatisations. *When Knighthood Was in Flower* brought him over $100,000; Julia Marlowe in one season received nearly $75,000, and the dramatist, for his skilful stage adaptation of an almost impossible story, received a great deal of credit. The play is still earning profits over the cheap circuits. *Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,* by the same author, achieved slight success. Booth Tarkington's *Gentleman of Indiana* failed, but *Monsieur Beaucaire* proved an extremely profitable vehicle for Lewis Waller and Richard Mansfield. His other stories have not been dramatised.

Richard Harding Davis has found the stage an aid to incomes: not only has he written some very clever comedies himself, but the dramatisation of his *Soldiers of Fortune* brought money to him and Robert Edeson. *The Dictator,* suggested by one of his short novels, proved another big success, though *The Taming of Helen* (*The Lion and the Unicorn*) and *Ransom's Folly* failed completely. His plays have probably brought him about $50,000. Of Marion Crawford's forty odd stories only a few have reached the stage; while *The Cigarette Maker's Romance* served as a fairly profitable vehicle for Martin Harvey. *In the Palace of the King* was a complete success. *Dr. Claudius* ran only a few nights.

George Barr McCutcheon's novels have sold over a million copies. *Brewster's Millions,* after languishing for some years, suddenly achieved fame as a play: it attracted considerable attention. A curious phase of the uncertainty of the stage is illustrated in *Graustark.* It was dramatised, but failed of production: it was allowed to go into "stock," and oddly enough made an unusual "hit." Now it is being done by every stock company in America and also has two road productions. Mr. McCutcheon, however, sold the copyright for $500.

Winston Churchill has presumably had a larger aggregate sale than any living American story-teller. He has made nearly a half million from his book sales alone, but has had only one stage success—*The Crisis. The Crossing* and *Richard Carvel* both failed. He is himself making a stage version of his new novel, *Mr. Crewe's Career.*

The furore created by *Little Lord Fauntleroy* is now a matter of memory, for this popular play, founded on Mrs. Burnett's story, brought her many thousands. *The Little Princess* (*Sarah Crewe*), a somewhat similar story, did not duplicate the success of the other. Her other strong plots have done much toward making their success as plays. *Edith's Burglar* and *Esmeralda,* both dramatised by Augustus Thomas, were great successes, as was *The Lady of Quality. The Pretty Sister of Don José* and *That Lass o' Lowrie's* produced under the title of *Liz,* failed. Alice Hegan Rice is another woman who has made a fortune from her books. It is reported that the sale of *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* and *Lovey Mary* has reached a million copies. The play made from these two stories has been playing continuously in England and America and has now made a big hit in Australia. Mrs. Rice has bought a bank with her royalties.

Though *The Honorable Peter Stirling* has somehow mysteriously escaped the stage, Paul L. Ford's *Janice Meredith* earned him as a play about $25,000. The book itself sold nearly three hundred and fifty thousand copies. *David Harum* was another big money maker; its sales went

to nearly eight hundred thousand copies, and as a play proved a valuable asset to the author's estate. Frank Norris and his widow received in all about $25,000 from *The Pit*, which was played for three years by Wilton Lackaye. Harold MacGrath has found in *The Man on the Box* a nice income. It has made him about the same sum as *The Pit*. *Madam Butterfly* has not only appeared as a story, but besides making an unusually effective play, it inspired Puccini's opera. John Luther Long has been made practically independent by this Japanese tragedy alone. On the other hand, *Checkers*, which Henry M. Blossom dramatised from his own story, brought in just $15,000, the contract agreeing that the play should belong to its manager when that sum had been paid; otherwise it would have earned him twice that sum.

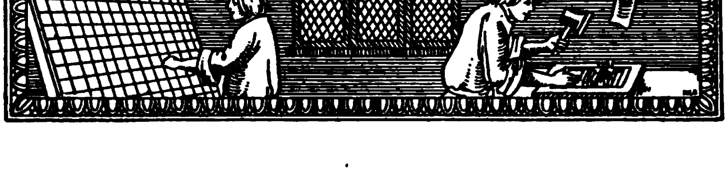
Twain and Howells

William Dean Howells has been absolutely neglected; his studies in accumulated detail are impossible for the stage, though unproduced versions of *Silas Lapham* and *The Lady of the Aroostook* and *The Undiscovered Country* have been made.

Mark Twain has had *The Prince and the Pauper* and *Puddenhead Wilson* staged with generous success, though *Hucklcberry Finn*, with comic opera effects, failed. Paul Kester has made an authorised version of *Tom Sawyer*. John T. Raymond achieved an historic success as Colonel Sellers in *The Gilded Age*. The author is said to have made over $40,000 from this popular play. *Editing an Agricultural Paper in Chicago* has been adapted into a French farce and is now running in Paris. Curiously enough, it is now being translated for the American stage.

With the exception of *The Cavalier*, George W. Cable has not been found attractive by the dramatist. *Caleb West*, by F. Hopkinson Smith, failed dismally; his one-act version of *Colonel Carter of Cartersville* was successful, but failed when elaborated into a long play. *The Choir Invisible*, which brought James Lane Allan over $150,000, as a play made nothing; no other has been staged, not even the earlier stories. Mrs. Edith Wharton's method and subject-matter have barred her from the play-house; *The House of Mirth* showed the impossibility of limiting the dramatist literally to the story; Lily Bart was not sympathetic and not understood. Kate Douglas Wiggin awaits the dramatist. The staggering virility and aggressiveness of Jack London has never broken from his books. Weir Mitchell, with the exception of *The Adventures of François*, which failed, has not increased his income; not even *Hugh Wynne* was staged. Anna Katharine Green's *Leavenworth Case*, an unusual and persistent seller, failed dismally as a play, proving one cannot dramatise a mystery. With the exception of *The House of a Thousand Candles*, Meredith Nicholson has not been produced on the stage. *The Bishop's Carriage*, which failed in the legitimate houses, in stock is making a steady income for Miriam Michelson. Mary Johnston's Virginia stories attracted little attention; *To Have and to Hold* and *Audrey* failed emphatically. Robert Grant's *Unleavened Bread* was only a *succès d'estime*. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Anne Douglas Sedgwick, Nancy Huston Banks are among the many others who have not been dramatised.

George Middleton.



CONCERNING THE HONOURABLE MR. TAWNISH

By JEFFERY FARNOL

CHAPTER IV

CONCERNING THE TRUE IDENTITY OF OUR HIGHWAYMAN

'TWAS some half hour later that we found Jack in his library, seated before the fire, his wine at his elbow and Pen at his feet, reading aloud from Mr. Steel's *Tatler*.

Upon our sudden appearance, Penelope rose, and looked from myself to Bentley a trifle anxiously I thought. Now, as I made my bow to her I heard Bentley behind me softly begin to whistle "Lillibuleero," and though I had heard him do so many times before, it suddenly struck me that this was the air the highwayman fellow had whistled as he sat swinging his legs upon the bridge.

"Bentley, to-day is Wednesday!" I expostulated, as breaking off in the middle of a bar, he kissed Pen full upon the lips.

"To be sure it is," says he, and kissed her again upon the cheek.

"And ten o'clock," added Jack, "and time all maids were abed."

"Not before I even matters," says I. "I'll give second place to none, least of all Bentley!" And having kissed her twice—once upon the cheek for Wednesday, and once upon the lips for myself—she dropped us a laughing courtesy, and with a final good-night kiss for Jack, and a nod to each of us, ran up to bed. But even then Bentley must needs follow her out to the stairs and stand there a-whispering his nonsense—which goes but to prove the jealous nature of the man!

"What's to do?" says Jack, pushing the wine toward me. "I've sat here with the cards beside me ever since eight o'clock—what's to do?"

"Why you must know," I began, "we were stopped at the cross-roads by a highwayman—myself and Bentley, with Captain Hammersley and Sir Harry Raikes—" Here Bentley returning must needs throw himself into a chair, laughing and choking all at once.

"Raikes—" he gasped, "— in his shirt, by the Lord! Oh, egad, Jack! fluttering in the wind—"

"What in the world," began Jack, staring, "is he drunk or mad?"

"As I tell you," says I, loosening Bentley's cravat, "we were stopped by a highwayman,"—and forthwith I plunged into an account of the whole matter.

"Egad!" cries Bentley again, breaking in ere I was half done, "here was Dick offering Raikes a choice betwixt his horsewhip and his sword—and he, look you, a full six inches shorter in the reach while I——"

"You!" says I, he couldn't help but pink you somewhere or other at the first pass—"

"Well, Raikes was a-sneering as I say," pursued Bentley, "when up comes our highwayman and coolly strips him to his very shirt, Jack—ties him to his horse, and parades him all through Tonbridge—rat me!—and as I tell you, the wind, Jack—'twas cursedly cold, and—and—oh, strike me purple!" Here Bentley choked again, and while I thumped his back, he and Jack rolled in their chairs, and shook the very casements with their laughter.

"His shirt?" gasped Jack at last, wiping his eyes.

"His shirt!" groaned Bentley, wiping his.

"Lord!" cries Jack, and then "Lord!" again. " 'Twill be the talk of the town," says he, after a while.

"To be sure it will," says Bentley, and hereupon they fell a-roaring with laughter again. For my part, what betwixt thumping Bentley's back and the memory of Christmas morning, I was sober enough.

They were still howling with laughter, and Bentley's face had already assumed a bluish tinge, when the door opened and a servant appeared, who handed a letter to Jack. Still laughing, he took it and

broke the seal; at sight of the first words, however, his face underwent a sudden change.

"Is the messenger here?" says he, very sharp.

"No, Sir John."

"Humph!" says Jack, "you may go then," and he began to read. But he had not read a dozen words when he broke out into his customary oath.

"May the devil anoint me! Did you ever hear the like of that now?"

"What?" says I.

"I say, did you ever hear the like of it," he repeated. "Dick and Bentley, this fellow is the very devil!"

"What fellow?" says I.

"Lay you fifty it's Tawnish," gurgled Bentley.

"Done!" says I.

"A deuced pretty coil, on my soul!" says Jack, beginning to limp up and down, oh, a deuced pretty coil—damn the fellow!"

"What fellow?" says I again.

"Make it a hundred?" says Bentley, in my ear.

"What fellow," cries Jack, taking me up, "d'ye mean to sit there and ask what fellow—whom should it be?"

"Aye, who indeed?" added Bentley.

"If it's Raikes—" I began.

"Raikes!" roars Jack, snatching his wig off, "Raikes—bah!"

"Then supposing you will be so obliging as to tell us whom the devil you do mean?"

"Why, aren't I trying to?" cries Jack, indignantly, "but you give a man no chance between you. Listen to this. And, having resettled his wig, he drew the candles nearer to him, and read as follows:

"My very dear Sir John (the devil anoint his very dear Sir John), it gives me infinite pleasure to have the honour of telling you (there's a line for you!) of telling you that the second of my tasks is now accomplished—to wit, that of making Sir Harry Raikes a laughing-stock."

"What?" I cried.

"Listen," says Jack. "Whether a gentleman riding abroad in naught but his hat and shirt is a sufficiently laughable matter, or an object of derision, depends altogether upon the point of view, and I must leave your friends, namely, Sir Richard Eden and Mr. Bentley, to decide. There remains now but one more undertaking, that of putting you all—together and at the same time—at a disadvantage, which I shall confidently hope to do so soon as Dame Fortune will permit.

"I am returning their pistols to Sir Richard Eden and Mr. Bentley to-night.

"Trusting that you and yours are blooming in all health, I beg to subscribe myself,

"Your most obedient, humble servant to command.

"Horatio Tawnish."

"Tawnish?" says I.

"Tawnish," says Bentley.

"Tawnish!" says Jack, "devil take him."

"By heaven!" says I, remembering the grim, determined figure of the highwayman, "by heaven! he has a man's body beneath his silks and laces after all."

"Egad!" says Jack sourly, "I almost think you love the fellow."

"On my soul!" says I, "I almost think I do."

CHAPTER V

OF THE DAWNING OF CHRISTMAS DAY

In most lives (as I suppose) there is a time which, looming ahead of us dark and sombre, fills us with a direful expectancy and a thousand boding fears, so that with every dawn we thank God that it is not yet. Still, the respite thus allowed brings us little ease, for the knowledge of its coming haunts us through the day and night, creeping upon us nearer and nearer with every tick of the clock, until the last chime has rung—until the sand is all run down in the glass, and we are left face to face with our destiny to front it as we may.

Christmas Day was dawning. From my window I had watched the first pale light gather, little by little beyond the distant trees, until the whole dismal scene had come into view. It had snowed all night, and now everything showed 'neath a white burden that as I watched, seemed horribly suggestive of shrouds; so I turned from the casement with a shiver, and drawing the curtains, sat down before the fire (which I had

mended during the night) dejected in mind, and heavy with lack of sleep.

Somewhere further down the corridor I could hear Bentley snoring, and the sound, rising and falling in the quietude with a wearisome monotony, irritated my fractious nerves to that degree that I was of half a mind to go and wake him.

Since Penelope had left for London, two days before, he and I had been staying with Jack at the Manor. And very silent the great place had seemed without her; Jack had been more fretful than usual, and more than once I had thrown down my cards in a huff, for cards, after all, were a very sorry substitute for our lovely, laughing Pen. Hereupon I must needs fall to thinking of her mother (as indeed I oft do of late)—dead now these twenty years and more. But what are years after all to one who has loved as I?

And from the broken threads of my life that was, I began to weave a life of the "might have been"—a fuller, richer life, perfected by love, and a woman's sweet companionship—so very different to the lonely life that was. Well, she had decreed otherwise—and now—now she was dead—and I an old man, and lonely. But Jack had loved her passing well, and he was lonely too—and Bentley likewise—Bentley, who was snoring like a grampus.

I rose, and slipping on some clothes, stepped out into the corridor. But with my hand upon the handle of his bedroom door I stopped, and changing my mind, went down the stairs to the library. To my surprise the candles were still burning, and through the open door I saw Jack sprawled across the table, his face buried in his hands, and beside him Penelope's miniature.

Now as I stood there hesitating, I saw his shoulders heaving very strangely, wherefore, turning about, I began to creep softly up the stairs again, lest he should find himself discovered. Half way up, however, I heard the scrape of his chair as he rose, and a moment after the sound of his step, firm and resolute as ever, noting which, I turned and came down again, coughing very naturally as I reached the last stair.

"Ah, Dick!" says he, as he turned and saw me, "A Merry Christmas to thee."

Now it had been ever our custom, since he and I and Bentley were lads together at Charterhouse, at this so happy season to greet each other thus, but for once I found the words to stick most woefully, and for no reason in the world my eyes wandered from his face to the miniature upon the table, seeing which he picked it up—yet kept it covered in his hand.

"Dick," says he, staring up at the cornice very hard, "we loved her mother passing well—you, and Bentley, and I."

"Aye," says I, "we did."

"This was the first great sorrow of my life—that by my happiness you two were rendered desolate," says he, laying his hand upon my shoulder.

"No, no," says I.

"Yes," says he, "think you I have been so blind, Dick?"

"You were her choice," says I.

"True, I was her choice," he repeated, "and methinks it came nigh breaking both your hearts, yet you were my friends still—the old bonds were too strong for self to break them."

"'Twere a poor friendship else," says I.

"And now, Dick," says he, with his eyes on the cornice again, "there is Pen," and I saw his lips quiver slightly.

"Aye," I nodded, "there's Pen—our Pen." I felt his fingers tighten on my shoulder, but he was silent.

"When I go out to-day," says he at last, and stopped. "When I go out to-day," he repeated—and stopped again. Then, with a sudden gesture, he thrust the miniature into my hand, "You and Bentley!" says he, and turned to the papers that littered the table. "You understand?" says he over his shoulder.

"Yes," says I, from the window, gazing across the bleak, grey desolation of the park. "Yes, I understand."

"I've been setting my papers in order, Dick—a hard business," says he, with a rueful shake of the head, "a hard business, Dick—and now I'm minded to write a few lines to her, and that methinks will be harder yet," and passing his hand wearily over his brow, he took up his pen.

"O Jack—Jack," says I suddenly, "there may be hope yet——"

"None," says he quietly; "I was ever a fool with the small-sword as you will remember, Dick. But I do not repine—you and Bentley are left."

So I presently went upstairs again, and this time I did not pass Bentley's door, but entering, found him already nearly dressed, and as I live!—a-whistling of his eternal "Lillibuleero."

"Bentley," says I sharply, "you surely forget what day it is?"

"No," says he, reaching out his hand with a smile, "A Merry Christmas, Dick!" But seeing my look, and how I shrank from his proffered hand, his face grew solemn all in a moment.

"Good God—man!" I cried, "cannot you understand?" and with the words, I held up the miniature before his eyes. "From to-day she is in our care alone—her mother died twenty years ago—and to-day—poor Jack—oh, damn your Merry Christmas!—are you so utterly heartless, and without feeling, or only a blind fool?" With this, I turned my back fairly upon him and hurried from the room.

CHAPTER VI

WHICH DEALS AMONG OTHER MATTERS WITH THE RING OF STEEL

My anger toward Bentley, sudden though it may appear, was scarcely the outcome of the moment. I could not but call to mind a thousand little things he had both done and said during the past weeks that demonstrated the strange indifference he had shown toward the whole affair. Thus, as the day advanced, my feeling against him grew but the more intense.

Looking back on it now, I am inclined to put this down partly to the reason already stated, partly to lack of sleep, and partly to the carking care that had gnawed at my heart all these weeks—though even now I am inclined to think that his conduct, as I then viewed it, justified my resentment.

I noticed as the day advanced that he seemed to be labouring under some strong excitement, and more than once he manifested a desire to speak with me aside, but I took good care to give him no opportunity. At length, however, Jack chancing to be out of the room for a moment, he seized me by the arm ere I could escape him.

"Dick—" he began.

"Sir!" I cut in, shaking myself free of him, "whatever explanation you may have to offer for your strange, and—yes, sir—utterly heartless conduct of late, I beg that you will let it stand until this most unhappy affair is over—I'm in no mood for it now." He fell back from me, staring as one utterly bewildered for a moment, then he smiled.

"If you will but listen, Dick——"

"Sir," says I, drawing away from him, "I have asked no explanation at your hands, and desire none—the callousness which you have shown so consistently of late has utterly broken down and severed once and for all whatever feeling of friendship I may have entertained for you hitherto."

"You don't mean it—you can never mean it," says he, stretching out an eager hand toward me, "do but listen——"

"Mean it, sir," I repeated, "I tell you it is but the memory of that dead friendship which stays me from calling upon you to account to me with your sword."

"But," he stammered, "you—you would never—you could never——"

"Enough, sir," says I, "I have no desire for further speech with you—save that 'twould be well to at least keep up an appearance of the old relationship, until this affair is over and done with."

"Why, Dick!" says he, his lips twitching strangely, "why, Dick!" and with the word he turned suddenly and left me.

The duel had been settled for twelve o'clock, and it was exactly half after eleven by my chronometer when a servant came to warn us that the coach was at the door. So we presently descended and got in with never a word betwixt us.

When men know each other as thoroughly as we, there is no need for the mask of gaiety to be held up as is usual at such times; thus we rode very silent and thoughtful for the most part, until we heard Purdy, the surgeon, hailing us

from where he stood waiting at the cross-roads as had been arranged.

"Well, sirs," says he, nodding and frowning at us in his sharp way as he took his seat, "and how is the foot?"

"Right as a trivet!" says Jack.

"I question that," says Purdy, dogmatically; "that tendon cannot be well for a full month yet—curse me if it can! They tell me," he went on, "that the other side has young Prothero—gentlemen, mark my words!—Prothero's a stark, staring fool—a positive ass!—A man breaks his leg—'Give him a clyster!' says Prothero. A child has teething-rash!—'A clyster—a clyster!' cries Prothero. A boy has the collywobbles or mumps—'A clyster!' says Prothero. Mark me, gentlemen, should Sir John here pink his man, depend upon it Prothero will finish him with a clyster!"

This journey, which I had made a thousand times and more, never seemed so short as it did upon this Christmas morning, yet I for one experienced a feeling akin to relief as we were ushered into the sanded parlour of the Chequers.

We found Raikes, arrived before us, seated at a table with Hammersley, Finch, and four or five others whose faces were familiar and a heathenish uproar they were making. Upon our entrance they fell silent, however, and exchanged bows with us ere we sat down.

If the episode of the shirt was not forgot, 'twas at least accounted by most the wiser policy to let it so appear, though all Tonbridge—nay, all the country round, rung with the story behind Sir Harry's back, and indeed (as I well know) 'tis laughed over by many to this day.

And now being here, and noting the cleared floor and the other preparations for what was to follow, and looking at Jack beside me so full of strength and life, a deadly nausea came upon me, such as I had never felt before, so that I was forced to sit down.

"Nay, Dick," says Jack, shaking his head, "I have no mind to wait; get it over for me as soon as may be."

"No, no," says Bentley sharply, "at least let us have a bottle of wine first." And on this point he was so insistent that Jack was ultimately forced to give in to him, though even then Bentley seemed ill content, for he fell to fidgeting awkwardly in his chair, and compared his chronometer with the clock full a dozen times in as many minutes.

The crowd at the other table grew uproarious again, and more than once I heard the Captain's high-pitched laugh.

"Bentley," says I, "'tis past twelve o'clock."

"Yes," says he, and began straightway upon "Lillibuleero." Jack started and looked up.

"Come, Dick," says he, "let us begin at once."

"The wine's not all out yet," says Bentley, with his eyes upon the clock again; and now I noticed for the first time that his cheeks were devoid of all colour and his face seemed strangely peaked and haggard. At this moment, Jack, rising, I had perforce to do the same, seeing which the party at the other table ceased their uproar of a sudden and a deep silence fell as Captain Hammersley advanced to meet me, and having bowed, spun a coin in the air to decide choice of ground.

"Jack," says I, as I rejoined him, "you will fight with your back to the door, though there is little difference save that the wall is a trifle lighter there, and will make you less conspicuous." Jack nodded, and with Bentley's aid, began removing his coat and waistcoat.

"Dick," says Bentley in my ear, speaking in a strange, uneven voice, such as I had never heard from his lips before, while Jack busied himself untying his cravat—"Dick, they must not—shall not fight," and I saw that the sweat stood out in great drops upon his brow.

"In God's name, Bentley, what's to stop them now?" says I, whereupon he turned away with a strange wringing motion of his hands, and seeing how they trembled, I became aware that mine were doing the same.

"Be so good as to take your ground, gentlemen," says Captain Hammersley, advancing with the small-swords beneath his arm. Jack stepped forward at once, followed a moment later by Raikes. Each in turn took his weapon, saluted, and fell to his guard.

I was yet holding the crossed blades and Hammersley had scarce begun the count when there arose a sudden clamour without, the door was flung open, and Mr. Tawnish stood bowing upon the threshold.

"Ah!" says he, tripping forward, in one hand his handkerchief, while with the other he gracefully waved his lace hat, "an affair of honour, I perceive. On my soul now, it gives me real pain to intrude myself thus—it desolates me, positively it does—but, gentlemen, this cannot go on."

"Cannot go on—the devil, sir!" broke in the Captain loudly, "and who says so?"

"I say so, sir," returned Mr. Tawnish, with his slow smile, "and should you care to hear it, I'll say so again, sir."

"On what grounds?" says Hammersley, frowning.

"On the grounds that mine is the prior claim to the sword of Sir Harry Raikes."

"Bah!" cries Raikes, with a short laugh, "give the count, Hammersley, and we will begin."

Mr. Tawnish closed and fobbed his snuff-box.

"I think not, sir," says he, very quietly.

"Mr. Tawnish," says Jack, "I have waited over a month to fight this gentleman."

"Sir John," says Tawnish, bowing, "your pardon, but I have waited even longer——"

"Whatever quarrel you may have with me, sir," Raikes broke in, "shall wait my time and pleasure."

"I think not," says Mr. Tawnish again, his smile more engaging and his blue eyes more dreamy than ever; "on the contrary, I have a reason here which I venture to hope will make you change your mind."

"A reason!" says Raikes, starting as he met the other's look, "what reason?"

"That," says Mr. Tawnish, and tossed something to Sir Harry's feet.

Now as it lay there upon the sand, I saw that it was a small gold locket. For maybe a full minute there was a dead silence, while Raikes stared down at the locket, and Mr. Tawnish took a pinch of snuff.

"Who gave you this?" says Raikes suddenly, and in a strange voice.

Mr. Tawnish flicked to the enamelled lid of his snuff-box very delicately with one white finger.

"I took it," says he blandly, "from a poor devil who sat shivering in his shirt."

"You!" says Raikes, in so low a tone as to be almost a whisper—"you?"

"I," returned Mr. Tawnish, with a bow.

"Liar!" says Raikes, in the same dangerously repressed manner.

"As to that," says Mr. Tawnish, shrugging his shoulders, "I will leave you to judge for yourself, sir." With the words, he slipped off his wig and turned his back to us for a moment. When he fronted us again, there stood our highwayman—his restless eyes gleaming evilly through the slits of his half-mask, the mocking smile upon his lips, the same grotesque figure beyond all doubt, despite his silks and laces.

"So, my masters," says he in the same rough, half jovial tone there was no mistaking, "I says to you, mayhap we should meet again, I says, and I've kept my word—such being my natur'—d'ye take me?" There broke from Sir Harry's lips an inarticulate snarl of fury as he leaped forward, but I managed to get between them and Bentley had wrested the sword from his grasp in an instant.

"Damnation!" cries he, quivering with passion, "give us the swords."

"Sir," says Mr. Tawnish, bowing to the Captain, "you see I was right, after all—the gentleman seems positively eager to oblige me." And, having readjusted his wig, he proceeded in his leisurely fashion to remove his coat and high-heeled shoes, and to tuck up his long ruffles.

And now, all being ready, the thin, narrow blades rang together.

Raikes was too expert a swordsman to let his passion master him a second time, and as the two faced each other there was not a pin to choose betwixt 'em: nay, if anything Sir Harry would almost seem the better man, what with his superior height and length of limb.

There was too a certain gleam in his eye, and a confident smile upon his lips that I remembered to have seen there the day he killed poor Richardson.

He opened his attack with a thrust in *tierce,* followed up by a *longe* so swift and well-timed that it came nigh ending the matter there and then, but it was parried—heaven knows how—and I heard Jack sigh behind me.

Indeed, on this occasion Sir Harry fought with all that impetuosity which, seconded by his incredible quickness of recovery, had rendered him famous. A very dangerous opponent he looked, with his great length of arm; and his face, with its menacing brow and gritted teeth, spoke his purpose more plainly than any words. Mr. Tawnish, on the other hand, preserved his usual serene composure, fencing with a certain airy grace that seemed habitual with him in all things.

Momentarily, the fighting grew but the fiercer, Sir Harry sending in thrust after thrust, with now and then a sudden, vicious *longe* which, it seemed, Mr. Tawnish had much ado to put aside; twice, in as many moments, Sir Harry's point flashed over his shoulder, missing his throat bv a hair, and once it rent the cambric of his sleeve from the elbow up; yet the pale serenity of his face remained unchanged, his placid calm unbroken, save, perhaps, that his eyes were a trifle wider and brighter, and his chin more than usually prominent. And still they fought, fast and furious as ever, and though Raikes came dangerously near time and time again, his point was always met and parried.

Minutes passed that seemed hours—there were sudden pauses when we could detect the thud of feet and the hiss of breath drawn sharply between shut teeth. And now, to my amazement, I saw that Mr. Tawnish was pressing the attack, answering thrust with thrust, and *longe* with *longe.* The fighting grew to a positive frenzy; the shivering blades rung with their swift changes from *quarte* to *tierce.*

"Such a pace cannot last," says I to no one in particular, "the end must come soon!"

Almost with the words, I saw Mr. Tawnish's blade waver aimlessly; Raikes saw it too, and drove in a lightning thrust. There was the sharp clash of meeting steel, a flurry of blades, and Sir Harry Raikes staggered back, his eyes wide and staring, threw up his arms, and pitching forward, rolled over with a groan.

CHAPTER VI

WHEREIN THE TRUTH OF THE OLD ADAGE IS MADE MANIFEST—TO WIT: ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

So swift and altogether unexpected had been the end, that for a long minute there was a strange, tense stillness, a silence wherein all eyes were turned from the motionless form on the floor, with the ever-widening stain upon the snow of his shirt, to where Mr. Tawnish stood, leaning upon his small-sword. Then all at once pandemonium seemed to break loose—some running to lift the wounded man—some wandering round aimlessly, but all talking excitedly, and at the same time.

"Dick and Bentley," says Jack, mopping at his face with his handkerchief, "it's in my mind that we have made a cursed mistake for once—the fellow is a man."

"I've known that this month and more," says I.

"I say a man," repeated Jack, "and devil anoint me, I mean a man!"

"Who writes verses!" added Bentley.

"And what of that, sir?" cries Jack indignantly. "I did the same myself once—we all did."

"A patched and powdered puppy-dog!" sneers Bentley; "look at him."

Now, glancing across at Mr. Tawnish, I saw that he still stood as before, only that the point of his sword was buried in the floor beneath his weight, while his pale face seemed paler even than its wont. As we watched, his hands slipped suddenly from the hilt, and he tottered slightly; then I noticed for the first time that blood was running down his right arm, and trickling from his finger-tips. With an exclamation, I started forward, but Bentley's grasp was on my shoulder, and his voice whispered in my ear:

"Leave him to Jack—'tis better so." And indeed Jack was already beside him, had flung one arm about the swaying figure, and half led, half carried him to a chair.

"Ah!" says Purdy, laying bare a great gash in the upper arm—"a little blood, but simple—simple!" and he fell to work a-sponging and bandaging, with a running exordium upon the humanity of the sword as opposed to the more deadly bullet—until at length, the dressing in place, Mr. Tawnish sighed and opened his eyes.

"Sir John," says he, sitting up, "give me leave to tell you that my third and last task was accomplished this morning."

"Eh?" cries Jack, "but first, let us get you out of this."

"What of Sir Harry Raikes?" says Tawnish, rising.

"Serious," says Purdy, shaking his head, "serious, but not altogether dangerous."

"Good!" says Jack, giving his arm to Mr. Tawnish, "I'm glad of it."

"Though," pursued Purdy, "he will be an invalid for months to come, the right lung—as I pointed out to my colleague, Prothero—a man of very excellent sense, by the way—" At this juncture, at a sign from Prothero, Purdy left us with a bow.

Hereupon, we saluted the others, and turning into an adjacent room, called for wine and filled our glasses to Mr. Tawnish, with all the honours.

As he rose to make his acknowledgment, for the first time in my recollection he seemed ill at ease.

"Sir John, and gentlemen," says he slowly, "I had scarce looked for this kindness at your hands—indeed it makes what I have to say harder than I had thought. Gentlemen," he continued after a brief pause, "you each in turn set me an undertaking, little thinking at the time that there was any likelihood in my fulfilling them. As you know, however, the first two I accomplished some time since, and this morning I succeeded in the last, namely, in taking all three of you, together and at the same time, at a disadvantage. Sir John, gentleman—scarce an hour ago the Lady Penelope Chester became my wife."

Jack started up from the table with an oath, and fell back, staring at the speaker with knitted brows—while Bentley gazed open-mouthed—as for me, I could do nothing but think that our Pen was gone from our keeping at last.

"By Gad, Jack! he's done us," cried Bentley, fetching the table a great blow with his fist.

Now, as I stood with my back to them, staring out into the yard below, my eyes encountered a great, four-horsed travelling chariot, and as I watched it, gloomily enough, the door was flung suddenly open, and ere the waiting footman could let down the steps a lady sprang lightly out and stood looking up at the windows. All at once she turned and gazed straight up at me—then I saw that it was Pen. With a wave of her hand she darted up the steps, and a moment later was in the room.

"Oh, I could wait no longer!" she cried, looking round with the tears in her lovely eyes, "we have been wed but an hour, and I have sat there praying 'twixt hope and fear, until methought I should go mad." Here, catching sight of Tawnish with his wounded arm, she uttered a low cry, and in a moment was kneeling beside him, kissing his uninjured hand, and fondling it with a thousand endearing terms. And seeing the infinite tenderness in his eyes and the love-light in her own, I was possessed of a sudden, great content. In a while, remembering us, she looked up, and, though her cheeks were red, her glance met ours freely and unashamed.

"Father," says she, "this is my husband—and I am proud to say so."

There was a moment's silence, and Jack's frown grew the blacker.

"Father," says she again, "I am not so simple but that I found out your quarrel with Sir Harry, and knew that you came hither to-day to meet your death—so—so I sought aid of this noble gentleman. Yet first I begged of him to marry me, that if—if he had died to-day in your place, I could have mourned him as a beloved husband. Can you forgive me, father?" As Pen ended, she rose and approached Jack with outstretched hands; for a moment he hesitated—then he had her in his embrace.

"And you, Uncle Bentley," says she, looking at us from Jack's arms, "and, Uncle Dick, dear, tender Uncle Dick, can you forgive your wilful maid?"

"God knows, my dear, there's naught to forgive," says I, "save that you are leaving us——"

"Nay, Sir Richard," cries Mr. Tawnish, "Uncle Bentley has seen to that——"

"Uncle!" says Jack.

"Uncle!" says I.

"Can it be possible," said Mr. Tawnish, rising, "that you are unaware of the relationship?"

"Bentley," cries Jack, "explain."

"To be sure," says Bentley, in his heavy way, pointing to Mr. Tawnish, "this is my sister's only child, Viscount Hazelmere!"

"What!" cries Jack, while I stood dumb with astonishment.

"As you remember, Jack and Dick," says Bentley, getting ponderously to his feet, "it was ever our wish that these two should marry, but, being young and hotheaded, the very expression of that wish was but the signal for them to set themselves to thwart it, even before they had ever seen each other. Therefore, acting upon that very contrariness, I wrote to my graceless nephew there, telling him that he need have no fear for his freedom—that we had changed our plans with regard to him—that our Pen was a thousand times too good and sweet for him—which she is, mark you!—that she was a beauty, and reigning toast of all the South Country—which she likewise is, mark you—and, in a word, forbidding him to think any more about her. Whereupon, my young gentleman comes hotfoot back to England, to learn the why and wherefore—did the mightily indignant, and it please you—and ended by vowing he'd marry her despite all three of us. As for Pen—oh, egad! I spun her a fine tale, I promise you—spoke of him as a poor young gentleman, penniless but proud, a man 'twould be folly for any maid to wed—and O Jack and Dick, it worked like a charm—she saw him and promptly fell in love with him, and he with her. Yet at this juncture, Jack, you must needs go nigh ruining all by your quarrel with Raikes; however, knowing my young rascal there plumed himself monstrously upon his swordsmanship, I offered to put it to the test, and found him mighty eager. But O curse me! as I wached them preparing to murder you, Jack, a little while since, and this nephew of mine failed to come, methought I should go mad! and to think that they were marrying each other all the time! Rat me, Dick and Jack! today will be the merriest Christmas of all—how say you?"

So, laughing and rejoicing together, they presently went out, and I heard their happy voices below, ringing clear and crisp in the frosty air of the yard. But I remained, staring into the fire, bethinking me of my treatment of Bentley. The mystery of his seeming indifference was cleared up now; where I had failed in my design of averting Jack's duel, he had succeeded, nay, had even brought together these two as had been the wish of our hearts for years past. And now I had insulted him, wantonly, beyond forgiveness. Yet we had been friends so long!— Perhaps, if I told him humbly——

"Dick!" said a voice behind me, and a great hand was laid upon my shoulder, "Dick!"

"Bentley," says I, hurriedly, "I was wrong—will you—can you forgive——"

"Man Dick," says he, grasping my hand, "A Merry Christmas to thee! —Come, the others are waiting you, and Pen's a-dying to kiss you, I swear."

So he took me by the arm, and we went downstairs together. And when I paused, and would have spoken further of my fool's mistake, he clapped me upon the shoulder again, and fell a-whistling of "Lillibuleero."

THE END



ST. PETER'S FROM ACROSS THE TIBER

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

V.—Rome

WHEN you glide into the railway station which receives those who travel from Florence to Rome, perhaps you ought not to expect anything different from what you actually find. Rome! The very name recalls mailed legions, and splendid palaces, and the riches of a world cast into the lap of its triumphant mistress. But you get out of your railway carriage and see only the bare, grey walls and platforms of a very French-looking *gare,* with a few *facchini* waiting to take your luggage, and several *bersaglieri* and other Italian warriors, wearing absurd cocks' feathers in their caps. Is this really the Rome of your dreams, the Rome of Scaurus and Pompey and Caesar and Cicero and Catiline—the Rome of Gregory the Great, the Rome of Rienzi?

A traveller is almost always foolish enough to generalise from a railway-station even though he knows that all railway-stations from Utica, New York, to far-off Benares in India, are quite apart from the places to which they belong. And to generalise about Rome of all cities, after spending five minutes in its cheerless *stazione!* The late Pope Leo XIII.—that sagacious, urbane, and learned pontiff—had a series of little formulas which he used to employ when meeting strangers. They are replete with a vast amount of practical wisdom.

"How long have you been in Rome?" Pope Leo was wont to ask.

Perhaps the person would answer:

"A week, your Holiness."

"Ah, then you must feel as though you knew Rome very well!"

If the visitor said that he had been in Rome for six months, his Holiness would reply:

"Then you have begun to look about you a little bit."

But if the visitor happened to say that he had lived in Rome for several years and intended living there for several more, then the Pope would smile benignantly and remark:

"Ah, then you have discovered that even a whole lifetime is not too long to teach you what Rome really is!"

I hadn't heard of Pope Leo's views when I reached the outside station late one October afternoon, and I felt the

weariness of travel and the chilliness of an atmosphere which went to my very bones. So I was cross and disappointed and caused myself to be driven swiftly to a very good hotel in the Via del Babuino near the Piazza del Popolo and the Pincian. Inducted into a handsome room, I still shivered with the cold. Even the gorgeous hotel porter, and the willing attendants, and the coming dinner and the subconsciousness of Rome itself couldn't dispel the chill. New York in January may be actually colder, but Rome in October makes you feel the coldness more. There was a fireplace under the mantel; so I rang, and when a servant came, I clamoured for a fire. The order was accepted with a deep bow of acquiescence, but I could see that somehow or other I had acted rashly.

Presently there entered a very pretty maid bringing sundry little sticks of wood and carrying them somewhat as a young priestess of Juno might carry the sacred emblems of that goddess in a procession. She laid them down reverently by the fireplace. There were thirteen of these little sticks, and each one looked as though it had been carefully washed and pummice-stoned. Elena, for such was the maiden's name, produced a few shavings and with much care ignited three of the sticks. They made a fitful and uncertain blaze in the large fireplace. The sight of them only intensified the surrounding area of cold. I said:

"Put on some more wood, please."

Elena looked grieved and rather startled as she added three more twigs to those which were already flickering. Thereupon, I seized the rest of the bundle and threw them all on at once. Elena gasped.

"Oh, but the wood, the precious wood!" she cried.

Then it was obvious that wood in Rome is not to be taken lightly. I thought of the vast opulent stretches of American woodland where any one can go and gather at will great seasoned logs and beautiful broad chips and unlimited hemlock and spruce, and pine cones, and build huge roaring fires by the seashore or in the clearings in the forests—all this the free gift of sylvan nature in our still undiminished stores. But to Elena a few small sticks were very precious. They had been gathered with care and sold at a price and were not to be burned save one by one, and then chiefly for display. I was sorry for Elena, but I demanded more wood, and still more; and I had a lovely blazing fire which lighted the whole room with its glorious flame, until there was no more cold and I felt that, after all, life was well worth living. The charge for all this wood was fifteen cents, which, when you put it into *centesimi,* looks formidable in a hotel bill and in the eyes of Elena, but which does not greatly deplete your letter of credit.

It was probably all wrong that after being warmed and amply fed, I did not take an evening stroll down through the Piazza di Spagna and thence to some part of the Rome that existed in the days of the early emperors. I meant to do so; but, sauntering along the Via del Babuino, I chanced upon a building all aflare with gaslight amid which flamed the letters *Varietà.* Of course it was a *caffè-concerto,* and why should not one spend his first evening in Rome there rather than in contemplating some arch or ruin in the chilly moonlight? The *caffè-concerto* looked warm and bright; and I was pretty sure that Horace would have entered it precisely as he used to prowl around the Forum and down the Suburra, watching the bunco-steerers and jugglers of his generation. In fact, whenever I want to enjoy myself in an unconventional way, I always satisfy my conscience by saying that this is just what Horace would have done. *Dulce est desipere in loco* is really one of his greatest lines, and it leaves you to decide for yourself whether any particular place is the sort of *locus* that he had in mind.

The hall which I now entered had a stage at one end, approached by a broad aisle. On each side of the aisle, and facing it, were long rows of tables or rather slabs with chairs behind them. On one of these chairs I secured a seat. On the stage a most interesting performance was going on. Two gentlemen in evening dress were doing things. One would apply a match to the other's nose, whereupon the nose would immediately glow bright red and the match would be ignited. I am sure that Horace would have

been amused by this. Then the gentlemen proceeded to other feats which I was beginning to enjoy, when all of a sudden a soft voice at my left, emanating from a *bocca Romana,* said with well-bred languor:

"Giulia, I am sure that the Signor would be glad to offer you some slight refreshment."

I turned around and there was a very daintily dressed lady, with beautiful white hair, looking at me, but speaking to her daughter, who was equally well attired and who had the face of a Clœlia or a Clodia. I was struck by the friendliness of the Romans and the ease with which they make a stranger feel at home. So a ready waiter appeared and presently brought to the Signorina Giulia some liquid trifle in a tiny glass. By this time, the gentlemen on the stage were surpassing themselves; but I had no sooner resumed the thread of their performance than the white-haired lady once more spoke. She hinted that refreshment of a more solid character would be conducive to the health of Giulia. Not to make too long a story of it, both the ladies were presently consuming a terrine of *pâté de foie gras,* long rolls of delicious looking bread, coffee in tall glasses, various Italian cheeses, luscious looking grapes, a salad rather highly flavoured with garlic, and sundry other things of which the memory escapes me.

Presently their appetite seemed more remarkable to me than anything which was happening on the little stage. I wondered whether they were going to finish before midnight. But they did so; and then the white-haired lady rose and thanked me most mellifluously with the remark that they would both be charmed to have me call upon them, not thinking it necessary, however, to give me an address. Then they glided gracefully out through the blue cigarette smoke of the now crowded hall, while I settled with the waiter and reflected once more on the genial friendliness of the Romans. When I went back to my hotel I had a comfortable sort of feeling that I had acquaintances in Rome. The chilliness of my first impression had been entirely removed.

Looking back over my reminiscences I must say that this sort of friendliness was very general. For example, down in the Piazza di Venezia, strolling pleasantly in the noonday sunlight, I encountered a *contadina* dressed in many colours and engaged in selling flowers. One day I bought some and paid for them with a *lira,* having no smaller change at hand and not thinking that eighteen cents was an excessive price for a cluster of roses which on Fifth Avenue would have cost two dollars. But this large sum made an



LUCIA

immense impression on the mind of Lucia, which was the name of the flower-girl. The next day, on my stroll, I found her reinforced by six others of her profession, all of them buried in blooms and insisting that I should buy of them. It seemed a pity to disappoint so many Romans all at once, especially as I was trying to get a real understanding of the city after the notion of Pope Leo. So I bought seven bunches of flowers, though with copper instead of silver, and then fondly imagined that the incident was



"AND, RIGHT AND LEFT OF YOU, TWO SWEEPING HALF-CRESCENTS OF GREAT COLUMNS"

closed. Great was my surprise, therefore, on the following day, when I found the Piazza di Venezia filled with flower-girls, all of whom received me with a chorus of choice Italian. I was much embarrassed; and when they approached I took refuge in a book-shop, the proprietor of which a little later allowed me to escape through one of those mysterious back-doors which every Roman house possesses and by which you can go through a whole maze of streets until your pursuers have lost you, and you have lost yourself.

But Rome—ancient, mediæval, and modern all in one—who shall write of it? Who shall give any adequate conception of that wonderful place in which the old and the new are so inextricably interwoven? There is the Black Stone which Romulus may have touched; and there is the gigantic memorial to Victor Emmanuel which is still unfinished. There is not a nook or a corner which, if you know just what it means, can be passed by unheeded. Strangely enough, though this is the capital of the greatest church in Christendom, the ecclesiastical phase of it makes the least impression. St. Peter's, for example, is one of the most remarkable structures in the world, and yet somehow I cannot think of it save as a show-place. Its colonnades, the leaping fountains in front of it, the marvellous statuary, the vast interior where men and women at one end seem mere pygmies to those who view them from the other—all this magnificence and hugeness do not kindle a spark in my imagination. Go into the Sistine Chapel and hear the eunuch choir sing their strangely sweet unearthly music, and still you will feel that it is all a show. You are not bowed down in spirit as you are when you face the Gothic majesty of the cathedral at Cologne. At St. Peter's you consult your Baedeker and walk about and chatter. At Cologne you are in the very presence of God Himself and your tongue cleaves to the roof of your mouth, and a sense of your infinite littleness and weakness and human frailty comes over you and bids you to be silent amidst this scene of awe.

And yet one can partly understand what St. Peter's means not only to the faithful, but to many for whom its interest is only artistic and historical. Clive Newcome expressed it all in the letter that he wrote when he was living in the Via Gregoriana and which is one of the finest passages in Thackeray.

> Of course our first pilgrimage was to St. Peter's. What a walk! Under what noble shadows does one pass! At every turn there is a temple; in every court a brawling fountain. . . . You pass through an avenue of angels and saints on the bridge across Tiber, all in action; their great wings seem clanking, their marble garments clapping. St. Michael, descending upon the Fiend, has been caught and bronzified just as he lighted on the Castle of St. Angelo. . . . I think I have lost sight of St. Peter's, haven't I? How it makes your heart beat when you first see it! Ours did as we came in at night from Civita Vecchia, and saw a great ghostly darkling dome rising



"GO INTO THE SISTINE CHAPEL . . . AND YOU WILL FEEL THAT IT IS ALL A SHOW"

solemnly up into the grey night, and keeping us company even so long as we drove, as if it had been an orb fallen out of heaven with its light put out. As you look at it from the Pincio, and the sun sets behind it, surely that aspect of earth and sky is one of the grandest in the world. I don't like to say that the façade of the church is ugly and obtrusive. As long as the dome overawes, that façade is supportable. You advance toward it—through, O, such a noble court! with fountains flashing up to meet the sunbeams; and right and left of you two sweeping half-crescents of great columns; but you pass by the courtiers and up to the steps of the throne, and the dome seems to disappear behind it. It is as if the throne was upset, and the king had toppled over.

There must be moments, in Rome especially, when every man of friendly heart, who writes himself English and Protestant, must feel a pang at thinking that he and his countrymen are insulated from European Christendom. An ocean separates us. From one shore or the other one can see the neighbour cliffs on clear days: one must wish sometimes that there were no stormy gulf between us; and from Canterbury to Rome a pilgrim could pass, and not drown beyond Dover. Of the beautiful parts of the great Mother Church I believe among us many people have no idea; we think of lazy friars, of pining cloistered virgins, of ignorant peasants worshipping wood and stones, bought and sold indulgences, absolutions and the like commonplaces of Protestant satire. Lo! yonder inscription, which blazes round the dome of the temple, so great and glorious it looks like heaven almost, and as if the words were written in stars, it proclaims to all the world, that this is Peter, and on this rock the Church shall be built, against which Hell shall not prevail. Under the bronze canopy his throne is lit with lights that have been burning before it for ages.

But as for me, I am a little out of patience with papal Rome and have no great sympathy with those who find fault with what they call the "modernising" of the city.

Thus an English archæologist, in the preface of a work on the re-

mains of ancient Rome, complains very bitterly of the changes which the last twenty years have brought about in the appearance of the Eternal City. The burden of his lament is one to which many other scholars and artists often give a similar expression. He speaks of the obliteration of many of the ancient gardens that diversified the city's dingy brown with clusters of greenery; of the uprooting of avenues of ilex; of the conversion of the beautiful *prati* into "a hideous waste of bricks and mortar;" of the rebuilding of the picturesque old lanes into "jerry-built stuccoed boulevards"; of the demolition of the Ghetto; and of all the other changes which have brought it to pass that, as Professor Lanciani says, "Rome is no more the Rome of our dreams, of a beautiful brownish hue, surrounded by a dense mass of foliage; but an immense white dazzling spot, some six miles in diameter, bordering directly on the wilderness of the Campagna."

No one who has any sympathy with the spirit of antiquity or any love for the beautiful in nature and in art, can fail to share the feeling of regret which these distinguished scholars have clothed in language so expressive. Yet it sometimes seems to me that sufficient note has not been taken of the other side of this interesting question. In contemplating what has been lost we often forget to think of all that has been gained. From both the archæological and the æsthetic point of view, the new Rome does, after all, far more fully satisfy one's ideas than the Rome that has lately passed away.

It is not at all necessary to put forward one plea that is very often made to excuse the sweeping changes—the plea that Rome is now the capital of United Italy and has thus come under the direct influence of the modern spirit; that its rapid growth of population has enormously increased the demand for building space and consequently the value of the land; and that its new prosperity and wealth have necessarily substituted modern comfort for mediæval squalour. These facts may be taken for granted as an explanation of the changes; but they ought not to be put forth apologetically. That Rome is still a living city rather than a sepulchre, is not a subject for apology; nor is it, I think, a subject for regret.

In speaking of the alterations that have been made in the appearance of the city, it is curious to note how the word "modern" is almost always used as though it suggested barbarism worthy of the Vandals; while "mediæval" connotes a spirit of reverence for classical antiquity and of sympathy with the beautiful in art. One archæologist deplores the fact that Rome is now a "modern" capital; that the modern builder is everywhere at work. Another takes up the tale and laments the obliteration of so many of the "mediæval" remains. A person ignorant of the truth would suppose that only in these "modern" days has ancient Rome been rudely touched. He would never dream that it was in the centuries of mediævalism that Imperial Rome was in reality blotted out, and that only in very modern times has its partial restoration been accomplished.

As a matter of fact, the Rome of classical literature remained practically unchanged down to the seventh century, the last renewal of its magnificence having been that of King Theodoric, the Ostrogoth. It was then still a splendid city, in spite of the transfer by Constantine of thousands of its artistic masterpieces to Byzantium; and in spite of the injury it had received from the fanaticism of the Christians and the greed of the Goths. Its wonderful temples, palaces, and shrines were still intact, and there still remained bewildering treasures of art in marble and bronze and gold and silver. It was not until the eighth century that the spirit of mediævalism descended upon Rome and "the long agony of a seven hundred years" began. It was then only that its stately piles of majestic architecture were degraded into quarries from which any one might steal material for building; that the costly marbles with their historic inscriptions were pitched into kilns to be burned for lime; and that, from the scarcity of metal, the exquisite bronzes that beautified the city were melted into junk. The mediæval nobles turned even mausoleums into fortresses; and when besieged, they hurled down upon the besiegers' heads the priceless sculptures of Grecian masters whose surviving works

Roma 1892 *Num. d'Ordine* 1455

S. P. Q. R.

IPOGEO DEGLI SCIPIONI
E COLOMBARIO DI POMPONIO HYLAS

BIGLIETTO D' INGRESSO
CENTESIMI VENTICINQVE

"THE HISTORIC LETTERS, S. P. Q. R."

could not to-day be purchased for their weight in diamonds. Still other treasures of art seem to have been mutilated in sheer wantonness, like the famous Farnese Hercules, of which the body was found in the ruins of the Baths of Caracalla and the legs in a well more than a mile away. The marvellous Colosseum was turned into a woollen factory.

Finally, the mediævals did their very worst. The most famous sites of the ancient city were covered by rude towers and fortress-walls, the old streets were closed, and many of them were buried, like the Forum, under forty feet of accumulated rubbish. This is what mediævalism did for ancient Rome, justifying that famous and thoroughly truthful reproach, *Quod non fecerunt barbari, fecerunt Barberini.* Those who deplore the demolition of the slimy Ghetto should bear in mind that as late as 1536 one Pope (Paul III.), in making one street, demolished two hundred houses on the north side of the Capitol; while down to the beginning of the present century the Forum Romanum, to-day the most interesting relic of ancient Rome, was allowed to remain a dismal waste, the feeding-place of buffaloes, and waiting for the despised "modern" explorer reverently to reveal its past magnificence. It is only a century since the splendid triumphal arch of Septimius Severus was disinterred. It is only about ninety years since the Column of Phocas was exhumed. It is less than that since the buildings of the Clivus Capitolinus were rescued from the rubbish of mediævalism. It is scarcely two decades since Fiorelli excavated the temples of Vesta, Castor, Cæsar and the Basilica. I do not see how any one can justly speak of the Philistinism of modern Rome, where not a scrap of pottery or a bit of metal or a scratching on a wall is anywhere discovered that does not immediately pass under the almost painful scrutiny of a dozen archæologists, to be preserved forever among the choicest treasures of civilisation.

But it is not only on the archæological side that the growth and development of the new Rome have done so much for classical learning and for the better knowledge of ancient art. To one who has a proper sense of the eternal fitness of things the great capital will to-day speak far more distinctly of its historic past than if it had remained a mediæval city of the dead. For an archæologist to ask that the filthiest plague spots of the Middle Ages should remain untouched to threaten the life of half a million people, in order to gratify his conception of the picturesque, and that thousands should be poisoned to make an antiquarian holiday, is not merely an evidence of the distorted vision that so often afflicts the narrow specialist. It is also a distinct æsthetic mistake.

The whole spirit of ancient Rome, its keynote, its ultimate expression, was strength, just as the spirit of ancient Greece found its supreme expression in beauty; and that Rome to-day should not be a decaying and desolate waste surrounding a mass of half-obliterated ruins, but rather a mighty capital with its pulses full of life, and becoming



"PIAZZA DEL POPOLO FROM THE PINCIO"

every day stronger and more magnificent, is surely quite in accordance with the spirit of its history. In fact, Rome as it is now conveys to the sympathetic mind with almost startling force the lesson of its past by the very fact of the splendour and promise of its present. Its ancient remains are not isolated and melancholy reminders of a grandeur that is gone. They are evidences of its enduring power. By linking the present with the past, by making themselves an inseparable portion of its future, they typify the manner in which the Rome of classical antiquity has kept its hold unshaken upon the life and thought of modern times.

In Rome the new and the old are inseparably blended. Its temples are the same grand temples of the ancient gods. The aqueducts of Agrippa and of Quintus Marcius still supply the modern city. The great Via Flaminia is no grass-grown cow-path, but the Corso, one of the most brilliant avenues in Europe. The obelisks brought by the emperors from Egypt, the columns of Trajan and Antoninus, the arches of Titus and Severus and Constantine, still ornament the squares. Its government is still that of quæstors and ædiles, and their proclamations still begin with the historic letters S. P. Q. R. The Capitol still exhibits the statue of Triumphant Rome; and on its front, in a den half covered with vines and tangled shrubbery, a she-wolf, the symbol of the city of Romulus, still paces restlessly up and down.

It is precisely this wonderful blending of the present with the past in the very midst of so many evidences of power and splendour and promising a no less magnificent future, that gives to the beholder so vivid an insight into the true meaning of all that Rome has been. When you stand on the Capitol, with perhaps the early twilight just softening down any obtrusive contrasts, the memorials of antiquity on every side gain a new significance from the distant hum of the great city that surrounds you; and you must be insensible indeed if you do not see in all its evidences of enduring life the true meaning of its proud title, *Urbs Sempiterna*.

I was thinking of these things one afternoon, as I basked in the sun on the edge of what some persons think to have been the Tarpeian Rock, which is a good place for meditation. I had quite lost myself in the remote past, when the ingratiating voice of youth glided into my reveries.

"Will the most illustrious signor comdescend to look upon a few objects of art?"

I rolled over sleepily, and there was an Italian boy of the sort you see in paintings. Olive skin, dark hair, large lambent eyes, and a face of apparent innocence and profound respect. He had beside him a covered basket, and he repeated the words:

"Will the most illustrious signor condescend to look upon a few objects of art?"

Now I am not the least bit illustrious, and what is more, I know it. Likewise, the young Italian most certainly knew it. Nevertheless, there is something rather pleasing in being greeted in this way. It appeals to a certain human weakness which most of us possess. So I pulled myself together and tried to look illustrious, which was not very easy for one wearing an old Norfolk jacket and a pair of rather muddy, thick-soled English shoes.

The boy removed the cover from his basket and drew out a long wooden rosary, fit for a Capuchin monk. Every bead was the size of a pigeon's egg. I could have whittled one out myself with a knife, although I am not very good at whittling.

"Would your Excellency not like to possess this fine rosary carved by hand? His Holiness himself has blessed it."

I was already hypnotised; and after the young Italian had purred a few more sentences I had become the possessor of the rosary while he had received ten lire in a gold piece, which he bit with his beautiful white teeth that gleamed between his scarlet lips. He had other things to show me.

"See, Prince," said he, "here are smaller but still finer things."

I couldn't quite resist being apparently mistaken for a prince. When he produced some corals I bought them, and likewise sundry cameos, and a quantity of Venetian beads.

"Ah," said he, "any one could tell that your Highness is a lover of true art." After that I bought the rest of the things that were in his basket; but even as I did so I felt that I was not entirely wise. So, after he had bestowed upon me other titles and had expressed his thanks and his appreciation of my artistic taste, I stuffed my purchases into various pockets and returned to my hotel. It was the last day of my sojourn in Rome and I had to pack. When I looked at my objects of art I couldn't help seeing that they were merely junk—the huge wooden rosary, the corals which were obviously of celluloid, the cameos with their brass pins, and all the rest of them. To pack them and carry them around would have made them a perpetual reminder of how the *puer delicatus* had taken me in so easily. Simply to leave them on the floor would have led the *valet de chambre* to guess my story. Suddenly an evil thought occurred to me.

The bed had been made up afresh for the next guest by the dainty hands of Elena. I cautiously turned down the covers and artfully inserted the rosary, the corals, the cameos and the Venetian beads in the inner part of the couch, and then replaced the covering and smoothed it out so that nobody would know. When I left the Eternal City that evening on the night express, it was in the hope that some Englishman would occupy my room. I thought of his sensations as he projected himself down into that bed, where the rosary would have the effect of a large snake, and where the brass pins of the cameos would surely scratch his legs.

Pondering on this picture, I leaned back against the stuffed cushions of the railway carriage and departed from the Eternal City with a panoramic vision of palaces, museums and obelisks, of the shirred eggs at the Caffé Nazionale, of the gentleman who lit matches on his companion's nose, and last of all of the potential Englishman who was to become a second Laocoon in my room at the Hotel de Russie. If he reads these pages, I hope that he will write to me and tell me what he thought about it.

ROMA RECENTIORUM

Strange blending of the old and new,
  Of all that men have thought and done,
The right, the wrong, the false, the true,
  The past, the present, all in one.
    Here sleep the mighty pagan dead
      Where now stands forth the crucifer,
    And many a temple rears its head
      To tell of Christ and Jupiter.

Where once, before the naked Gaul,
  Rome's infant power swayed and shook,
Here on the stately Capitol
  Now swarm the hordes of Mr. Cook;
    While, gazing down the Sacred Way
      By hoary Vesta's ruined wall,
    The cockney tourist chirps to-day
      His ditty of the music-hall.

Where Claudia mocked the rabble rout
  And laughed its helpless rage to see,
Now giggles as she flits about
  Some cheerful chit from Tennessee;
    And where great Cæsar passed in state
      And where Catullus kept his tryst,
    Now potters with uncertain gait
      The blear-eyed archæologist.

Here, too, one time, the pallid nuns
  Called on the saints with timorous trust,
While from the hills the ape-faced Huns
  Grinned with the joy of blood and lust.
    Now, though the Roman maids no more
      The fierce barbaric hosts expect,
    Their hapless city quails before
      The modern Hun—the architect.

Builder and tourist, Hun and Gaul,
  Like flies in some stupendous dome
Flit harmless by; not one nor all
  Can mar thy majesty, O Rome!
    They come, they go, they pass away,
      While still undimmed thy splendours shine;
    To them belongs the fleeting day,
      But all the centuries are thine.

To see at dawn the hills of Rome
  Ablaze with gold and amethyst;
To watch Saint Peter's distant dome
  Swim in the evening's silver mist—
    This draws aside a curtain vast,
      And, as the kingly dead appear,
    The murmuring pulses of the past
      Reveal the heart of History here;

For Age transmuted into Youth
  Dwells on this consecrated spot;
Here speaks from God the voice of Truth,
  Here dwells the Faith that changes not.
    The world's desire, the nations' dower,
      Find here their one eternal home—
    Glory and grace and deathless power,
      Blent in the mighty name of Rome!

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE WOMAN'S CHOICE AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

IT happens that one of the novels of the month bears the suggestive title of *The Right Man;* and, like so many other suggestive titles, it seems to signify rather more before you have read the book than afterward. As a matter of fact, when the story in question first appeared in magazine form it bore the briefer and more enigmatic caption of *Steel,* which from a mere business point of view possessed the serious defect of lacking allurement and running the risk of being misplaced upon the shelf of economics or civil engineering rather than of fiction. But having once read the story, you realised that the name of *Steel* was at least distinctive; it symbolised as perhaps no other word or combination of words could have symbolised the central thought upon which the story was built—and that, of course, is the first and highest function of a title; while *The Right Man,* on the contrary, far from being distinctive, belongs to that convenient class of ready-made devices, warranted to fit in one case as well as in another, like an adjustable curtain rod or a Boston garter. If you stop to think of it, you must concede that every story involving the mingled lives of men and women offers, when reduced to its simplest elements, the double problem of which is the right man for a particular woman and which is the right woman for a particular man. And, taken in this elemental sense, this phrase of The Right Man, however faulty it may be as the title of an individual book, forms a most convenient standard of measure by which to test the success or failure of many books.

For, after all, when a novelist tells us that a certain man has married or is going to marry a certain woman, no matter how steadfastly he strives to keep himself out of his book and give a purely objective impression of life, nevertheless he cannot fail to show us, perhaps quite unconsciously, whether he personally believes that for the woman in question this was or was not the right man. And if you would take the trouble to keep a brief memorandum of the novels you read, with your reasons for approving or disapproving, you would find that in an important proportion of cases the matter resolves itself down to the simple question whether you agree with the author in his verdict regarding the Woman's Choice. A simple question we may call it, so far as the mere form goes; but in its essence it is very far from simple, because, granting that you are right in disagreeing with the author's verdict, it follows that his record of events, or his portraiture, or his psychology, or it may be all three, are at fault; that either what he tells us happened did not happen that way, or it happened to quite a different sort of man and woman; or else its happening produced an entirely different sort of reaction upon the hearts and minds of the

people involved. And because the common experience of every-day life teaches us that we are much less apt to be mistaken regarding the things that happen than we are regarding the characters and the motives of people who make them happen; so, in judging a book, we instinctively give a novelist the benefit of the doubt when he tells us that a man betrayed his friend or a woman killed her child—we merely refuse to believe, in a case where the whole scene obviously rings false, that the man or the woman was the sort of person that the author has described. In other words, the instinctive protest which the more enlightened sort of reader usually makes is not, in the familiar phrase of Assessor Brack, "People don't do such things!" but merely "a certain sort of people don't do such things." For practical purposes we may assume that there is nothing imaginable within the range of human powers that men and women will not do, provided you choose the right sort of men and women; there is no woman who has not the power to make some man infinitely happy and some other man infinitely miserable. And it is the supreme test of a novelist's insight if he succeeds in finding this one right man or one wrong man, as the case may be, and forcing us to say: "Beyond a doubt, he has told us the truth, the unquestionable, unalterable, tremendous truth!" For in this vital question of the Woman's Choice it is so fatally easy for an author, even a rather big author, to lie. There comes to mind the notorious instance of Mr. Kipling's *The Light that Failed.* Of course the whole world knows, and is not likely to forget, that there are two versions of that story—the false version, in which Maisie comes back to Dick in his blindness and lives happily with him for ever after; and the true version, in which Dick gropes his unseeing way out to the Soudan and meets the death he craves under the eyes of his old comrades. In order to make the conventionally "happy ending" anything other than a monumental lie, it would have been necessary for Mr. Kipling to go back to the opening page of the story and rewrite it, paragraph by paragraph, telling himself over and over, with parrot-like iteration, that the Maisie of his creation must be born again before she could make any man permanently happy. It is not the implication that Maisie consented to marry the man she found wistfully turning over and over the letters he could not read that rings false. To give such consent and to think for the time that she really meant it was not inconsistent with her tendency to do the easiest thing for herself. The dishonesty of that ending lay in the implication that it really was an ending, and that their troubles were over, instead of just beginning—in other words, that Maisie had at last found him to be the right man; whereas the whole story from the opening page had been subtly, insistently, convincingly proving that he was and always must be the wrong man.

Not infrequently the explanation of such apparently dishonest work is that the authors themselves do not quite understand the natures of the characters they have created; for they will hold up for our admiration men who are plainly stamped as underbred, cowardly, inherently vulgar, and expect us to believe that the heroine is blind to their deficiencies. To a mild degree the little volume by Brian Hooker, entitled *The Right Man,* serves to illustrate this type of mistake. Mr. Hooker had an interesting theme and one that deserved to be worked out on a wider spread of canvas, a bigger scale of values, with a deeper probing into the complexities of human hearts—but, above all, with a surer understanding of the impression that his central figures would make upon the general public. The thought upon which the story is built is obviously this: that a great deal of current fiction, in which the delicately nurtured, finely educated young woman from the East chooses the bluff, honest, hustling and often quite uneducated man from the West—as Owen Wister's Mollie chose her Virginian—is sentimental nonsense; that with the type of young woman that is really worth while birth and culture and courtesy count for something more than muscle and energy and the ability to amass a fortune; that as between the man with

"The Right Man"

the artistic temperament and the man with only the business acumen the latter would hold a losing hand. The way in which Mr. Hooker has meant to work out this problem is by showing us a girl with the traditional New England conscience, supplemented by a careful training in the Boston atmosphere of social standards, the Boston reverence for ancestry and art, and to oblige her to choose between two men—on the one hand a plain, hard man of business, large of frame and rather loud of voice, a man accustomed to manage other men and to get what he wants; on the other, a man of rather frail physique, the product of good birth and university training, whose inheritance is an instinctive chivalry and an innate love for all that is best and noblest in art, literature and life—in other words, the girl's choice lies between the man of iron and the man of delicate, flexible, tempered steel; and the latter, Mr. Hooker tries to say, is the man who, in spite of heavy odds, will win. The trouble with *The Right Man* is that, quite unintentionally, the problem is unfairly presented. The action takes place wholly upon a transatlantic steamer during the brief period of a single crossing; the Man of Iron has long known and systematically paid his court to the girl, and their engagement has been publicly announced; the Man of Steel has never before laid eyes upon the girl, he meets her in the easy, unconventional way in which acquaintances are formed on board ship, and because he and she happen to be good sailors and the Man of Iron happens to be the reverse there are something more than forty-eight uninterrupted hours in which to alienate the girl's affections. Now, there is no desire to imply that there is anything false or dishonest in the record of what happened during the rest of that voyage. There is an abundance of good realism in the brief but relentless struggle between the two men, the violent physical contest between them that was inevitable, the final victory achieved by the Man of Steel in spite of his physical weakness. Where the book fails is in its delineation of types: here are a man and a woman presented to us as the exponents of what is finest and best in our American civilisation of to-day, the utmost that blue blood and higher culture may achieve; and yet, almost from the moment they meet until they leave us on their way to Paris to be married, we feel that they constantly fall below their standard; that they are lacking in the finer instincts of honour; that the man especially is guilty of more than one act and speech that savours of the cad; and that, contrasted with them, the Man of Iron, lacking as he is in birth and education, stands out at the end as an exponent of higher standards than theirs.

"The Diva's Ruby"

A certain surface resemblance in plot makes the transition to Mr. Crawford's latest novel, *The Diva's Ruby*, both simple and apposite. For here again we have a woman of the highly cultured type hesitating between two men: on the one hand, a man representing the older civilisation, the descendant of a race once glorious in art and letters; and, on the other, an American multi-millionaire, a man who has all his life been too much engrossed in the huge game of finance to spare any time on books and paintings and music. Furthermore, Mr. Crawford's heroine is also affianced to one of these two men; and the other man, with full knowledge that she is already pledged, deliberately makes it his business to win her for himself. If it were Mr. Crawford's method to work out problems we should conclude that he has attempted very much the same sort of task as that which the author of *The Right Man* set himself; and that, while he gives the final verdict in favour of the business man, he too has marred his work by failing to make his characters truly representative of their types. We know, however, that Mr. Crawford does not deal in problems and in types, but in individuals. He is first, last and always the born story-teller; and having a certain group of clearly visualised men and women in mind, he carries them through a sequence of clearly imagined acts, without greatly concerning himself to discover what lesson they teach, or, in fact, whether they teach any lesson at all. And it is because the story-telling is the thing of paramount importance that it may happen, and indeed has happened, that in

writing a succession of stories about the same set of people Mr. Crawford may begin with one or two volumes conceived in his very best manner, and then follow them up with others that are confessedly inferior—as happened in the Saracinesca series; or he may produce a couple of quite mediocre stories and then suddenly surprise us with a sequel that well deserves to stand upon the same shelf with *Pietro Ghisleri, Sant' Ilario* and *Paul Patoff,* as in the case of the third part of the Margaret Donne trilogy, *The Diva's Ruby.* To begin with, this latest volume has a prologue that takes us into the mountain fastnesses of central Tibet, shows us a secret ruby mine, and tells how a white man from the West plays upon the love of a Tartar girl, and through her wins the secret of the mine and bears away a fortune in uncut gems. There is an Oriental richness of colouring about this prologue that recalls some of the best pages of *Mr. Isaacs, Khaled* and *Zoroaster;* and the reader turns from it to the main thread of the story with real reluctance. With the memory of the distinctly tedious *Fair Margaret* still fairly vivid, this reluctance is not unnatural; but it evaporates rapidly when we discover that in *The Diva's Ruby* we have a rapidly moving and very human drama concerning people who would always have been worth reading about if only in the earlier volumes they had had assigned to them something that was really worth the doing. The rivalry between Logotheti the Greek, with his flashy clothes and loud manners, and the American millionaire, who ultimately wins the Diva and builds an opera house for her on upper Fifth Avenue, is a stirring, tense, compelling piece of narrative, full of subtle sidelights in character drawing and the interpretation of intricate and often contradictory motives. Frankly, it is the best story Mr. Crawford has given us in a number of years.

"A Spirit in Prison"

Another novel of the month which deserves to be proclaimed as that rare achievement, a sequel that surpasses its antecedent in merit and in interest, is *A Spirit in Prison,* by Robert Hichens. For of course it is a sequel to his widely read Sicilian story of three years ago, *The Call of the Blood*—in spite of the fact that there is nowhere in the new volume even a hint of acknowledgment that the characters in it have figured in any earlier volume. Every reader of *The Call of the Blood* will recall how Hermione, the young English wife of Maurice Delarey, feels herself compelled to leave him before their honeymoon in Sicily is ended, in order to go to the bedside of Emile Artois, the Frenchman who has long loved her and who is said to be dying. And during the brief weeks of her absence her husband, who has inherited through his grandmother a strain of Sicilian blood, yields to the call of this remote strain and comes under the spell of a young peasant girl's transient beauty, promptly paying the penalty for his infidelity with his life at the hands of the peasant girl's kinsmen. Of the true facts of this tragedy Hermione is never told; she knows only that her husband was drowned, and that she has lost some precious weeks of happiness by her absence at the bedside of the Frenchman whom she did not love and who has lived, while the Englishman whom she did love has died. And believing him the perfect type of honour and fidelity, she consecrates herself to lifelong widowhood. It is at this point that *The Call of the Blood* breaks off, with a young and beautiful woman wasting her best years in mourning for an unworthy man, while the right man, who knows the truth and might easily win her if he chose to speak, feels that his lips are sealed by his unwillingness to destroy her ideal. *A Spirit in Prison* takes up the story some seventeen years later. The scene is no longer Sicily, but a tiny island in the Bay of Naples, to which the widowed bride retired at the time of her bereavement to await the birth of her child, and in which she and Vere, the daughter, now a girl of sixteen, still have their home. The significance of the title of course is that Hermione, after all these years of blind, misplaced fidelity, suddenly has a faint stirring of suspicion, a dawning glimmer of the truth. The Sicilian peasant girl, for whom Hermione's husband betrayed her, also had a child, who is now a sturdy young fisher lad, with eyes that are

strangely reminiscent of some one whom Hermione has known, some one in the distant past whom she either cannot or will not name to herself. Her attention is first called to the fisher lad by the interest that he awakens in her daughter Vere; for the girl, by some curious instinct, has recognised the ties of kinship and has made the boy her protégé and comrade. It takes very little time for Artois, who still loves Hermione with patient hopelessness, and for Gaspare, her faithful old servant, to learn the truth about the boy's parentage, and these two men instinctively conspire to keep the woman in ignorance. And by doing so they unconsciously prolong her suffering; because her spirit is struggling in the prison of delusion, and can win freedom, and with it love and happiness, only through full knowledge of the truth. A big, strong story, superbly handled, with the same fine sense of locality and racial traits that gave *The Garden of Allah* its enduring value.

"The Little Brown Brother"

If one chooses to regard it chiefly as a strong and yet tender story of two human lives, *The Little Brown Brother,* by Stanley Portal Hyatt, is still another instance of a book that depends largely for its interest upon the question of the Woman's Choice. And yet this book is so much bigger and deeper than its central thread of romance that there is a certain element of injustice in considering it from the point of view of the present article. In spite of a number of recent novels, the scenes of which have been laid in or about Manila, there seems no danger of exaggeration in the statement that this story by Mr. Hyatt is the first adequate attempt to embody in fiction the life, habits and temperament of the Filipino. Of course, if one cherishes any sentimental ideals about the brotherhood of races and social equality of the Eastern and Western civilisations, there will be more to irritate than to give pleasure in *The Little Brown Brother.* One does not have to turn many pages before finding out that the author has treated the native Filipino, the *mestizo,* the American civil official, one and all, with as scant consideration as Mr. Kipling showed toward the same classes under similar conditions in British India. There is a bold frankness about the entire treatment both of story and background that commends it, in spite of the fact that it is written by an Englishman in criticism of conditions due in large measure to American occupation. Whether the picture is here and there too highly coloured is a matter for those with inside knowledge to decide; the literal truth of detail has no bearing upon the general impression we receive of a bold, sweeping panorama of tropical savagery, deep-recessed lagoons, fever-haunted swamps, all the lurking perils of undisciplined nature and human treachery. The specific story that Mr. Hyatt has to tell concerns a young Englishman, an ex-army officer of a native Indian regiment, who has left the service under a cloud—for conduct unbecoming a gentleman, the implication is—and has since trodden the downward path with the fatal velocity of the white outcast in Eastern lands. There is, however, in an out-of-the-way island of the Philippines, a young woman who is obviously of the sort that is distinctly worth the risk of a man's life, whether he be on the downward or the upward path; and because she takes a peculiarly deep interest in this quondam Indian officer and wants him to redeem himself, she inspires him to undertake, single-handed, to head off a conspiracy of fanatical *pulajans,* a sort of Filipino equivalent for the Mafia, that is preparing to make a clean sweep of men, women and children alike, in order to set up their own government in place of that of the white man. How the Englishman achieves his purpose, in the face of bureaucratic red tape, military impotency and native treachery forms a lengthy chronicle of good fighting, told with a curious power of suggesting between the lines much more than is actually set down—a power that not infrequently is reminiscent of Joseph Conrad at his best. In the end, however, after the man has fulfilled his appointed task, it remains for the woman to make her choice; because there is another man, a young American officer, delightfully ingenuous and honest and whole-hearted, to whom the average reader's sympathies instinctively go out. And while there is

no good ground to question Mr. Hyatt's statement regarding the heroine's choice, there are many who will wish that she might have chosen otherwise.

"The Immortal Moment"

That brief, poignant little drama of *The Immortal Moment,* by May Sinclair, brings up an entirely different aspect of the Woman's Choice—the type of case in which all the best instincts in the woman tell her that the one right man is forbidden her. It is seldom that a story brings to the reviewer such a sense of impotence to do it justice within the space of a single paragraph. One can, of course, assert its admirable technique, its rare truth of characterisation, its logical analytical development; but mere assertion, no matter how emphatic, lacks convincing power. What Miss Sinclair's book deserves is a detailed and painstaking analysis of the kind that takes much time and space. For, after all, stripped to its bare skeleton, *The Immortal Moment* seems a curiously inadequate framework upon which to fashion a story of any considerable magnitude. It amounts to little more than this: Kitty Tailleur is a sort of English *Dame aux Camélias,* who is spending a few weeks at a fashionable hotel at an English seaside resort. Owing to the absence of the man whose pocket-book pays her bills, it is not strange that a clean-souled, big-hearted, honourable nature such as Robert Lucy, meeting her in the casual way that one meets fellow-guests at a hotel, should mistake her for what she is not; and, supplanting his mistake by a graver one, should fall in love with her and ask her to be his wife and a second mother to his orphan child. Kitty Tailleur is not in the least an idealised character; she is quite frankly pictured with the faults and limitations of her class—the love of show, the thirst for admiration, the insincerity, the imperious craving for emotions. But it happens that for the first time in her life she has learned the meaning of an honest, disinterested love. Had she not loved Robert Lucy she would have run the risk of future discovery; but because of this love she cannot bring herself to conceal her unworthiness from him. And after she has owned the truth and he has decided that for his child's sake, if not for his own, marriage between them is impossible, she not only acquiesces in his verdict, but adds to it by the supreme sacrifice of her "immortal moment" the seal of finality that comes with death. But the art of this story depends far less upon the substance than upon the manner of the telling. Throughout the greater portion of it the reader knows no more than the man who loves her what manner of woman she is. We hear the current gossip of the hotel corridors, the jealous slurs of women, the over-bold admiration of men, the stanch support of the few who really like her. In other words, the reader is placed in a position to see Kitty Tailleur from the standpoint of Robert Lucy and to hear and surmise what Robert Lucy might have heard and surmised—with this advantage, however, that the average reader is somewhat more worldly-wise than Mr. Lucy, and therefore in a position to discover for himself the truth that the lover scarcely credits, even after hearing it with brutal frankness from the woman's own lips.

"Tables of Stone"

Tables of Stone is a somewhat ponderous, conscientious piece of fiction, presenting quite clearly a number of rather interesting types of English men and women, yet without succeeding in arriving at any very definite result. A country-bred young man, the son of an old-fashioned clergyman, comes to London clad in his father's garments of the fashion of a bygone generation and with his mind equipped with the knowledge of no books that are not classics and at least a hundred years old. Because his appearance, his speech and above all his views of life have the spice of novelty, he is promptly taken up by a young married woman, who is a leader in the fashionable London set, and whose whim it is for the time being to show him off, as she might have shown off a new bracelet or a lap-dog or an Oriental slave. Had the young man been a shade less serious-minded or less grotesque, the lady's interest might have grown to the dimensions of a clandestine love affair. As a matter of fact, nothing happens excepting that she is the means of his meeting a

personage of importance in English politics, who takes a fancy to him and retains him as tutor for an idiot son, on the understanding that if he succeeds in restoring the child's scattered wits he shall be rewarded with the hand of the statesman's daughter. If this brief epitome gives the impression of being both rambling and tedious, it really does not do the book any serious injustice. What happens from this point onward may be more quickly told. The statesman's daughter does not want to marry her feeble-minded brother's tutor; but she is persuaded that she never can marry a certain other man whom she really loves, because he fears the taint of hereditary madness. Accordingly she plays the part of dutiful daughter, accepts the tutor as her husband—and then, finding that the task of spending a lifetime with the Wrong Man too hard for her, deliberately betrays him, and on being discovered, kills herself and her child. Altogether a cheerless and unprofitable sort of book.

"The Adventures of a Nice Young Man"

A curious little volume, qualified to furnish a mild entertainment to readers who respond to the appeal of novelty, is *The Adventures of a Nice Young Man,* by an author who prefers to reveal no more of his identity than may be conjectured from the mystic signature of Aix. It is written in the first person, and depicts the crowded, hurried, nerve-racking life of present-day New York in the staid and simple phrasing of Addison's *Essays* or Goldsmith's *Vicar of Wakefield.* It purports to relate the adventures of a young man who comes to the city to seek his fortune with no better equipment than a few letters of introduction and a thorough training in Greek and Latin. In the opinion of the simple old pedant who has taught him all he knows, he is destined to do well in New York: " 'In all my experience, Charles,' said he, 'I never knew a mind so exquisitely adapted to the dative case.' " But in the course of a long sequence of painful lessons Charles has it borne in upon him that in his social relations with women and his business relations with men the dative case is not of half so much importance as a few ounces of experience and common sense—and these commodities he is slow in acquiring. The book has a thread of plot, but this is comparatively unimportant; one reads it, a chapter at a time, not for the sake of the outcome—although the hero ultimately proves to be the choice of the woman he covets—but for the sake of the rather whimsical humour of what happens from page to page.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

NINE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Mr. Swinburne's "The Age of Shakespeare"*

Mr. Howells, in a recent *obiter dictum,* has dismissed the Elizabethan dramatists as not, or not any longer, worth reading. It is an accepted fact in literary topography that the Elizabethan drama is a sierra, and Shakespeare, if that was his name, though much the highest peak in the range, only one of its eminences. Wherefore the lovers of mischief, by no means necessarily the lovers of Mr. Howells, have been uplifted, hoping that the disparagement of the range was but a preliminary to the ascent by the novelist of Mont Blanc itself, with intent to knock off its hat, to wit, its sunlit cloud-capped crown. The *obiter dictum* recalls the saying of another realistic novelist, Anthony Trollope, to wit, on the same subject.

> Of late years, putting aside the Latin classics, I have found my greatest pleasure in our old English dramatists—not from any ex-

*The Age of Shakespeare. By Algernon Charles Swinburne. New York: Harper and Brothers.

cessive love of their work, which often irritates me by its want of truth to nature, even while it shames me by its language, but from curiosity in searching their plots and examining their characters. If I live a few years longer I shall, I think, leave, in my copies of these dramatists, down to the close of James I, written criticisms on every play.

Evidently the realistic doctors disagree about at least the legibility of those romantic purveyors of blood and thunder. One would like to read Trollope's detailed estimate of the Elizabethan drama. And certainly Mr. Howells's special clientage would be as glad to see his notion of the writers he finds unreadable, "if perfectly agreeable to himself," as Mr. Pecksniff to see Mrs. Todgers's notion of a wooden leg.

Nobody needs to be told that it would not coincide with the common notion, which Mr. Howells seems to find "too superstitious." Here is Mr. Swinburne's notion, in the volume before us, of the Elizabethan "public":

Nothing in the age of Shakespeare is so difficult for an Englishman of our own age to realise as the temper, the intelligence, the serious and refined elevation of an audience which was at once capable of enjoying and applauding the roughest and coarsest kinds of pleasantry, the rudest and crudest scenes of violence, and competent to appreciate the finest and the highest reaches of poetry, the subtlest and most sustained allusions of ethical and political symbolism.

Truly, that is what is hard for the modern to bear in mind, how the audiences which could sink to the depths of the Elizabethan drama could rise to its heights. But without realising that he will altogether fail to understand the drama. The modern man, in his capacity of "general reader," will not go "through" the Elizabethans. He leaves that to the specialists, and is content with the specimens they bring him. And the specialists are commonly pedants. When a specialist appears who is not a pedant, he is entitled to every consideration. Charles Lamb was such a specialist. And Charles Lamb's *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Who Lived About the Time of Shakespeare* is just a century old this year. It comprises all for which the general reader can find time or even inclination. But Lamb explains in his preface that "more than a third part" of his selections are from plays of which printed copies are very scarce. Of course, that is not true of them now. Every noteworthy Elizabethan dramatist now has his edition, editions in many cases instigated by Lamb's labours. And, throughout the century, the press has been pouring out an increasing flood of Shakespeareana, contributed by "mostly fools." The time is very ripe for some hardy explorer who knows what he wants to brave the flood again and make salvage of what is worth saving.

Mr. Swinburne is eminently qualified for this work. He is the only Elizabethan specialist since Lamb who has been endowed with a poetical sensibility equal to that of Lamb, of whom and of whose labours he speaks with an affluence of praise which would be adulation if bestowed upon a living man. He has knowledge and he has enthusiasm. A poet could not attain the knowledge without the enthusiasm, for it is needed to sustain him through labours largely Augean. And the Elizabethan drama has been with him a study almost lifelong. It is thirty years since the appearance of *In the Bay*, in which he celebrates Marlowe in strains quite equal, at least, to Marlowe's own, and characterises some of the great group of Marlowe's successors in lines which are none the worse criticism for being good poetry, and none the worse poetry for being good criticism:

The world that sees in heaven the sovereign light
Of sunlike Shakespeare, and the fiery night
Whose stars were watched of Webster; and beneath,
The twin-souled brethren of the single wreath.

* * * * *

And that fixed fervour, iron-red like Mars,
In the mid-moving tide of tenderer stars,
That burned on loves and deeds the darkest done
Athwart the incestuous prisoner's bride-house bars;
And thou, most highest of all their fires but one,
Our morning-star, sole risen before the sun.

It is a quarter of a century since he celebrated some of the Elizabethans in prose, to such an extent as the limitations of the biographical articles in the *Britannica* would allow. The paper on Chapman in this volume seems to be a literal reprint of the encyclopædia article, and that on Marlowe not much expanded and not at all essentially modified. One could almost wish that the earlier articles had not been written, in order that these two interesting subjects might have been treated as amply as Webster and Dekker and Middleton and Heywood are treated. Indeed, the comparative allotment of space is an offence against proportion. Jonson is naturally left out, since the critic has devoted a volume to him.

Not that the strict limitations of the cyclopædia work were not good for the critic, good for him almost in proportion as they may have irked or infuriated him. (One's sympathies, as he imagines those discussions which surely took place about the amount of space to be given to Chapman, say, or to Marlowe, go out less freely to the contributor than to the editor, who has not been heard from, but who assuredly had his troubles.) If ever there was a Pegasus that needed being broken to harness, it is this Pegasus. Pegasus, you will observe, is in harness when he is writing verse. See what good the restrictions, albeit self-imposed, do him by watching him when he has kicked over the traces and is writing prose. How he brandishes his heels all over the pasture as he crops its rich verbiage, and how he finds no end in wandering mazes lost. Mr. Swinburne indeed does himself less than justice as a critic by refusing to bring his prose style into subjection. Readers refuse to take seriously as a critic a writer whose composition consists so largely of adjectives, and so commonly of adjectives in the superlative degree whether laudatory or damnatory, perhaps especially when damnatory. "The noble pleasure of praising" no man enjoys more, nor many men, it may be feared, more the ignoble pleasure of damning. The violence and elaboration of his invective defeat their object. Many readers will recall the huge accumulation of apparatus he prepared for the pulverisation of Robert Buchanan in *Under the Microscope*. Yet, supposing his object and that of Edmund Yates to have been equally to give pain to the Scotsman, how far short did Swinburne's rhetorical denunciation fall of Yates's simple and pathetic charge of Caledonian ingratitude: "I bought him bread for his belly and sulphur for his back."

Mr. Swinburne by no means in these riper years maintains the full force and fervour of his earlier denunciatory style. Still, some of the familiar flowers spring up along our pathway as we go through *The Age of Shakespeare:*

> This abortion of letters is such a very mooncalf, begotten by malice on idiocy, that no human creature above the intellectual level of its author will ever dream of attempting to decipher the insignificant significance which may possibly—though improbably—be latent under the opaque veil of its inarticulate virulence.

This is perfectly in the spirit of that lifelike description of Emerson as "an impudent and foul-mouthed Yankee philosophaster." And here is a fling entirely gratuitous and irrelevant, unless, as is of course possible, the critic has private griefs whereof we know not which made him do it:

> As tedious a subject of study as the lucubrations of the very dullest English moralist or American humourist; a course of reading digestible only by such constitutions as could survive and assimilate a diet of Martin Tupper or Mark Twain.

But for the most part there is more neatness and less violence in the denunciation than there used to be. As when, citing a poetically impossible line, he observes, "Which he who can parse, let him scan, and he who can scan, let him construe." Or as in the recognition, which one may almost call magnanimous, that it is an "illogical inference that because some wit is dirty all dirt is witty." And here is a sarcasm better adapted to make the victim uncomfortable than a paragraph of the most lurid adjectives:

> There are three reasons—two of them considerable but the third conclusive—for assigning to Middleton the two satirical tracts in the style of Nash, or rather of Dekker, which appeared in the same year with his initials sub-

scribed to their prefatory addresses. Mr. Dyce thought they were written by the poet whose ready verse and realistic humour are both well represented in their text. Mr. Bullen agrees with Mr. Dyce in thinking that they are the work of Middleton. Mr. Carew Hazlitt thinks that they are not.

But these things are very episodical. The book is a good book, a serious and illuminating piece of criticism. "The criticism of a poet," as Johnson says about Dryden's, "not a dull collection of theorems nor a rude detection of faults which perhaps the censor was not able to have committed." These minor Elizabethans are distinguished and delineated. With the Marlowe and the Chapman amplified to the scale of the other studies, they would form "proper prefaces" to Lamb's selections from the poets to whom they relate, Lamb's own prefatory notes being merely and meagrely such. Even without the conjunction, the reader equipped with Lamb's volume and with Mr. Swinburne's volume, if a "general reader," may be assured that he has all the material that he needs or is likely to be able to use, concerning "The Age of Shakespeare."

Montgomery Schuyler.

II

Roger Boutet de Monvel's "Beau Brummel"*

There have been many books written that deal with the great Beau, some of them perhaps intrinsically sounder, but none in a more appropriate spirit than this work of Roger Boutet de Monvel. The author approaches his subject absolutely without prejudice. In his attitude there is neither admiration nor contempt, but a kind of blending of the two, and above all, wonder and sly amusement. You do not read it, but between the lines you can see him contrasting the French society and the English to his own patriotic satisfaction. Historically speaking, a French Brummel is not an absolute impossibility, he seems to be saying. But to have dominated Paris, as Brummel dominated London, there would have been needed a far loftier breeding, and a much greater wit. The eminence of Brummel satirises a nation and an age. His aunt held the post of mistress farmer to the King; his father was secretary to Lord North; his grandfather was a confectioner with a shop in Bury Street. He himself was the least energetic of mankind, with no real talent, only a certain impudent wit. That a society which attached so much importance to birth should have tolerated him at all is strange; how can the fact that this society allowed itself to be dominated by him, and fawned upon his impertinences, be explained? By what justice has George Bryan Brummel left a name that stands out in history with the names of Sheridan, and Pitt, and Fox?

The real character of Brummel the author does not profess to know. "Was he a sincere and convinced snob, or did he think it his duty to parade the most cynical opinions for the purpose of hiding unpardonable scepticism?" There were a few occasions upon which he made no difficulty in explaining his real thoughts and proving his point.

One day when he was talking with Lady Hester Stanhope, chance obliged him to give some explanation of his general conduct. They were in Bond Street, and the Beau was leaning upon the door of the lady's carriage, whispering to her the secret of a marvellous perfume, when a young colonel passed whose name was then in all mouths. "Who ever heard of his father?" murmured Brummel. "And by the way," replied Lady Hester, "who ever heard of yours?" This retort might have gone round the clubs and produced an unpleasant effect. The "sublime dandy" therefore bent once more toward the lady and delivered this short argument: 'Ah, my dear Lady Hester, who indeed ever heard of my father, and who would have ever heard of me, if I had been anything but what I am? But, you know, my dear Lady Hester, it is my folly that is the making of me. If I did not impertinently stare duchesses out of countenance and nod over my shoulder to a prince, I should be forgotten in a week; and if the world is so silly as to admire my absurdities, you and I may know better, but what does that signify?"

*Beau Brummel and His Times. By Roger Boutet de Monvel. Philadelphia: The Lippincott Company.

But this is the Beau in an unusual mood. It was one of those rare times when it seemed wise to drop for the moment the mask of calm imperturbability. There were few to whom he unbosomed himself as he did to Lady Hester. To have done so too often would have destroyed the illusion—that illusion which he built up and maintained from the beginning. It was just after he had left Eton that he met the Prince, who promised him his protection and a commission, and then and there Brummel seems to have determined upon his course in life. At Oxford he was an exceedingly well-dressed youth, a trifle stiff in manner, and as careful of his language as of his dress. With an air of perfect assurance he was accustomed to utter certain witticisms which evoked laughter by contrast with his serious demeanour. His striking originality was that he boasted loudly of his shortcomings and made them a doctrine. "If," he was wont to declare, "you meet a vulgar fellow who has no fortune to waste, cut him directly." In the Hussars, the Prince of Wales's regiment, which he entered in 1794, his behaviour illustrates his own personalities and the strange condition of the British service. He was a cornet at sixteen and a captain at eighteen. Yet his military duties troubled him little. He was seldom at his post; when it suited him to appear upon parade he ignored any orders that were given, and dismissed his men in the midst of a manœuvre. He was scarcely able to recognise his own men, and were it not for the existence of a hussar provided with a "blue nose" he would be hanged if he knew what troop he was to lead.

At the age of nineteen he left the army, settled in bachelor apartments at No. 4 Chesterfield Street, and began his career as the King of Fashion. His was one of those apartments such as Bulwer-Lytton and all the novelists of the time constantly describe. There he gave little dinners where the dishes were chosen as carefully as the guests, and which the Prince Regent honoured with his presence. According to Boutet de Monvel, Brummel's attention to dress, while a piece of extravagance sufficiently striking, was on the whole of less importance to his career than was generally supposed. His chief sartorial contribution to England was the famous knot which was to remain famous in the annals of British fashion. It was a marvellous sight to see Brummel performing this transitory masterpiece. He would wind the cravat round his neck, and tie the knot, pull the collar over the cravat, and lowering his chin slowly, he would crease the cravat down to the proper height by the most natural method in the world. The slightest carelessness necessitated the use of a new cravat. Jesse, in his *Life,* tells of a visitor who met Brummel's valet coming out of his master's room with an enormous quantity of rumpled neckcloths on his arm. "What is all that?" he asked. "These," replied the valet, "are our failures." Here was a line of which Mr. Clyde Fitch, in his play about the Beau, failed to make use.

Thackeray, in the first chapter of *Pendennis,* speaks of the Major's linen being so spotless that "Mr. Brummel himself asked the name of his laundress, and probably would have employed her had not misfortunes compelled that great man to fly the country." This is a touch somewhat out of keeping with Brummel, who was accustomed to evade the subject of dress and to reply to questions put to him with unexpected or impracticable answers.

"Blacking?" he replied to a certain young man who was fascinated by the brilliancy of his boots and displayed a burning desire to have his recipe,—"blacking, my dear sir? Well, you know, for blacking I never use anything but the froth of champagne." Another man asked him the name of his hairdresser. "I have three: the first is responsible for my temples, the second for the front part of my head, and the third for the back of it." One day in St. James's he met the Duke of Bedford wearing a coat of a new style; the Duke pressed him so earnestly to say what he thought of it that he was obliged to declare himself one way or the other. "Give me your frank opinion," his Grace repeated. Brummel replied by stepping back several paces. With a faint gesture he indicated to the Duke that he was to turn sideways, then to show himself three-quarter face, and then once more in profile. Brummel then took the lapel of

the garment in question between his thumb and forefinger, seemed to examine the material for a moment, and said with an air of supreme commiseration, "Why, Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?"

If any one special gift was responsible for Brummel's incredible prestige it was his invincible disdain. In keeping people at arm's length and wounding them in public he was a master. His implacable irony and his unlimited effrontery disconcerted the most experienced.

"Brummel, where were you yesterday evening?" asked a friend; "we did not see you." "The fact is," replied the dandy, "that I was dining with a certain F——. Apparently he wished me to take some notice of him, hence the invitation. As he wanted to have something for his money, he begged me to choose the other guests myself. I therefore sent a word to Mildmay, Pierpoint, Alvanley, and some others. The dinner seemed likely to be most excellent and agreeable, but you can imagine my surprise when you hear what I have to tell you. Would you believe it, my dear fellow, the said F—— had the impertinence to sit down at table and dine with us!"

In the long run, however, this superb genius for effrontery led to his ruin. After amusing himself at the expense of the rest of the world he turned his attention to the Prince. The latter was growing fat and was keenly sensitive on the point, and the Beau never lost an opportunity to hold this obesity up to ridicule. Finally the breach became an open warfare, in which the Prince had all the worst of the public encounters. Here is Boutet de Monvel's account of a celebrated episode:

Some days later, Brummel was walking down Bond Street with Lord F——, and suddenly found himself face to face with His Royal Highness on the arm of Lord Moira. In conformity with his attitude upon the evening of the ball, the Prince stopped and talked for a few minutes with Lord F—— without deigning to cast a glance at the ex-favourite. Brummel with imperturbable gravity greeted Lord Moira, inquired after his health and discussed the weather: hardly had the Prince turned to go when he heard Brummel ask in a loud voice, "F——, who is your fat friend?"

Had Brummel been possessed of a great fortune, the struggle would have been waged on equal terms, and the Beau might have proved the conqueror. So long as he lived at Carlton House he made a judicious use of his income and passed as a wealthy man. Thrown on his own resources he began gambling furiously at the clubs. At first chance favoured him. He is said to have won two hundred and sixty thousand pounds at one throw. Three days later he had lost the last penny of it. For some time fortune, however, favoured him. One evening he was playing at Brooke's with Alderman Combe, a wealthy brewer and Lord Mayor of London. The stakes were twenty-five guineas and Brummel won twelve times running. "Thank you, Alderman," said the Beau, as he pocketed the winnings. "Henceforth I shall drink no porter but yours." "Every blackguard in London does," retorted the Alderman.

But again luck changed and Brummel was reduced to maintaining himself by means of a certain fictitious credit. Soon, however, the money-lenders could no longer be deceived, and his position became untenable. On May 16, 1816, he made an unsuccessful attempt at a final loan. That night he dressed himself in full magnificence and dropped in at the Opera as usual. But he did not wait for the end of the play. Without returning home he entered a post chaise which carried him to Dover at top speed. As the dawn was breaking in the east he embarked for France and the long years of exile at Calais and Caen. The reign of Beau Brummel was at an end.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

III

Lady Charlotte Bury's Memoirs* (Queen Caroline)

The history of all courts and all princes, from the time of Jehu until the present day, shows them full of corruption and vices: their very stations lead them into sin. Yet, when lately France tried to exist under an ideal form of government, greater misery ensued, and the convulsion only subsided when a more despotic

*The Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting. By Lady Charlotte Bury. Two volumes. New York: The John Lane Company.

power than any king's gradually subdued the tumult, and restored order by enforcing obedience. Why then should we seek for imaginary perfectibility in the laws of man? It suits not with his imperfect essence. . . . The old king had many faults—I say had, for in fact he is dead to this world—but then he was a good and a pious man; and the example of such has always been of powerful influence. When he dies I fear much harm will ensue; for there is a fermentation in men's minds, and a general system of deceit prevails, which, in regard to things temporal and spiritual, the coming power is not likely to dissipate. May God avert the evil! It will be laid to the charge of *one* when it does come, but it is the consequence of the hollowness and immorality of *all.*

Probably the early readers of *The Diary of a Lady-in-Waiting*—it was given to the world as long ago as 1838—were more interested in the scandals it revealed than in the moral reflections of the author. Yet the passage quoted above is characteristic enough, and it serves as no ill text for a sermon on George IV of England and his unhappy Queen. The accusations and counter-accusations brought by the royal pair, the divorce proceedings, the efforts of Caroline to assert her rights—all these things were in fact so many blows to the prestige of royalty. Bitter passions were aroused on both sides, and even to-day it is difficult to contemplate the story patiently. Had Caroline herself been more free from blame, or had the divorce which George sought been granted, the throne itself might have been imperilled. As it was, popular sympathy was with the injured wife, and even her own indiscretions did not seriously impair it. Whether they were more than indiscretions it is needless to attempt to decide. Nor does this diary add much to our knowledge. It is exceedingly frank, and it certainly does not idealise the chief character in it. Indeed, the Princess Charlotte is quoted as saying, "My mother was wicked, but she would not have turned so wicked had not my father been much more wicked still." But this was one of those judgments of youth which are so much severer than the judgments of age. With all her improprieties and vulgarities, Caroline seems to have retained to the last the somewhat pitying affection of those about her.

Lady Charlotte Bury—born Campbell—was a considerable figure herself in her day; and it is not likely that she thought, when she wrote the diary, that it would be remembered when all her novels were forgotten. She may not have been concerned in its publication. Her name was not attached to it at the time, and it is said that her husband, wanting money, took possession of the manuscript, made a few additions, added some "very pharisaical notes" and gave it to the world. No one who reads it now can doubt the assertion that it had *un succès de scandale.* After this lapse of time, however, when the clamour of those who felt themselves injured by its plain-speaking has died away, the work may be more leniently treated. Lady Charlotte was certainly imprudent in her use of private letters; but it does not appear that she deliberately or maliciously wounded any one or was actuated by improper motives in setting down occurrences of much interest to her and to us. Of course the work as it stands is not continuously interesting to readers who have no intimate knowledge of the history of the time. But there is no livelier, or perhaps truer, picture of the wretched consort of George IV in existence. In its new form—two handsome volumes, illustrated with portraits—it should secure a fresh popularity and be valued at its real worth. There is much more than gossip and court scandal in these pages. Lady Charlotte had a distinguished position in society; she met many people of eminence; and her comments upon these were usually acute and illumining. "I passed nearly an hour with Madame de Staël. That woman captivates me. There is a charm, a sincerity, a force in all she says and looks. I am not disappointed in her." The portrait of the Duke of Brunswick, Caroline's brother, is admirably drawn. He is a man, she says in one place, "who has no notion of different sexes associating together *merely* for the sake of conversation and society." Yet she feels the force of his "frankness and enthusiasm," and admits that she likes him very much, despite his *ton de garnison.* When he came to take leave of his sister on his

departure to the war, she sees him in a new light:

There never was a man so altered by the hope of glory; his stature seemed to dilate, and his eyes were animated with a fire and an expression of grandeur and delight which astonished me. I could not help thinking the Princess did not receive him with the warmth she ought to have done. He detailed to her the whole particulars of the conversation he had had with the ministers, and mimicked them all admirably. . . . He really looked a hero. The Princess heard all that he said, in a kind of sullen silence. . . . I felt a wish to express something of the kindly feeling I felt toward him; but, I know not why, in her presence, who ought to have felt so much more, and who seemed to feel so little, I felt chilled, and remained silent. I have often thought of that moment since with regret. When the Duke was fairly gone, however, she shed a few tears, and said emphatically, "I shall never see him more."

Unfortunate Caroline! She was her own worst enemy—ever saying and doing the wrong thing, making friends of those she should have kept at a distance, and making enemies of those who might have helped her. "All day long her Royal Highness continues to talk of wishing people dead. . . . I cannot describe how wearisome, how unavailing and injudicious the subjects of her conversation now are in general."

Regret must and ever will have place in my thoughts, when I look back on the past and think of the pleasant days I have spent with the Princess of Wales, and recollect how cruelly she has been treated; and how recklessly she has played into her enemies' hands by going on in a course which must ruin her character and happiness. The persons who have gained undue influence over the Princess have cunningly persuaded her to renounce all her former friends; and she herself has too much sense not to be aware that the respectable individuals who were a short time ago proud to frequent her society would not do so now.

The loss of friends was not, however, entirely the Princess's fault. There were not a few who feared the wrath of Carlton House and stayed away on that account. A prudent woman in Caroline's place, knowing the anxiety of her husband to damage her character, would have conducted herself with particular discretion. But Caroline was perpetually, to the despair of those around her, doing things which a censorious world could hardly fail to misconstrue. Lady Charlotte Bury's affection for her may have been slightly patronising, but it was obviously genuine; at least she stood by her when others deserted her. And the ultimate impression one derives from her pages is that the Queen of the Fourth George was more sinned against than sinning. With such a husband, what could be expected of her?

One reader, at least, must confess to a certain guilty satisfaction in seeing Miss Burney's "sweet Queen" portrayed in an odious light. The mother of George, the wife of the mad old king, who, unlike his son, was at least a gentleman, must share no small part of the responsibility for the disgrace her children brought upon themselves and her. Perhaps she appears to worse advantage in Miss Burney's pages than in these; for Miss Burney is trying to say the best of her. Her lack of consideration for others, her meanness, her affectation of superior virtue, her tyranny over her household—all these deserve far harsher reprobation than the pitiful weaknesses of her daughter-in-law. Lady Charlotte Bury doubtless had her feminine prejudices, but, as has already been intimated, there seems to have been no malice in her comments. The later Georgian era was not one which appears to advantage—so far as its higher circles are concerned—even under the most flattering brush.

Edward Fuller.

IV

Mrs. Tweedie's "Hyde Park"*

Granted any sort of honest interest in this kind of reading, Mrs. Tweedie's *Hyde Park* is a volume over which one should pass a long winter's evening with pleasure, and not without profit. For while it cannot be regarded as anything but a compilation, it is the work of a com-

*Hyde Park: Its History and Romance. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. New York: James Pott and Company.

piler who had the good grace to saturate herself in the atmosphere of her subject before jotting down a line, with the result that the book, even to its most colourless parts, bears the unmistakable marks of zest and freshness. While she conscientiously adheres to her subject, even to the point of supplementing her narrative with a most formidable and uncomfortable list of the "trees, shrubs and plants," *Hyde Park,* in a broader sense, epitomises historically for Mrs. Tweedie the manners of England. She uses it as a background against which to show, by means of extracts from letters and innumerable anecdotes, the follies and frivolities of an age. If she enters upon an elaborate description of its scope and condition during the reign of the Virgin Queen, it is obviously for the purpose of leading up to a picture of the dress and eccentricities of the time, and to fling before the reader the illuminating information that "Elizabeth has come down to us as a queen possessing three thousand silken gowns and one chemise."

Unlike Hampton Court and the gardens of Windsor Castle, Hyde Park in its present guise is essentially modern. Rotten Row and the Marble Arch are Victorian. The Serpentine was planned in the time of the second George. Yet with all this the Park is very old, and in an unbroken record its history may be traced back to the time when it was a part of the wild forest which originally surrounded London. Before the Norman Conquest it was a Royal Hunting Ground, filled with deer, wolves, wild boars and foxes. The first William gave it to one Geoffrey de Mandeville, who turned it over to the monks of Westminster as a bribe to secure the right to be buried in Westminster Abbey. For almost four and a half centuries Hyde Park remained Church land, during which time it had very litle history. It was the Lardour of the monks. As a Royal enclosure the Park is a Tudor creation. Its origin is traced back to the fall of Cardinal Wolsey in 1530. Within a few years Henry VIII. had obtained possession of the whole domain. The monarch contemplated a great Royal hunting ground, encircling the capital. This would have furnished him amusement, and at the same time curtailed the growth of the city to dimensions he could rule by his personal will.

Under Elizabeth the Park saw brighter scenes. It was an age of splendour and pageantry. Coaches came in about that time, and Hyde Park came to be looked on as a rural resort for the courtiers. When James I. succeeded it again became the closest of Royal preserves, maintained for hunting alone. The forest laws were strictly enforced, and a deer was of more value than a man. When James died the Park underwent a great change. For the first time it became a real centre of social enjoyment. With Charles I., who threw a large part of it open to all comers, the Park as a place of popular resort really begins.

In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Hyde Park was associated with intrigue. The dramatists used it in this sense as a background for their plays: Etherage in *The Man of Mode,* Howard in *The English Monsieur,* Farquhar in *The Constant Couple,* and Congreve in *The Way of the World.* In the time of James II. a custom began among the beaux and *grandes dames* of wearing masks in the Park. This naturally led to intrigues. These masks were called "visors" or "bride-blushes," and it was a point of honour not to attempt to identify a masked person unless the name was guessed outright.

> Others found methods of gallantry more daring than this. From Nell Gwynne's time—I do not know whether the Royal favourite's previous and more honourable calling had anything to do with it—it had become the custom to buy oranges and cakes from orange-girls in Hyde Park. This custom lasted for many years. Constant mention is made of these girls in the gossip of the day, and they are reported to have carried more romantic wares than the yellow fruit, for they were often the chosen bearers of *billets doux* from gallants to their ladies, and *vice versâ.*
>
> From the half concealment of a mask it was but a step for a great lady of a sportive turn to disguise herself as an orange girl and bear the burden of the basket, the true owner of which, washed, painted and powdered, and dressed out of recognition, mixed among the gay crowd and added to their bewilderment. The great figure of Sarah Duchess of Marl-

borough appears as one of those who found amusement in this very undignified change of station.

A sinister, unpleasant and feverish chapter is that which deals with the early chronicles of Tyburn, and the revolting punishments practised upon the poor wretches whom misfortune brought there. It was not the common malefactor who was condemned to exquisite suffering. He was swung upon a gibbet and left there. The more refined tortures were reserved for the political plotter and the victim of religious intolerance. The prisoner was roped by the heels to a horse's tail and thus dragged to the place of execution.

The condemned wretch, after he had been dangled from the gallows on a short rope for a considerable time, and undergone all the horrors of death by suffocation without its merciful release, was cut down still alive. Then he was stripped, his clothes being the executioner's perquisite, and with his knife that functionary marked off the lines he would follow in carrying out the quartering. The victim was then disembowelled, the entrails being thrown on a fire and burnt before his dying eyes. The head was decapitated. Finally, the mutilated corpse was divided into four pieces, which was sometimes salted or parboiled, and, with the head, made five ghastly evidences of the consequences that would befall those who offended the higher powers. These "bits" were sent for exhibition in five different localities where it was supposed that such warning would be most beneficial.

An execution of this nature was considered the most delightful of public spectacles. Men, women and children of all classes of society fought for a front view.

Tyburn, as the place where society revenged itself on the highwaymen of the early part of the eighteenth century, bears a less ugly aspect. Despite the atmosphere of false romance which has been thrown about Jack Sheppard, Blueskin and Jonathan Wild the Great by the novelists Fielding and Ainsworth, there is no question that these Knights of the Road richly deserved their fate. Hyde Park was the scene of many assaults and larcenies by the meaner footpads and outlaws, but the highwayman, who aimed at bigger game, frequented the outlying districts, such as Hampstead, Richmond and Hounslow. Given a dashing exploit or two and a hairbreadth escape and he became the darling of the drawing rooms. Great ladies went to see him in chains at Newgate. Horace Walpole grew enthusiastic over M'Lean, a former grocer, who took to the road and on one occasion relieved Walpole of his watch and sword.

In reconstructing a bygone age and civilisation no phase of the life is of more interest than the methods of travel. The streets of the old Moorish town of Tangier to-day resemble those of London in the sixteenth century. They are so narrow and so badly paved that no vehicle can drive through them. It was the similar condition of old London that led to the universal use of the sedan chair. The coach was introduced into England at the time of Queen Elizabeth, but was seldom used outside the spacious London parks on account of the dreadful state of the country roads. The first hackney coach appeared in the reign of James I. A few years afterward a Captain Baily was running a line of four for hire. By the middle of the seventeenth century a regular system of stage coaches seems to have been installed. In 1661 the journey from London to Oxford occupied two whole days. It was rarely that a coach leaving London for Edinburgh, a journey now accomplished by rail in something like seven hours, reached the Scotch city in less than twelve days. It was usually thirteen or fourteen.

Firmin Dredd.

V

Mr. Corbin's "Which College for the Boy?"*

The title of Mr. Corbin's book, *Which College for the Boy?* is a "present," he says, from the editor of the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post.* It has the lack of adaptability characteristic of most "presents." The book is a series of clever and very readable essays upon six American colleges which the author considers to be typical. In the first, Princeton is described as a "collegiate" university; and

*Which College for the Boy? By John Corbin. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. 1908.

in the second, Harvard is a "Germanised" university. So far so good; but the third treats of Michigan as a "Middle-Eastern" university, which is merely a geographical designation. The fourth is entitled "Cornell: a technical university"; the fifth, "Chicago, a university by enchantment"—which is no description at all—and the sixth, returning to the original plan, describes "Wisconsin: a utilitarian university." The merits of each "type" are discussed, together with its corresponding defects. So much stress, indeed, is laid upon the defects that a conscientious parent—if any such should be misled by the title into reading the book for guidance—would almost inevitably lay it aside with the firm conviction, "At all events, not one of these six!"

Being a Harvard man, Mr. Corbin feels greater freedom, he observes, in pointing out the shortcomings of his Alma Mater; though, as has been said, his restraint in this matter is nowhere else particularly noticeable. Princeton, on the whole, fares best—which, we may be pardoned for thinking, is as it should be. Here the development of character is never lost sight of in the training of the mind; and the high ideal of an "organised democracy" is more nearly attained here than in any other American university—though the name "university" is an "unwarranted assumption." The chapter on Michigan leaves one with the impression that Ann Arbor is torn by petty strife, that Wisconsin fairly reeks of butter and cheese, and that at Chicago, the "university by enchantment" (university by lubrication would seem a more appropriate sub-title), the odour of tainted money is only made "noseable" by the radical opinions of certain members of the faculty. Then there is the chapter on Cornell. Aside from the familiar "gorges" and the oft-repeated declaration of Ezra Cornell, "I would found an institution in which any person may receive instruction in any subject," it is quite unrecognisable to the average Cornellian. This leads to the very serious question whether any one, through conversations with chance professors and chance students, during a more or less hurried visit, can hope to gain or to impart any true account of the spirit and scope of a great university. Personally, we think that all such descriptions are as unreliable, because as one-sided, as the "impressions" (generally derogatory) of the Frenchmen and Englishmen who periodically swoop down on the United States and write a book about it after a month's stay.

The main thesis of Mr. Corbin's book, that the ideal of an American university should be an "organised democracy" in which every side of the man's nature may reach its full development, seems entirely sound; and he waxes eloquent over Harvard's signal failure to accomplish this end. "As a collection of little men," he says, "each keen on his own beloved activity, Harvard is magnificent. As a human institution, as an ancient and fruitful tradition, as a definite and united force, social and moral, it is a by-word and a jest." The blame for this failure he ascribes to the substitution of German for English ideals and methods—largely the work of President Eliot. He quotes from President Eliot's book on educational reform:

> Science has engendered a peculiar kind of human mind—the searching, open, humble mind, which, knowing that it cannot attain unto all truth, or even to much new truth, is yet patiently and enthusiastically devoted to the pursuit of such little new truth as is within its grasp, having no other end than to learn, prizing above all things accuracy, thoroughness and candour in research, proud and happy, not in its own single strength, but in the might of that host of students whose past conquests make up the wondrous sum of present knowledge, whose sure future triumphs are shared in imagination by each humble worker. Within the past four hundred years this typical scientific mind has gradually come to be the kind of philosophic mind most admired by the educated class, indeed, it has come to be the only kind of mind, except the poetic, which commands the respect of scholars, whatever their department of learning.

To this Mr. Corbin rejoins, with great pertinence:

> It may seem a philistine thing to say, yet it is indubitably true, that boys go to college and their parents pay the considerable price of their educations, not to become searching and humble, but to realise the proud strength of the human mind and heart; to feed their minds

not on the little new truth within their grasp —spare diet!—but on the many great truths of nature, history and art; not to narrow their spirits to minute special research, but to expand them in contact with the Promethean fire of the great personalities and the great movements of civilisation.

Mr. Corbin might be pardoned for omitting to mention the girl student altogether, but scarcely for treating her so cavalierly as he does. "The comradeship between youths and maidens," he writes of Chicago, "encourages bachelorhood." And he goes on to tell the story of an unmarried graduate who "lost the illusion necessary to matrimony by crawling into a sweater" (a sweater!) "for an early lecture and seeing the girls with whom he had romantically danced into the small hours of the night before, heavy-eyed and hastily dressed."

Again of Wisconsin he writes, "Student marriages are rare," supposedly by reason of a similar "loss of illusion" on the man's part. It seems barely possible that there may be another explanation. To see a man "flunk" day after day in Greek, for instance, is not likely to inspire in the feminine mind any wild notions of masculine superiority, nor is a closer view of masculine, every-day morals and manners (including "sweaters"). Indeed, of the human male, the "graduate student," more than any other work of creation, it may be said that familiar intercourse, if it does not necessarily make for contempt, certainly fosters in the woman student no violent desire for matrimony.

R. W. Kemp.

VI

ROALD AMUNDSEN'S "THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE"*

So now the great adventure of the North-west Passage has been accomplished. It is undoubtedly the most romantic adventure that the world has known since the Crusades. It began with the discovery of North America by Sebastian Cabot, that land which was a barrier between England and Holland and the spices of India and Chipangu. The plan for discovering the passage to the north of this land was fraught with all the commercial romance which the splendour of the East excited in what were in those days the imaginative English. Does any one remember that Mr. Samuel Pepys descended into the hold of an India "shippe" and there came into the presence of

> . . . the greatest wealth lying in confusion that a man can see in the world. Pepper scattered through every chink; you trod upon it; and in cloves and nutmegs I walked above the knees. . . .

His descendents two hundred years later might have walked in nutmegs up to their eyes without being unduly exhilarated, and not have cared that by that time the North-west Passage was known to be no thoroughfare. But still the accomplishment of it was rich with romance. A brave explorer had vanished in trying to find it. The courage and sorrow of Lady Franklin, together with national pride, caused Englishmen and Americans to send forth more expeditions for the discovery of him or his remains than had been inspired by the great adventure of the North Pole. And even to-day, now that the North and South Poles are the great romantic issues, and besides, now that cargoes from India and China and Japan are carried in ships that might as well try to win a way above the continent of America as they might try to win a way through it, nevertheless the romance of the North-west Passage has still persisted.

Roald Amundsen, who has won it away from the English and the Dutch and the Americans, has made probably the most valuable series of magnetic observations in the north that has been accomplished in more than three-quarters of a century. He has presumably placed accurately the north magnetic pole and has taken a series of magnetic observations at different points which will modify to a more or less degree the chart of every ship that sails on the North Atlantic. To shipmasters, perhaps, these modifications will

*The North-west Passage. By Roald Amundsen. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

not be vital, but to science they cannot fail to be of the utmost importance. Nevertheless, Captain Amundsen chose wisely when he called the description of his journey *The North-west Passage*. Before the world it is the North-west Passage that he has made. Indeed, the more abstruse scientific results —apart from geographic results that he has produced—are not made public even in his book. It contains, for example, no such perfunctory reports upon the meteorology, geology, natural history, hydrography, etc., as are usually comprised in volumes upon exploration.

Captain Amundsen set forth, as he asserts—and as was well known from private letters which have been seen by the writer of this review—with the main object of placing the magnetic pole. The accomplishment of the North-west Passage was but a secondary issue. Nevertheless, in his book you will find no indication of the exact spot where the negative pole of the magnet on which we live is for the moment fixed. Scientific results of the expedition are being worked out in laboratories. We shall know the great dramatic result by and by—a precise site of the negative pole of the earth, and this information will probably carry with it the nebulæ of theory as to how far the pole has progressed since the days of James Ross, who located it in 1831, together with speculation as to the accuracy of Ross's observations.

Of the sincerity of Amundsen's scientific impulse there can be no question. What he did shows it and his temptation to do the more dramatic thing is evident in his book. He settled himself for two winters in a harbour about ninety miles from what had been the magnetic pole—but when he came to anchor there was open water before him; the great romantic chance to make the Northwest Passage at once and let science go. It was an open season, and open seasons are hard to come by in the far North. But he had the sturdiness of mind to cleave firmly to his magnetic observations. Perhaps some time there will arise a generation which will hold in more esteem his concentration upon his main purpose than our own generation holds in esteem the belated, and commercially useless, completion of the old dream of a waterway across the American barrier.

At any rate, Captain Amundsen's magnetic observations came first with him, and that is odd, because he confesses in his book that when he saw Nansen coming up the Christiania Fjord, acclaimed by every one in Norway, he, as a small boy, wondered whether he should ever make the North-west Passage. It was not until he had been a member of the Belgica expedition to the antarctic continent (where, oddly enough, the determination of the magnetic pole has for almost three-quarters of a century ranked with the discovery of the geographical pole in the imagination of explorers) that the purely scientific taste displaced the desire for adventure. Judging from his book, it was characteristic of the explorer himself that he spent four patient years in the study of terrestrial magnetism before he set forth to locate the magnetic pole. His simplicity and earnestness are evident in the book. It is a plain narrative by a brave, energetic and unpretentious man. Captain Amundsen is not given to flowers of speech, nor is he given to introspection. He does not emphasise the dramatic effect of situations as Kane did or as Peary did in his first book, nor does he philosophise upon them and write prose poems about them, as Nansen did. He does not make much of hardships; but for all that his expedition had difficulties enough, and the description of them is not lessened in power by the reserve of the writer. And the members of the party seem to have taken their difficulties as lightly as the leader. Not the least interesting parts of the book are the stories of the distinctly Scandinavian character of practical jokes which, apparently, were everlastingly played upon each other by all the members of the party and which seem to have knit them together rather than to have raised hostilities. Captain Amundsen's sense of fun creeps up in the descriptions of these and also, of course, in the accounts of his dogs and of the strange habits of the Eskimos, which always furnish most of the themes for drollery of arctic explorers. His account of the Eskimos is interesting, but it has been

in the main anticipated by Hall and Dr. Boas and other explorers.

Of course, no expedition can go to the neighbourhood of the Franklin expedition without dwelling somewhat upon this momentous disaster. Captain Amundsen ascertained nothing new about the fate of the expedition, but he points out the extraordinary richness of the game and fish supply. His speculation that the survivors of Franklin came to land at the exact time when no game was to be had is ingenious but it hardly accounts for the fact that in previous seasons, in a region of such plenitude of resources, the members of that expedition should have allowed themselves to be left without food. It is probable that the reason for that disaster will never be known.

One thing is particularly evident from Captain Amundsen's experience, and that is that the North-west Passage, at least in those waters which lie immediately along the American continent, is of no earthly use. This is not the North-west Passage, by the way, that was made partly over the ice by McClure. Whether that passage, somewhat to the north, is ever free of ice, remains to be seen. In the South, even the little Gjöa had to make part of her traverse by land; that is, she bumped over the shoal which encumbers James Ross Strait, while her crew were desperately lightening the deck load, and she had no end of difficulties later with other reefs and shoals. Whether there is a deeper channel all the way the expedition evidently did not ascertain; but it is safe to assert that until new discoveries of gold or some other valuable mineral shall be made in the region of these waters, they will not be thoroughly charted.

Albert White Vorse.

VII

Mr. Tarkington's "The Guest of Quesnay"*

Mr. Tarkington is one of the unfortunate mortals who always raise the question: How far have we a right to find fault with a man for failing to fulfil the expectations of his friends? In the face of the entertainment with which his pleasant stories have provided us, the question sounds ungracious; to suggest it is to collect from the victim one of the penalties of his success. In his first novel Mr. Tarkington showed that he had abilities out of the common, and succeeding books—even one or two which have been relatively unsuccessful—have deepened the impression made by the first. Not one has been without admirable qualities; not one has failed to be worth reading. More than that, their author has in certain respects improved steadily. His latest work offers interesting corroboration of this statement. Yet the fact remains that in the eyes of many of his readers he has never quite redeemed the promise of his earlier work.

To one who approaches *The Guest of Quesnay* in this frame of mind, the opening chapters are full of reassurance. It becomes evident speedily that Mr. Tarkington has here a theme of big possibilities. It is original, too, for it is a variant of one of the oldest themes of tragedy—of *the* great tragic theme, in fact. The first scene is dramatically conceived. In his white touring car on a Paris boulevard you see Larrabee Harman, gross, besotted, notorious in spite of his youth for every form of dissipation. Beside him is a painted woman of equal and similarly unenviable notoriety. This first glimpse is effectively managed. It carries a sense of Harman's significance for the ensuing drama. A second time you see him (through the eyes of the quiet, observant painter who tells the story) the victim of an automobile wreck, in which he is horribly, perhaps fatally, injured. He disappears from sight. The curtain goes up two years later on a charming Norman inn near the Château of Quesnay. Here is our painter friend comfortably established, master of the inn, save for two fellow-guests who keep much to themselves in their apartments—a huge old fellow, a psychologist of distinguished name, and a singularly handsome young man with prematurely grey hair. Long before the end of the story is reached, you have guessed that the youth is none other than Larrabee Harman. His life has been miraculously

*The Guest of Quesnay. By Booth Tarkington. New York: The McClure Company.

saved, and he emerges from the accident sound, but with the memory of his past life obliterated. For two years Professor Keredec has been fitting him out with a fresh mental equipment and a new moral nature. The one time *roué* has become a remarkably pure-minded, straightforward, attractive young fellow. And at the neighbouring Château is the young wife whom he once loved and then deserted—the wife who loved him and would still if she might.

There is the situation, with its tragic possibilities. How far, in spite of his loss of memory, must the young man be the inheritor of his own past? What will be his relation to that past, once he knows it, as know it he must one day? What will be the tragedy of the woman's relation to him? The situation seems deliberately designed to display some real problems of life and character. And then, with the utmost nonchalance, Mr. Tarkington simply evades the issue. His hero, it is learned, has emerged from the bath of forgetfulness into which he had been plunged, free from all taint of his former self. Certain physical connections with the old life remain; psychically the new Larrabee Harman and the old are two different men. The tragedy of the man's new life reduces to certain entanglements from which only a little ingenuity is required to free him. The woman's position is treated with equal indifference to its fine possibilities. The reawakening of her love for her husband is attended merely by some outward agitation at their first meeting. The whole affair is handled with frank superficiality.

But if Mr. Tarkington never gets beneath the surface of his subject, he at least displays all the merits of the method he seems deliberately to have chosen. It is a charming surface that he presents. The story is told with captivating ease, and the externals of his characters are rendered with verisimilitude. The gruff, tender-hearted old Professor almost becomes a real personage; so does the droll waiter of *Les Trois Pigeons*. There is so much true observation and graceful fancy in the book that you are constantly tricked into the belief that these are real created beings. It is only when you catch them in action, so to speak, that you see they are merely pretty figures without souls.

It is hard to believe that Mr. Tarkington, with his genuine talent, has missed his opportunity through lack of ability to perceive it. Perhaps he objects to being taken with the heavy seriousness that a major novelist seems to demand, and prefers to remain one of the best of the minor novelists. If so, he has reason to be proud of the success of this story. And if to all criticism the retort be made that the business of any novelist, major or minor, is solely to write an entertaining tale, and that Mr. Tarkington has done this, there is nothing more to be said. It *is* an entertaining tale.

Edward Clark Marsh.

VIII

J. M. Patterson's "A Little Brother of the Rich"*

Some years ago Mr. E. S. Martin gave to a volume of whimsical verses the title *A Little Brother of the Rich*. From this it might be supposed that Mr. Patterson's novel of the same title was intended to be humorous, perhaps a parody of Mr. Upton Sinclair. And there is nothing in the book to prove that it is not a parody except its lack of humour. But external evidence shows that it is meant to be a sober addition to novelised yellow journalism. If so it ought to be suppressed (the publishers are hereby forbidden to use that phrase for advertising purposes) ; not because it will harm the community of readers but because the writing of it must have harmed the author. It is a product of Child Labor. Mr. Sinclair's work is sophomoric; but this is subfreshman.

In England there has been for nearly a century a multitude of novelists who have entertained cheap people by stories of inconstant duchesses and debauched dukes. Vulgarity disguised as moral indignation delights to look at the champagne suppers of the rich. In this country the corresponding kind of fiction is of recent growth because only recently

*A Little Brother of the Rich. By Joseph Medill Patterson. Chicago: The Reilly and Britton Company. 1908.

has there been a class surrounded by miraculous wealth and sufficiently aloof in their splendour to excite curiosity about their gilded orgies. The popularity of Mrs. Wharton's chaste tragic muse, the large dividends from Mr. Chambers's plush furniture factory, the popularity of semi-ethical attacks on wicked opulence, the detonations of Mr. Lawson's various kinds of fiction, have given New York sudden notoriety as material for the sensational novelist. Trainloads of prospectors from New Jersey, Chicago, California and London are flocking in and staking claims from Wall Street to Grant's Tomb. The Naughty New York school of fiction is upon us, just as certainly as the historical novel was upon us a dozen years ago. The workmanlike response of Mr. Chambers to popular demand makes him a useful sign of the literary times. A dozen years ago he was doing historical novels. Now he is working naughty New York. By what he will be doing ten years from now one will be able to tell surely what kind of thing is then "all the go."

Mr. Patterson's book is probably a fair specimen of the kind of novel that we are getting by the score and shall soon be getting by the hundred. Its young cheeks glow with such phrases as this: "Her eyes shot lava terrors at him." A rich dabbler in art reads Chaucer at a lawn party. He is praised by a young Harvard instructor for his "truly excellent reading and interpretation of old*e* Geoffrey." As the praise is delivered orally, it is hard to imagine how that instructor pronounced the final "e" in "olde." But college education does horrible things in this book. The hero is on several consecutively victorious Yale crews and football teams. Through his rich classmates he gets to be a stockbroker, marries a flash widow and makes an indecent proposition to the heroine, who has risen from a country girl in muslin to be a great actress. It is in answer to this proposition that he receives the "lava terrors." While that rich amateur is reading "olde Geoffrey" aloud at the lawn party, "in his mills in South Carolina on that same scorching June day, in the mills which he entered not over once or twice a year, two hundred children were burning out their little lives in order that his palms might be softly white and that he might play with Chaucer." This is an original way of suggesting the relation between commerce and culture, and should furnish a topic for Chaucer's great successor, Mr. Markham.

The flash widow is one of those mythical Newport women whose idiotic ingenuities have shocked Mr. Sinclair and the New York *American*. Mr. Patterson says that she once "dined sitting cross-legged in the straw of a box stall upon a silken horse blanket, eating with miniature golden pitchforks and drinking vintages from tiny stable pails." If Mr. Gouverneur Morris had seen that, he would have been ashamed to write his recent paper on "Newport the Maligned." Mr. Patterson gives the high life a fierce chastisement. Mr. Sinclair in his blunt way says, "Anybody could see there was money in the crowd." But Mr. Patterson is more eloquent, more skilful with literary metaphor. "Beneath the light talk of their amusements the serious thought of the young men lay upon stocks, which Midas-like could gild and glorify their pride, their power, their pleasures, passions and position." Likewise, no doubt, their pianolas, patent-leather pumps and prize Pomeranians.

It would not be worth while to take this novel seriously enough to laugh at it, were it not put forth, like Mr. Sinclair's fustian, as socialistic or the work of a socialist. Perhaps not Mr. Patterson but the literary notes must be held responsible for this connection of his name and his novel with socialistic theory. However that may be, the connection has been made, and with great injustice to an important system of modern thought of which we are destined to hear more and more. Its leaders ought to save it from the frivolous company of fictionists. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells are clever enough, wise enough if you like, to write amazing fictions in the morning and to take dignified place in the evening at the councils of serious thinkers. But, except for the mild unacknowledged socialism of Mr. Howells, the literary exponents of socialism in America, those who express themselves in art forms and not in straight exposition, only serve to

draw ridicule upon the socialistic creed. The socialists should form a committee for the repudiation of hysterical novelists; if they do not, their teachings will be laughed to silence before they are fairly presented to the light-minded American people.

There is no reason why a socialist should not write a novel. But he should not mix his politics with his art without the consent of his fellow-partisans. The right to make a novel, even a bad one—so inadequately is society protected by law—belongs to every man, woman and subfreshman. A plumber may write a novel but he should not allow it to be advertised as the work of a member of the Plumbers' Union lest plumbers become more unpopular than they now are. Socialists should be especially careful not to let their cult be linked with specimens of bad workmanship and the products of Child Labour. For socialism hopes to secure high human efficiency, to bring about the adaptation of tasks to capacities, and to rid us of bombast, South Carolina unbleached sheeting and other cotton goods produced by childish hands.

When socialistic civilisation arrives and each works according to his abilities novels will be written by novelists. This will be a great blessing. The reviewer has been reading Trollope's stories one after another for many weeks, and the experience forces him to the conclusion that the professional adult novelist writes the best novels. Socialists might begin at once to show the applicability of their theory by taking such fiction as concerns their tenets out of the hands of the inept, the immature, the intellectual wage slaves who toil to no purpose in the literary mills. *John Macy.*

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Free Life. By Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University.

Based on a baccalaureate address delivered before the Princeton University. It makes a plea for individuality—the living of one's life unfettered by conventionality and tradition.

Counsels by the Way. By Henry Van Dyke.

Containing five short essays which have previously been issued in booklet form: "Ships and Havens," "The Poetry of the Psalms," "Joy and Power," "The Battle of Life" and "The Good Old Way."

The Macmillan Company:

Realities and Ideals. Social, Political, Literary and Artistic. By Frederic Harrison.

The last volume in the series of Mr. Harrison's miscellaneous articles on philosophy, religion, politics, economics, history and literature. The previous volumes are entitled *The Creed of a Layman, The Philosophy of Common Sense* and *National and Social Problems.*

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Bible of Nature. By J. Arthur Thomson, M.A.

The aim of the book is to try "to state some of the lessons which man—minister and interpreter—may learn from Nature." There are five lectures, entitled "The Wonder of the World," "The History of Things," "Organisms and Their Origin," "The Evolution of Organism," "Man's Place in Nature." This is a new volume in the series of Bross Lectures.

VERSE

William Briggs (Toronto, Canada):

The Selected Poems of William Wye Smith.

A collection made up of Miscellaneous and Canadian Poems together with a number of Scottish Lyrics.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Pearl. A Middle English Poem. A Modern Version in the Metre of the Original. By Sophie Jewett.

The lover of things medieval will find

in these verses a series of pleasing pictures of hillside and plain, of great forests and rushing water, of crystal cliffs and flame-winged birds, of the Holy City and its environs, and finally of the Pearl herself, a white-robed maiden amid the shining company.

Paul Elder and Company:

Quatrains of Christ. By George Creel. Preface by Julian Hawthorne.

A Christian Rubaiyat in which the verses tell the story of the soul's belief in Christ and describe a vision of the Christ-ideal as it may be lived in this very present world.

Henry Holt and Company:

Apollo and the Seaman and Other Lyrics. By Herbert Trench.

Besides the title poem the volume contains about thirty others.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Ye Butcher, Ye Baker, Ye Candlestick-maker. Being Sundry Amusing and Instructive Verses for Both Old and Young. Adorned with Numerous Woodcuts. By Robert Seaver.

The humorous verses in this little book describe the occupations of the olden days—Ye Tythingman, Chandler, Town Crier, Chemist, Jester, Pirate, etc.

Little, Brown and Company:

A Book of Limericks. By Edward Lear.

Containing two hundred and twelve limericks, the author's "Nonsense Songs and Laughable Lyrics" and a "Nonsense Alphabet," all of which are illustrated with reproductions of the author's drawings.

The Macmillan Company:

The Way of Perfect Love. By Georgiana Goddard King.

A dramatic poem.

Publishing House of the M. E. Church, South:

Three Centuries of Southern Poetry. (1607-1907.) By Carl Holliday.

Containing over one hundred short poems by many southern poets and grouped under such heads as The Beginnings (1607-1740); The Revolutionary Period (1740-1815); The Period of Expansion (1815-1850); The Civil War Period (1850-1875); The New South (1875-1907). There is a brief sketch given of each poet represented in the volume.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Narrative Lyrics. By Edward Lucas White.

Including nineteen of the author's short poems.

An Earth Poem and Other Poems. By Gerda Dalliba. With an Introduction by Edwin Markham.

The title poem is a long one and sets forth man's needs, capabilities and progress through the ages. It is divided into three parts: I. "Children of Sod"; II. "Children of Air"; III. "Children of Sun." The volume also contains a number of short poems.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Poem Outlines. By Sidney Lanier.

Consisting of fragments and outlines of poems left by Sidney Lanier and which have never before been published in any form. They have been selected from his papers as containing something worthy of presentation.

A. Wessels Company:

Poems. By Charles Sprague Smith.

Thirty short poems grouped under "College Days," "Wanderjahre" and "With the People."

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

D. Appleton and Company:

The Worth of a Woman. By David Graham Phillips.

A play in four acts, followed by "a dramatic incident" entitled "A Point of Law."

The Century Company:

With Whistler in Venice. By Otto H. Bacher. Illustrated with Many Reproductions of Whistler's Work, and of Etchings and Photographs by the Author.

Mr. Bacher tells of Whistler's work in Venice; of his achievements in pastels, and oils, and lithographs. He also writes something of the Society of Painter-Etchers, the relation of Whistler and Hamerton, the early states of some Venetian etchings, and gives many anecdotes of the artist and his life in Venice.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

Pelléas and Mélisande. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Erving Winslow.

The text is a careful following of the original French. The introduction by Mr. Moses throws light upon the essential facts and qualities surrounding both drama and opera. The numerous pictures were taken direct from stage scenes of the opera.

Duffield and Company:

The Winter's Tale. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt. Introduction and Notes by F. W. Clarke, M.A.

In the series of the Old Spelling Shakespeare which is the first section of

the Shakespeare Library. The series will be complete in forty volumes. The Comedies and Romances to be issued first followed by the Histories, Tragedies and Poems.

The Macmillan Company:

The Evolution of Modern Orchestration. By Louis Adolphe Coerne, Ph.D. With Introduction by H. E. Krehbiel.

A volume which appeals to the music lover as well as to the technical student. The author states that his purpose has been not to write a treatise on instrumentation or to prepare a pedagogical analysis of orchestration only, but rather to trace the evolution of the orchestra and of orchestration in connection with the history of music proper.

Faust. Freely Adapted from Goethe's Dramatic Poem. By Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr.

A drama based on the Faust legend. It is to be produced on the stage in London by Mr. Beerbohm Tree.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Musical Memories. My Recollections of Celebrities of the Half Century. 1850-1900. By George P. Upton.

During the greater part of the period that this work covers Mr. Upton was engaged in musical criticism in Chicago and was in a position to know what was going on in the world of music. He has known personally all the great artists represented in this volume with the exception of Jenny Lind, Henriette Sontag, Marietta Alboni, Anna Thillon and Catherine Hayes, and these he states he has had the rare pleasure of hearing in concerts. In his preface Mr. Upton says: "As the public is sufficiently familiar in these days of personal journalism with artists still upon the stage, I have confined these 'Memories' only to those who have retired into the shady nooks of life and to that other goodly company for whom are the last words of Canio in 'Pagliacci,' 'La comedia è finita.'"

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

D. Appleton and Company:

Porfirio Diaz. By Raphael De Zayas Enriquez.

A study of the life and character of the President of Mexico written by one who has been a life-long friend of Porfirio Díaz.

The War-Time Journal of a Georgia Girl. By Eliza Frances Andrews.

An account of life in the South during the Civil War. The volume is illustrated with reproductions of scenes and portraits of the time.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Women of Florence. By Isidoro Del Lungo. Translated by Mary C. Steigmann.

An account of the lives of many of the women famous in the history of Florence.

Duffield and Company:

A Group of Scottish Women. By Harry Graham.

The author has collected a number of types of Scottish feminine character. He presents a series of biographical portraits, providing each of his main figures with a suitable background which suggests something of the general life and manners of her particular time.

Builders of United Italy. By Rupert Sargent Holland.

The men treated in this volume are those most powerful and influential in the struggle for a united Italy. Alfieri, the poet; Mazoni, the man of letters; Gioberti, the philosopher; Manin, the "Father of Venice"; Mazzini, the prophet; Cavour, the statesman; Garibaldi, the crusader; and Victor Emmanuel the king.

Little, Brown and Company:

Recollections of a Varied Career. By William F. Draper.

General Draper's life has been full of varied and interesting experiences. Industrially and politically he has played important parts, and in this volume of memoirs tells of his life in the business world, as a soldier in the Civil War, as a member of Congress, and as Ambassador to Italy.

A. Wessels Company:

Abraham Lincoln. By George Bancroft.

A tribute to the life and character of Abraham Lincoln.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

R. F. Fenno and Company:

An Occultist's Travels. By Willy Reichel.

The first part of the present work has already appeared in Paris under the title of *A Travers le Monde*, and in Germany under that of *Kreuz und Quer durch die Welt*, also in abridged form in England, as *Occult Experiences*. The second part is new. The author writes in his preface: "I am a devotee of the experimental occultism as understood by Professor Zollner of Leipzig, the late Dr. du Prel of Munich, and Baron Hellenbach of Vienna, and I hold the view that in our age Natural Science can only be convinced as to the existence of a future life by experiment."

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

A Junior Congregation. By James M. Farrar, D.D.

A leading part of Dr. Farrar's church work has been the organisation of the young people of the church into a "Junior Congregation." This book outlines in a practical way the methods pursued by Dr. Farrar in perfecting this organisation. As the future men and women of the church, he addresses special talks to them, and much benefit has been the outcome of the idea.

A Common-Sense View of the Mind-Cure. By Laura M. Westall.

The book does not endeavour to show that the mind can cure actual organic diseases, but rather, that the common functional disorders can be cured or driven away by the use of the will power.

Henry Holt and Company:

The Sense of the Infinite. A Study of the Transcendental Element in Literature, Life and Religion. By Oscar Kuhns.

Tracing the evidence of the transcendental element in the literature and religion of the Western World, from the time of Plato to the present. There are chapters on The Sense of the Infinite, The Transcendental View of Nature, Romantic Love, Plato and Plotinus, Neo-Platonism Past and Present, Mediæval Mysticism, The Period of the Renaissance and the Reformation, Modern Transcendentalism.

The Macmillan Company:

The United States as a World Power. By Archibald Cary Coolidge.

The book is based on the lectures delivered by the author at the Sorbonne in Paris in the winter of 1906-07. Among the questions considered as affecting the relations of the United States with other countries are immigration and race questions, the Monroe Doctrine and our relations with Latin America, the Spanish War and the acquisition of colonies, our relations with the chief continental powers, with England, and with Canada, the Isthmian Canal, the United States in the Pacific and our relations with China and with Japan.

L. C. Page and Company:

Race or Mongrel. A Brief History of the Rise and Fall of the Ancient Races of Earth: A Theory that the Fall of Nations is Due to Intermarriage with Alien Stocks: A Demonstration that a Nation's Strength is Due to Racial Purity: A Prophecy that America Will Sink to Early Decay Unless Immigration is Rigorously Restricted. By Alfred P. Schultz.

A work on the necessity of race purity of interest to the general reader as well as to the student of social science.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Strange Ways of God. A Study in the Book of Job. By Charles Reynolds Brown.

The author states that the larger part of the material was originally used in a series of lectures intended for a popular audience and designed to increase interest in and to aid in a better understanding of this ancient poem.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Vital American Problems. An Attempt to Solve the "Trusts," "Labour," and "Negro" Problems. By Harry Earl Montgomery.

This volume deals, as its name implies, with problems of the first importance which now demand the most careful attention, and clamor for a solution. The author concerns himself in this book chiefly with the Trust Problem, the Freight-rate Problem, Government Ownership, the Labour Problem, and the Negro Problem.

Racial Contrasts. Distinguishing Traits of the Græco-Latins and Teutons. By Albert Gehring.

A study in race psychology made with the purpose of differentiating the moral, intellectual, and spiritual qualities revealed in the literature, life, and art of the Graeco-Latin peoples from the characteristics of the Teutonic race as seen in the same fields.

Elliot Stock (London):

What is Truth? By L. B.

Consisting of six brief essays: "What is Truth?" "Thy Kingdom Come," "Faith," "The Church of God," "Christian Socialism" and "Nehushtan."

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

D. Appleton and Company:

Across Europe in a Motor Boat. By Henry C. Rowland.

A chronicle of the adventures of the motor boat *Beaver* on a voyage of nearly seven thousand miles through Europe by way of the Siene, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Black Sea.

Duffield and Company:

From the North Foreland to Penzance. By Clive Holland. Illustrated by Maurice Randall.

Dealing with the ports and harbours of the south coast of England. It treats of their history, their people, their present condition, and of the famous part many of them have played in English history.

Lisbon and Cintra. Written by A. C. Inchbold. Illustrated by Stanley Inchbold.

An account of Lisbon and other cities and historical sites in Portugal. The many full-page illustrations in colour add much to the interest of the volume.

Henry Holt and Company:

Canadian Types of the Old Régime. 1608-1698. By Charles W. Colby.

Consisting of lectures which were recently delivered in Ottawa before the May Court Club. The history of French colonisation is grouped around the personalities of Champlain, the explorer; Brebeuf, the missionary; Herbert, the colonist; D'Iberville, the soldier; Talon, the intendant; Laval, the bishop; Frontenac, the governor. There are also chapters on the historical background of the subject and the results of the English conquest.

The Macmillan Company:

A History of the United States. Volume II. A Century of Colonial History. By Edward Channing.

This volume brings the narrative down to 1760 and, with Volume I, forms a complete account of American colonial history. The next volume, dealing with the War of the Revolution, is in preparation. It is expected that the entire work will extend to seven or eight volumes.

Along the Rivieras of France and Italy. Written and Illustrated by Gordon Home.

The first volume in a series to be devoted to Old World Travel. It is an account of a ramble along the Riviera, and describes the places along the coast from Marseilles to Pisa.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy. Their History and Their Architecture; Together with Much of Interest Concerning the Bishops, Rulers, and Other Personages Identified with Them. By T. Francis Bumpus.

Combining a description of the technical beauties of the Cathedrals and the legends surrounding them in an entertaining manner. The volume is illustrated with a large number of reproductions in duogravures from photographs.

James Pott and Company:

The City of Genoa. By Robert W. Carden.

The object of the book is to set out briefly the history, life and art of this city. The first three chapters are devoted to an historical survey from the pre-Roman days to the Revolution of 1797. The other chapters deal with the Church of San Siro and the early Bishops; the bank of San Giorgio and the Colonies; the Cathedral and its associations; the Harbour and its associations; the Palazzo Ducale and the Doges of Genoa; the Church of the Annunziata, with a sketch history of the Genoese school; the Palazzo Bianco and its pictures; the Church of San Matteo and its inscriptions, and the Palazzo a Fassuola with the life of Andrea D'Oria.

A Summer Tour in Finland. By Paul Waineman.

Mr. Waineman has recently completed a tour of this country; from Helsingsfors to Tornea, the most northerly town in Europe. He gives his personal impressions of the people, land and principal towns, from the wild scenery of the far north, where the peasant's hut is the most luxurious abode, to the old aristocratic homes in the south of Finland. The volume is illustrated in colour.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Romance of Roman Villas. (The Renaissance.) By Elizabeth W. Champney.

In which the author gives many sketches of the least known, yet not the least interesting, traditions of some of the best known Roman Villas. The volume is uniform with *Romance of Italian Villas*. It contains nine photogravure, one coloured, and forty-four other illustrations.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Other Americans. The Cities, The Countries, and Especially the People of South America. By Arthur Ruhl.

Venezuela, Colombia, Brazil, Argentine, Chile, Peru, Bolivia, and Panama, are all considered and the author has described their people, their general appearance and characteristics, their great differences from us and from each other, and their attractive and unattractive sides. The volume is illustrated by photographs and drawings, and is supplied with an appendix giving statistics of each country's population, trade, resources, etc.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Imprisoned Midshipman. By Molly Elliot Seawell.

An exciting tale of life on board a man-of-war.

The Substitute. A Football Story. By Walter Camp.

See Chronicle and Comment.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Hilary on Her Own. By Mabel Barnes-Grundy.

Hilary Forrest, a bright and animated young girl, grows tired of the dull and monotonous life in Derbyshire and de-

spite all protests goes to London in search of a position as secretary. She tells of her experiences in looking for the secretaryship and how she fared on her thirty shillings a week.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. By Meredith Nicholson.

Two friends, Thomas Ardmore, a wealthy man from New York, and Henry Griswold, a professor in a Southern college, meet on a railroad train bound for the South. They are waylaid at the little town of Kildare, on the borderland of North and South Carolina, by a band of moonshiners by whom they are taken for representatives of the governors of these States. Threatening messages are delivered to the men, one message being concealed in a little brown jug. The lives of the governors are declared in danger should they attempt to arrest a certain notorious moonshiner. Both men feel in duty bound to deliver these messages to the governors, but arriving at their respective executive mansions they are found to be missing. Both men play important parts in the affairs of these two States and the result is that one falls in love with the daughter of the governor of North Carolina and the other with the daughter of the governor of South Carolina.

The Century Company:

The Revolt of Anne Royle. By Helen R. Martin.

The scene is laid in a Pennsylvania city. Anne is a winsome little girl who leads a lonely and unhappy life under the iron rule of her father. In spite of all she develops into a very charming young woman. Among her lovers are the rector and curate of the fashionable church of the town.

A Grand Army Man. By Harvey J. O'Higgins.

Novelised from David Belasco's play in which David Warfield appeared in the rôle of Wes Bigelow, the lovable old Grand Army Man whose adopted son goes wrong and brings trouble to the quiet household of his guardian.

G. W. Dillingham Company:

The Devil. By Adriaan Schade van Westrum.

Founded on Ferenc Molnar's play, as produced by Harrison Grey Fiske at the Belasco Theatre, New York.

The Green Mummy. By Fergus Hume.

A detective story the plot of which is concerned with the transporting of a mummy from Malta.

The Flame Dancer. By Frances Aymar Mathews.

A story of mystery, Oriental mysticism, and romance in which is introduced the Chinese art of See-foo-tee, or double hypnotism.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Fly on the Wheel. By Katherine Cecil Thurston.

Mrs. Thurston pictures life in an Irish village and makes her heroine, Isabel Costello, who returns to her aunt's modest home after having spent some years at a convent in Paris, an eager and impulsive creature with an uncontrollable desire for a broader life than the narrowness and monotony of the little village affords, a fact which makes her discontented with things as she finds them and finally brings unhappiness to all concerned.

And So They Were Married. By Florence Morse Kingsley.

Mrs. Kingsley writes in a humorous vein of the trials of a young married couple. Though they start life with the wrong idea matters are eventually happily readjusted.

The Strawberry Handkerchief. By Amelia E. Barr.

A love story the scenes of which are laid in New York in the time of the Stamp Act. It is along the lines of the author's most popular novels and has the same quaint and romantic atmosphere as *The Bow of Orange Ribbon.*

Polly of the Circus. By Margaret Mayo.

Novelised from the play by that name. It tells how Polly, the circus rider, falls from her horse and is carried into the minister's home, where she is nursed back to health and strength; how she assists him with the work among the children of his church, and how he and Polly finally fall in love, the outcome of which is a happy one despite the interference of the meddling deacons.

Vronina. By Owen Vaughan (Owen Rhoscomyl).

The scene is laid in a quaint little town among the mountains and glens along the coast of Wales. Ina Vronina, a young girl with great strength of character, betrothed to one man, realises that his love for her is not to be compared to that of another, Robert Chandler, though she feels in duty bound to be true to the man to whom she has been engaged for three years. But without any assistance on the part of Ina the matter adjusts itself, both men are made to suffer for their wrongs, but Chandler plays the man and wins the day.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Broken Snare. By Ludwig Lewisohn.

Dealing in a new way with the problem of marriage. It is based on the idea of the inherent need of certain institutions merely as institutions.

Duffield and Company:

Sense and Sensibility. A Novel by Jane Austen. With a Note by R. Brimley Johnson. Two volumes.

Volumes III and IV in the new edition of the works of Jane Austen, which is to be complete in ten volumes, each volume illustrated with ten reproductions after water colours by A. Wallis Mills.

Heartbreak Hill. A Comedy Romance. By Herman Knickerbocker Vielé.

The story is set in a little New England village. The principal characters are Mopsie Beatoun and her cousin Sidney, who have been chums since childhood and who now become joint heirs to a piece of property known as Heartbreak Hill and which had been in the family for generations. What appeared to be but a mound of rocks is found to conceal a very valuable copper mine.

Dana Estes and Company:

The Wooing of Calvin Parks. By Laura E. Richards.

Portraying the simple life of the quaint "Down East" characters. Calvin Parks is an interesting character who has bought out the candy route. His faithful old horse takes him from village to village, where he dispenses of his wares and gossips by the way.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Student Cavaliers. By J. R. Forrest.

The story deals with some students of Jefferson College. One of them, Reno Houston, is convicted of the murder of a classmate with whom he has quarrelled. The other students help him to make his escape, after which he joins the Southern Army. Before the close of the war the secret of the murder is revealed and Houston's character cleared.

Funk and Wagnalls:

The Palace of Danger. By Mabel Wagnalls. Illustrated by John Ward Dunsmore.

A romantic story picturing life in the court of Louis XV, in which the famed Madame de Pompadour is the leading character.

Harper and Brothers:

The Toy Shop. A Romantic Story of Lincoln the Man. By Margarita Spalding Gerry.

Abraham Lincoln, weighed down with the burden of the nation's troubles and yet ready to please a child, enters a shop to purchase some toy soldiers. Here he talks with the toy-maker, who, not recognizing his visitor, tells how he had served as a colour-bearer under Napoleon and how he had been wounded and crippled for life. In this little shop, through his talk with the toy-maker and through the rows of tin soldiers, which he arranged and rearranged, comes to Lincoln the inspiration for immediate action and light as to the right man to send to the front. After his victory is complete he revisits the shop and tells the little man how great is his gratitude to him and to the toy shop and calls him a "hero." Then comes to the little shop the news of the assassination of Lincoln and shortly after the toy-maker passes away praising the President even above his beloved Napoleon and happy in the thought that he had made the great man smile.

Every Man for Himself. By Norman Duncan.

Ten short stories the scenes of which are laid in Labrador.

Henry Holt and Company:

A Lord of Lands. By Ramsey Benson.

The story is told in the first person by a man of small income and a large family, who comes to see that the city life holds nothing in store for him. He persuades a number of families to his way of thinking and they form a colony in the great Northwest and settle down to the life of farming.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Amédée's Son. By Harry James Smith.

The scene is laid among the French inhabitants of Cape Breton. The hero is an orphan boy and the story deals with his development to manhood under the care of his grandfather, a retired sea captain. Woven into the story of the boy's growth is a love story with a happy ending.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

The One and I. By Elizabeth Freemantle.

The scenes of this love story are laid in the wilds of the great Canadian northwest. The story is told in the form of a diary.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Tether. By Ezra S. Brudno.

Dealing with the Jewish problem in America. The hero is David Sphardi, who, though the son of poor parents, grasps an opportunity which is given him early in life to follow a course of study, and his ambition and talent lead him on until he develops into a poet and dramatist of no small repute. He falls

in love with a girl who is not of the Jewish faith, the knowledge of which fact breaks the heart of his very orthodox father. When the two young people are about to wed, however, all that marriage with her Jewish lover will mean is suddenly forced upon the girl and they decide to separate.

Little, Brown and Company:

An Original Gentleman. By Anne Warner.

A collection of short stories. The story from which the book takes its title tells of the adventures of an American traveling on the Continent, who, after losing his letter of credit, reads an advertisement for "an original gentleman" and applies as directed to Mrs. Carpenter Weinerhof, Hildesheim, Germany.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Further Evperiences of an Irish R. M. By Edith Œnone Somerville and Martin Ross.

These humorous stories of Irish country life—particularly of fox-hunting—are told in the first person by a "Resident Magistrate" and are in continuation of *Some Experiences of An Irish R. M.*

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Wulnoch the Wanderer. A Story of King Alfred of England. By H. Escott-Inman.

A drama of the old Viking days. The tale is of Wulnoth, the night singer; how he comes, a child, to the hall of Hardacnute; how he fulfills the prediction of the wise woman, treading the bird path to rescue his Princess, the little maid Edgiva, from the sea; how he lifts the thrall's collar from the neck of the Prince, her brother; is made Lord of Cantua by the good and great Alfred, and learns from the Lady Edgiva to read the thorn-crowned rune cross of the White Christ.

Ganton & Co. A Story of Chicago Commercial and Social Life. By Arthur Jerome Eddy.

The book deals with the social and labour problems in Chicago. The principal character is "Old Man Ganton," a self-made man, who cares nothing for the finer things of life, his whole time and thought being given to the making of money and the building up of the firm of Ganton & Co., a large packing house.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Mills of the Gods. By Elizabeth Robins.

A story of tragedy with its scenes laid on the Continent. It tells how a woman of the world after thirty years has her revenge for the ill treatment she received at the hands of an Italian nobleman.

The Statue. A Story of International Intrigue and Mystery. By Eden Phillpotts and Arnold Bennett.

A great mystery surrounds the enormous statue erected by Carl Courlander, which deepens when the owner is murdered at midnight on the day its existence becomes known to the public. The crime is traced to Abraham Crampiron, a guest who had dined that day in the statue. In business the two men were bitterly opposed to each other. Both were negotiating for a loan to the Sultan of Morocco; Courlander's success meant war and Crampiron's peace. On this eventful day in the statue Courlander announces his success. Crampiron fails to understand how Courlander could receive the news so soon. Late that night he returns to the statue and discovers, through Beakbane (the only man who knew Courlander's secret in regard to the statue), how the great financier received the news by wireless telegraphy. Crampiron pleads guilty of the murder and is sentenced to death, which sentence is later commuted to a life imprisonment. Then Maurice Courlander, crazed with the idea of avenging his father's death, though the murderer's daughter is his wife, arranges for Crampiron's escape, only to bring him to the statue, where he threatens to kill him. Here Maurice himself learns the secret of the statue. He brings about the death of Beakbane and becomes reconciled to Crampiron, whom he aids in his flight to Algiers.

The Big Fellow. By Frederick Palmer.

James Harden, who is over six feet tall and is known as the Big Fellow, after a very successful college career starts out to make a place in the world for himself. He begins work on a country newspaper, then studies law and eventually becomes a judge, which had been his main ambition from the first. He, however, gives up his place on the bench long before the expiration of his term, owing to his appointment by the President, who recognises the man's capabilities, to the office of Governor of one of the Philippine Islands. Here also he is very successful and fully justifies the President's faith in him.

Oriental Publishing Company (Los Angeles, Cal.):

Helen. A Story of Things to Be. By Lu Wheat.

The scene is laid in Southern California and Helen is the only child of William Andrews, the owner of a ranch there. After her father's death Helen rents the ranch and goes to the city to study art.

L. C. Page and Company:

Tales from Bohemia. By Robert Neilson Stephens.

Containing twenty-five short stories. Mr. Stephens, whose chief success has been the writing of the play *An Enemy to the King*, has had the opportunity to study theatrical life from the inside and most of the scenes in the present volume have theatrical settings.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Flower of the Dusk. By Myrtle Reed.

Of which the heroine is Barbara North, a lame girl, who, without the knowledge of her father, who is blind, helps to support him by her sewing. When the young physician, Allan Conrad, comes into their lives, Barbara is cured of her lameness and her father's sight is restored. But Barbara's final happiness comes through Roger Austin's deep love for her.

The Sovereign Good. By Helen Huntington.

A story which deals with the social gaieties of the New York smart set.

An Incarnation of the Snow. Translated from the Original Manuscript, by F. W. Bain.

Containing three short stories each giving an insight into Hindu life and thought.

The Reilly and Britton Company:

A Little Brother of the Rich. By Joseph Medill Patterson.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Binding of the Strong. By Caroline Atwater Mason.

A love story of John Milton. Mrs. Mason has woven into the story many historical facts connected with the romantic side of the poet's life.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Hermit and the Wild Woman, and Other Stories. By Edith Wharton.

Short stories written by Mrs. Wharton during the last four years. There are seven in all, including "The Hermit and the Wild Woman," "The Last Asset," "In Trust," "The Pretext," "The verdict," "The Pot-Boiler," and "The Best Man."

The Coming Harvest. By René Bazin.

A translation of the French book *Le Blé Que Lève*. It is a story dealing with life in the country in France to-day and depicts the constant struggle between the capitalist and the labourer. The chief characters are Gilbert Cloquet, a wood-cutter attached to the old social order yet influenced by the socialist movements around him, and Michel de Meximieu, a fine type of the French aristocrat of to-day.

Miss Esperance and Mr. Wycherly. By L. Allen Harker.

A very lovable maiden lady and an elderly and scholarly bachelor, living in a little Scotch town, take upon themselves the bringing up of two orphan boys. The problems that arise in their training, the difficulties with questions of religion and education, habits and behaviour, are solved by the two guardians in their own quaint and original way.

Small, Maynard and Company:

Long Odds. By Harold Bindloss.

A tale of adventure, the scenes of which are laid in the Spanish colonies of Western Africa. The hero, Jack Ormsgill, is an Englishman who was obliged to leave the army owing to an accusation which afterward proved to be false. The heroine, Benicia, with whom Ormsgill falls in love, is an attractive Spanish girl.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Holy Orders. The Tragedy of a Quiet Life. By Marie Corelli.

A picture of English life in the towns and villages. Miss Corelli goes into many of the problems of the day, including the liquour question and the influence of yellow journalism. She outlines the persistent struggle of the clergy against the drink evil and the difficulties to be overcome in the effort to better conditions.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Housekeeper's Week. By Marion Harland.

Containing directions on a thousand and one matters of interest and importance to the housewife. The author has named the chapters for days of the week and gives instructions in each for the kind of work set aside by the housewife's unwritten law for that particular day.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Literature of the South. By Caroline Mays Brevard.

A survey of the history of Southern literature from the settlement of Jamestown to the present time. The author traces the development of literature in connection with the historical development of Southern institutions and conditions, showing how the life of the Southern people is reflected in their writings.

Brown Brothers (Philadelphia, Pa.):

Silence. By Leonidas Andreiyeff. Translated from the Russian by John Cournos.

The first volume issued in the Modern Authors' Series, which will consist mainly of translations of stories and dramas from the German, French, Swedish, Russian, and other languages.

The Century Company:

The Age of Mental Virility. An Inquiry into the Records of Achievement of the World's Chief Workers and Thinkers. By W. A. Newman Dorland.

The author is convinced that the age of the acme of mental activity lies between forty and sixty, and that, provided health and optimism remain, the man of fifty can command success as readily as the man of thirty. He has made a tabulation of the records of four hundred men famous in all lines of intellectual activity upon which his conclusions are based.

Department of Archives and History, State of Mississippi.

The Official and Statistical Register of the State of Mississippi. 1908.

By Dunbar Rowland, LL.D.

In an introductory note Mr. Rowland writes: "The purpose of this Register is to give the largest possible amount of information, in the space afforded, of the State of Mississippi, from the coming of the first white man in 1540 to the beginning of the new administration of 1908. It will be found that the social, political and educational history of the State has been given special prominence, but while this is true, the economic and industrial development of its people has not been entirely overlooked."

Duffield and Company:

The Book of the Duke of True Lovers. Now First Translated from the Middle French, by Christine de Pisan, with Notes and Introduction by Alice Kemp-Welch. The Ballads Rendered into the Original Metres by Laurence Binyon and Eric R. D. Maclagan.

A romance of the Court. Translated from the unique MS. preserved in the British Museum. The six photogravures reproduce the illuminations found in the MS., and the title-page reproduces a page containing the only authentic portrait of Christine de Pisan, engaged in writing the MS. now in the Bibliotheque Royale, Brussels. In the Medieval Library.

Of the Tumbler of Our Lady and Other Miracles. Now First Translated from the Middle French. Introduction and Notes by Alice Kemp-Welch.

From the Middle French MSS., anonymous and by Gautier de Coinci, preserved at Soissons. The seven photogravures reproduce six illustrations from the Soissons MS., and one, "How the Tumbler Tumbled Before Our Lady," from the unique illumination of this subject, as preserved in a MS. in the Bibliotheque de l'Arsenal, Paris. The title-page is designed after a MS. in the Bodleian Library. In the Medieval Library.

The Chatelaine of Vergi. A Romance of the thirteenth century. Translated by Alice Kemp-Welch. The French Text from the Edition Raynaud. Introduction by L. Brandin, Ph.D.

A romance of the Court. The five photogravures reproduce the five panels (four sides and lid) of the Ivory Casket, carved with scenes from this romance, now preserved in the British Museum. In the Medieval Library.

Letters of Edward Lear to Chichester Fortescue and Frances Countess Waldegrave. Edited by Lady Strachey of Sutton Court.

These letters were written mainly on his travels through Southern Europe, Palestine and Egypt, and cover a period from 1847 to 1864. Preceding the letters there is an appreciation of Edward Lear as a painter, written by Lady Strachey's brother-in-law, Mr. Henry Strachey, who is also an artist. The volume is illustrated largely from the paintings of Edward Lear.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Call of the City. By Charles Mulford Robinson.

Twelve essays on the beauties and delights of urban life. Mr. Robinson tells of the city's innate charm, the joys of its ringing thoroughfares, its rare beauty, rich human interest, fellowship, comfort, historic associations, the opportunities for work, and the moral development and entertainment that it affords.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

The Lure of the City. A Book for Young Men. By David James Burrell, D.D., LL.D.

In which the author discusses topics of especial interest to young men, with the idea of leading them to accept the best things in life. He writes: "To the youth whose lot is cast in the city or whose heart is turned that way; who knows himself a man, and with eyes aloft means to make himself a better one; who, mindful of his need of arms and armour, plans a full equipment, that he may win spendidly—to such a one this book is dedicated, in the hope that it may, perchance, tighten a buckle of

his harness and furnish his quiver with a sharp arrow or two."

Harper and Brothers:

The Age of Shakespeare. By Algernon Charles Swinburne.

Reviewed elsewhere in this number.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Lay of the Land. By Dallas Lore Sharp.

Containing fifteen out-door sketches, showing a depth of sentiment and poetic feeling for nature. They are largely drawn from the author's reminiscences of a boyhood in Southern New Jersey, with persimmons, and possums, and pine barrens, but the more recent observations are of the Eastern Massachusetts country.

A Happy Half-Century and Other Essays. By Agnes Repplier, Litt.D.

A collection of papers dealing with the fads and fancies of our grandparents—the queer things they read and the queer things they did. Some of the titles are: "When Lalla Rookh Was Young," "The Accursed Annual," "The Literary Lady," "Our Great Grandmothers' Novel," "On the Slopes of Parnassus."

Cupid's Almanac and Guide to Hearticulture for This Year and Next. Compiled for D. Cupid by John Cecil Clay and Oliver Herford.

The Almanac is dedicated to lovers and lovers of lovers. The illustrations include twelve full-page pictures in colour by Mr. Herford and an equal number by Mr. Clay, besides numerous small sketches by each artist.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Love Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft to Gilbert Imlay. With a Prefatory Memoir by Roger Ingpen.

Telling the story of Mary Wollstonecraft's love for Gilbert Imlay and its change to indifference under the influence of Imlay's neglect and final desertion.

The Works of James Buchanan. Vol. IV. Comprising his Speeches, State Papers and Private Correspondence. Collected and Edited by John Barrett Moore.

Volume IV. covers the period from 1838 to 1841. The set is to be complete in twelve volumes.

Little, Brown and Company:

Ocean Life in the Old Sailing-Ship Days. From Forecastle to Quarterdeck. By Captain John D. Whidden.

The author tells of his life and experiences as a ship boy, sailor, mate, and at last captain, and part owner of a craft. During his service at sea, covering a period of twenty-five years, he visited many ports in the Far East, in South America, and the Mediterranean.

The Macmillan Company:

The Story of the New England Whalers. By John R. Spears.

Some of the most romantic and adventurous characters in American history are dealt with in this book in which Mr. Spears tells the story of the American whaling industry. He gives the life stories of the men who made New Bedford, Nantucket and Marblehead—the men to whom more than to any others was due the upbuilding of the American merchant service in the early days of the Republic.

Pictures of Paris and Some Parisians. By John N. Raphael.

Showing many phases of life in Paris. The text is illustrated with numerous drawings by Frank Reynolds, the English artist.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Historic Ghosts and Ghost Hunters. By H. Addington Bruce.

See Chronicle and Comment.

L. C. Page and Company:

Arts and Crafts in the Middle Ages. A Description of Mediæval Workmanship in Several of the Departments of Applied Art, Together with Some Account of Special Artisans in the Early Renaissance. By Julia De Wolf Addison.

Dealing with the minor arts as practised during the Middle Ages. The crafts of the silversmiths, of the workers in iron and bronze, of the cutters of precious stones, of the sculptors and wood-carvers are all treated in this work. The craft of the needle (embroidery, weaving and tapestry work), the marvels of inlay and mosaic and the art of illumination are also described. The author gives some biographical sketches of famous craftsmen. There are numerous illustrations in full colour and duogravure from rare prints and photographs selected by the author, together with many text cuts from old engravings.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Signs in the Christmas Fire. By William Allen Knight.

The Face Angelic. By Hiram Collins Haydn.

The Practice of Immortality. By Washington Gladden.

The Land of Pure Delight. By Rev. George A. Gordon, D.D.

The Song of Our Syrian Guest. By William Allen Knight.

The Valley of Troubling. By Grace Duffield Goodwin.

The Love-Watch. By William Allen Knight.

The Blues Cure. An Anti-Worry Recipe. By Della Lyman Porter.

Whence Cometh Help. Prepared by John Wright Buckham.

The Story of the Child that Jesus Took. By Newman Smyth.

A series of little gift booklets. The covers are of heavy stock, double folded, printed in two colours. Each booklet is enclosed in an envelope ready for mailing.

Old Andover Days. Memories of a Puritan Childhood. By Sarah Stuart Robbins.

The author was the daughter of one of Andover's most distinguished men—Moses Stuart, professor of Greek and Hebrew at the Theological Seminary. As a child she lived on Andover Hill. Its great common, its severe buildings, its monastic figures made up her whole child world.

James Pott and Company:

Hyde Park. Its History and Romance. By Mrs. Alec Tweedie.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Holland House Circle. By Lloyd Sanders.

The author states in his preface that this book does not purport to be a connected account of the Holland House, as that ground has already been covered by others. He says: "It is concerned rather with persons than the place. The early annals of Holland House have been rapidly summarised and I have devoted my attention mainly to its most brilliant age; a period which may be defined in general terms as coinciding with the first forty years of last century."

Shakespeare Proverbs; or the Wise Saws of our Wisest Poet Collected into a Modern Instance. By Mary Cowden-Clarke. Edited with Introduction and Notes by William F. Rolfe.

The selection of proverbs, maxims, aphorisms, and apothegms included in this volume was originally made by Mrs. Cowden-Clarke, and taken from the plays only. Additional selections from the sonnets and other poems of Shakespeare have been made by Dr. Rolfe himself.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Psychology of Advertising. A Simple Exposition of the Principles of Psychology in Their Relation to Successful Advertising. By Walter Dill Scott, Ph.D.

Containing numerous reproductions of up-to-date advertisements.

The Vir Publishing Company:

Before Marriage. By Mrs. Adolphe Hoffmann.

A mother's parting counsel to her son on the eve of his marriage.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of September and the 1st of October.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Moneychangers. Sinclair. (Dodge.) $1.50.
5. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

ALBANY, N. Y.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. The Big Fellow. Palmer. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
6. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

BALTIMROE, MD.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Rose MacLeod. Brown. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Weeping Cross. Stuart. (Doubleday, Page.) $1.40.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. The Lure of the Mask. McGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Bishop's Emeralds. Townley. (Watt.) $1.50.
6. Three Weeks. Glyn. (Duffield.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. The Last Voyage of the Donna Isabel. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
5. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Moneychangers. Sinclair. (Dodge.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

3. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Leaven of Love. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Fair Moon of Bath. Ellis. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Coast of Chance. Chamberlain. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Diana of Dobson's. Hamilton. (Century Co.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH

1. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. The Moneychangers. Sinclair. (Dodge.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

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4. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
5. The Moneychangers. Sinclair. (Dodge.) $1.50.
6. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Leaven of Love. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Marcia Schuyler. Lutz. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, Coriot, McComb. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
6. The Wayfarers. Cutting. (McClure.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Leaven of Love. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
5. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Leaven of Love. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Holy Orders. Corelli. (Stokes.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Leaven of Love. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6 Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Husbands of Edith. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.25.
6. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Chaperon. Williamson. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.)$1.50.
4. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Leaven of Love. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Moneychangers. Sinclair. (Dodge.) $1.50.
6. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
5. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Last Voyage of Donna Isabel. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Duke's Motto. McCarthy. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.75.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50

St. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
2. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, Coriat, McComb. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
6. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Heart of a Child. Danby. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
4. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Polly of the Circus. Mayo. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.00.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CAN.

1. The Riverman. White. (Musson.) $1.25.
2. The Firing Line. Chambers. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.
3. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Barrier. Beach. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Chaperon. Williamson. (Musson.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Cy Whittaker's Plan. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. The Wooing of Calvin Parks. Richards. (Estes.) $1.25.
6. The Leaven of Love. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

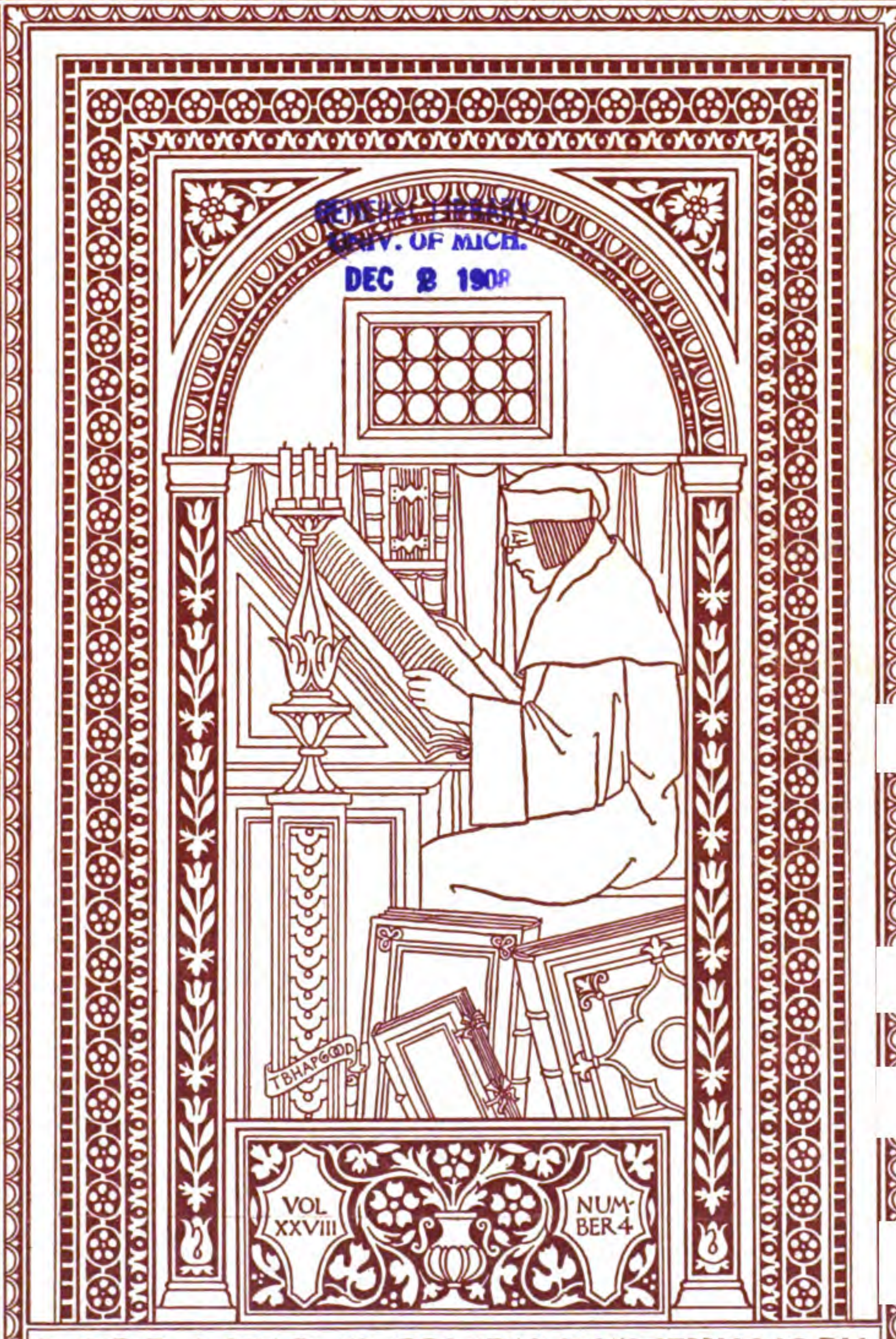
	POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

	POINTS
1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50	297
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50	173
3. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50	166
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50	131
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50	130
6. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	87

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THE BOOKMAN



DODD MEAD & COMPANY NEW YORK



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Will Lillibridge, author of *The Quest Eternal*



THE AUTHORS' CLUB OF NEW YORK See article *The Author's Full Dinner Pail*

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

DECEMBER, 1908

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

"Together"

So many persons have been writing about Mr. Robert Herrick's new novel, *Together,* that we have felt a certain compulsion to read it ourselves. It has a good many passages in it that are striking. Some of its sentences are epigrammatic. But on the whole it is morbid, and toward the end it gets to be a bore. Nevertheless, we derived some pleasure from its reading. In the first place, it interested us to find Mr. Robert Herrick seriously using the word "unbeknownst" (page 86) as though it were good English and not Hibernian. In the second place, we came upon two sentences which, taken together, deserve to be embalmed in the list of those awful examples which are found in works on rhetoric. We quote them (page 584) because they gave us so much delight:

> A growing repugnance to that huge, squirming, prodigal hive had come over her. Once the pinnacle of her ambitions, now it seemed sordid, hectic, unreal.

This is about as beautiful an instance of a much mixed metaphor as we have seen in a long time. A "squirming hive" is certainly a novelty. But just as Mr. Herrick thinks that Hibernian is English, so he may be under the delusion that hives are populated by angleworms and not by bees. Again, a "squirming hive" might possibly become a pinnacle, but a "hectic hive" would surely be a novelty in the world wherein we live. Or maybe it was the pinnacle that was hectic, which would be even still more strange. It is odd that Mr. Herrick did not go on to prescribe a tonic for the pinnacle, or else treat the hive to a course of sedatives. Really, we are getting a little mixed ourselves; and we had better stop short with a deserved compliment to Mr. Herrick on the lovely squirm of his hectic language.

For all that, no one who has read *Together* will be likely to bring lightly the charge of carelessness. Yet as the theme of the story is the American marriage, the little blunder of which Mr. Herrick is guilty in the opening chapter is doubly curious. He misquotes the wedding service. So much stress is laid on the point that Isabelle, as a result of her years at school at St. Mary's, had become the stanchest of Episcopalians, that it is evident, beyond all question, that the Episcopal service was used. Yet according to the book the officiating clergyman finishes the marriage ceremony of John Lane and Isabelle Price with the words "And I pronounce you man and wife." It is quite superfluous to say that the correct form is: Forasmuch as John and Isabelle and so forth, . . . "I pronounce that they are man and wife."

In our October number we pointed out, *à propos* of Mr. Joseph Medill Patterson's widely exploited *A Little Brother of the Rich,* that Mr. Edward Sanford



JOSEPH MEDILL PATTERSON

Martin had made use of the same title for a book of verses which had been published by Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons eighteen years before. As Mr. Patterson had been reported as giving out an interview in which he said "he did not know why he called the book *A Little Brother of the Rich* except that there were 'Little Sisters of the Poor' and he thought there might as well be 'A Little Brother of the Rich,'" we asked, in a spirit of perfect good nature, whether Mr. Patterson had been quite ingenuous. Mr. Patterson has retorted in the following letter, which we quote in full:

Mr. Patterson Retorts

LIBERTYVILLE, ILL., October 7, 1908.

Editors THE BOOKMAN.

GENTLEMEN: In your October number you as much as say that I plagiarised the name of my story, *A Little Brother of the Rich*, from Mr. E. S. Martin, who in 1890 published a book of verse under that title.

Although I have read many of Mr. Martin's verses, as they have come out in *Life*, I doubt if I ever read the particular one called "A Little Brother of the Rich," for when it was published (in 1887, I think) I was eight years old. And I am as positive as it is possible to be about such things that until the other day, when Mr. Martin sent me a bound copy of his verses, I never knew that he had collected them under one cover and that caption.

I *do* remember this, though—that when I was a child of seven or eight I one day noticed the photograph of a very good-looking young fellow seated on a much-branded polo pony. I asked who he was, and an older member of the family said, "That, oh, that's a little brother of the rich," and then explained to my questions what the expression meant. I suppose the explanation and the good-looking photograph are the genesis of my story. Whether



EDWARD SANFORD MARTIN

this older member of the family had been reading Mr. Martin's verse that day, I don't know. Possibly. And possibly, too, the phrase had already been incorporated into an argot familiar to Mr. Martin before he (quite properly) stuck his pen through it and fixed it to a piece of paper.

Let me tell you about a similar instance, also from my story.

When *Trilby* came out in 1895, I, being sixteen years old, read it eagerly. I never saw it as a play, but last week I ran through the novel again, for the first time since 1895. To my mild consternation I found that all unconsciously I had "lifted" three or four phrases from *Trilby* and put them into my story. Is that plagiarism? Before you answer let me tell you one more case in point.

A day or two ago I came across the Second Reader I had learned from. I don't think I had seen it for over twenty years. Yet I remembered it well enough to be almost (not quite) able to repeat over parts of it by heart. Without doubt I have applied its simple phrases for many years.

These three incidents, *A Little Brother of the Rich, Trilby* and the Second Reader, are



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Two glimpses of Mrs. Helen Green, author of *The Maison de Shine*, in the Klondike

all details of the same fact—of the same truth, rather, for the thing is not peculiar to me.

Let me add that my memory is not in any way remarkably good, but, on the contrary, rather poor.

Yours very truly.
Joseph M. Patterson.

P.S.—I *think Trilby* came out in 1895. At all events I read it when it first came out; and the edition I now have is dated 1895.

Edgar Beecher Bronson

Edgar Beecher Bronson, the author of *The Reminiscences of a Ranchman*, has had a very varied career. He was born in New York State and was a reporter on the New York *Tribune* when he was eighteen. A year later he was placed in charge of the *Tribune's* account of the famous trial of Henry Ward Beecher. The trial took place in Brooklyn. That was before the days of improved newspaper communication, and all the "copy" from the trial had to be carried by hand from the court room to the office. On one of the most important days of the trial the messenger service fell down and Mr. Bronson crossed the East River on floating cakes of ice, like Eliza in *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But he delivered the "copy" in time.

After the Beecher trial Mr. Bronson's health broke down and he went West for his health. He bought a big ranch in Northwestern Nebraska, and it was here that he had the stirring adventures about which he writes. He took part in the last big Sioux war. He was known as one of the most daring riders and most expert shots in the West. He gave up ranching and went to El Paso, Texas, where he became a banker. For some years he has resided in New York. He is now shooting big game in Africa on the vast estate of William MacMillan, who is to be President Roosevelt's host next year. In fact Mr. Bronson is now using the same caravan which will next year



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Edgar Beecher Bronson



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS
Arthur Ruhl, author of *The Other Americans*

round up the big game for the "Big Rifle." Mr. Bronson, by the way, was one of the pioneers in ballooning. As a reporter on the *Tribune* he made what was up to last year the longest balloon trip ever made in the United States. Thus he has added the perils of the air to the perils of land, which form for him a long and interesting experience. In addition to his book Mr. Bronson has written many magazine articles about the West.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS
Herman Knickerbocker Vielé, author of *Heart Break Hill*



HELEN KELLER
Author of *The World I Live In*

Whacking Some Fallacies

As a text we are taking a letter which came to us the other day accompanying a formidable-looking package, which, when opened, was found to contain fourteen short stories. In the course of the year we receive many communications in a somewhat similar vein, but as a general rule they are obviously inspired by sheer disappointed incapacity. The writers can ascribe their lack of success to nothing but a conspiracy on the part of publishers and editors. In this case, however, there is a difference, for the stories show real merit and considerable promise. We quote in part from the letter:

I am sending to you, under separate cover by express, fourteen stories which I offer to you at your usual rate. Now I am aware that your magazine is not a "story" publication, and that you probably would not buy fourteen stories. But I trust you will give them careful consideration. In fact, I look upon your magazine as the last and only hope, for the stories are of literary merit, rather than of popular form. Frankly, I don't believe there is a magazine of popular fiction that would accept them. And at the same time, I don't believe Maupassant himself could gain entrance were he alive and as yet the holder of his first manuscript *Boule de Suif*. There is absolutely no chance for a newcomer to break into the magazines—unless he begins by being popular in his form of story. But surely there is a market

for the short story that goes to the point clearly, truthfully. If stories were never published because they contain an element "morbid" (which seems to be the pet aversion), then there would have been no *Rosmersholm,* no *Monsieur Parent,* no *Madame Bovary.*

The letter from which we have quoted may be summed up as containing four points. The first is that there would be to-day no chance for a story, no matter how great a masterpiece, that was not builded along conventional lines and did not have the "happy ending." The second is that what the writer calls "popular form" is inconsistent with literary merit. The third is that there is absolutely no chance for the newcomer unless he binds himself down to slavish imitation. The fourth is, inferentially, that there are after all not any short story writers to-day who are really worth while. Now we are not going to argue these points with our correspondent. We are going to tell him politely but firmly. There is nothing new in that contention that certain great short stories of the past would fail of publication if they came unannounced into the magazine office of to-day. In this connection Edgar Allan Poe and Guy de Maupassant are being constantly cited. If any one will bring us a story of modern American life—for that matter a story of any period or country—as poignant, as pathetic, as great as *Monsieur Parent,* we will guarantee to bring him offers from a dozen different publishers within forty-eight hours. Moreover, we maintain that if Maupassant were living to-day, and was, say, thirty-five years of age, and an American man of letters, he would be commanding the very highest prices for his work from the most progressive and popular of magazines.

Then there is that fleer about what the writer terms "popular form." We are not quite sure that we understand just what "popular form" means. We presume that it is intended as a synonym for interesting. This is another old humbug that we are delighted to whack. We hold it to be in a measure responsible for the state of arrested development in which American literary taste is to-day. There are thousands of readers in the country who could not be persuaded that *The Count of Monte Cristo,* for example, belongs to real literature. It simply could not be. It was written in the "popular form," and was designed, first of all, to entertain.

For the benefit of our correspondent, and of a great many others who are in the same state of mind, we say, as we have said before, that there has never been a time in the history of the reading of manuscripts, the making of books, the publication of magazines, when the newcomer with something to say was as eagerly welcomed as he is to-day. What were the men and women whose names you find in the tables of contents of periodicals but the newcomers of five, ten, or twenty years ago? We have been giving rather careful attention to the short stories in the magazines of late and we have been very much impressed by their high order of originality and merit. We do not believe that there has ever been a time when the standard has been so high. It is all very well to talk with reverence of the good old days, the brave old days, when the name of the Wizard of the North rang like a trumpet call, and when Thackeray and Dickens were penning their immortal works. But take up at random one of the big magazines of that period and dip with an open mind into its short fiction. We believe that you will be amazed at the stilted artificiality of most of it; the amateurish mediocrity of the technique. On the other hand we could pick out from the tables of contents of the current magazines probably a dozen names that must be associated with a very genuine talent. A few weeks ago we were reading in the *Saturday Evening Post* a story of school life that was as good as anything we have seen along that line since *Tom Brown at Rugby,* not forgetting Mr. Vachell's *The Hill.* It was "The Martyrdom of Hickey," by Owen Johnson. Because he is a contemporary, and was comparatively unknown four or five years ago, are no reasons for denying the talent of the writer who signs himself

"O Henry," or for failing to recognise his right to be considered a distinguished short story teller. Speaking of "O Henry," have you read "The Enchanted Profile"? If not, do so at once.

❦

The Dangers of Irony

The *Fortnightly Review* for September contained a very long and elaborate satire entitled "Mark Rutherford: An Appreciation," if we may call that a satire which with counterfeited candour sustains through many pages an obviously exaggerated eulogy. It represents the British idea of a literary practical joke. Readers of the *Fortnightly* would of course perceive its irony; on the other hand, readers of "Mark Rutherford" or the guileless reviewers whose style it parodies might suspect no mischievous intent. Hence the joke. The system followed is to quote some commonplace sentences and remark:

> I know not how it will appeal to others. There is hardly any passage in the English language which has a more moving accent for my own heart; and its deep tenderness, yet almost Hellenic restraint, makes it, I think, worthy to set beside the immortal "Farewell" of Brutus, the sublimest blank verse that even Shakespeare ever wrote. Is there any living writer who can write such language as this, the language of feeling, without a touch of rhetoric, and having kinship in its simplicity and intensity with the language of the English Bible?

❦

There are sixteen solid pages of this mock-seriousness. It would be hard to find an American parallel. There is of course the New York *Sun's* serio-comic system, but even in its most pertinacious days the *Sun's* mock praises of the feebleminded seldom overran a column. Besides, the *Sun's* bad poets were sometimes amusing of themselves and the quotations lightened the commentary. Even a professional ironist may be forgiven when he discovers a J. Gordon Coogler. The nearest approach to the true British type of methodical irony—cast-irony it perhaps should be called—was achieved last winter by the New York *Evening Post* in a leading article on President Roosevelt. The President, as his habit was, had shattered the dignity of his office, or undermined the constitution, or denounced robbery and thereby crippled trade just as it was beginning to move again—we forget now what it was, but to our *Post*-trained mind it was one of the usual enormities so "in keeping with the character of our President," so unlike some quotation from Edmund Burke. And the *Post*, which is "not shaped for sportive tricks," became of a sudden so scrupulously ironical—wrote prudent for imprudent, wise for unwise, good for bad, with such precision—that many a sober reader thought it had gone quite mad, and members of its own staff, it was said, were thrown for the moment into great moral confusion. It seems a pity that the man who jokes but seldom should even then be thought insane, but that is the tragedy of solemn natures. And the *Post's* irony on this occasion might easily be missed, for its serious rebukes of the President had generally seemed no less absurd than these mock praises of him. There indeed lies the danger of the ironical method when employed in the haste of journalism.

❦

And so of the writers for the *Fortnightly*—they are really more ridiculous when they are not trying to be. The ironical article on "Mark Rutherford" was followed in the October number by an article on the "Decay of the Short Story," which was not ironical at all. Yet it contained this passage on the humorous writings of Mr. W. W. Jacobs, which far surpasses that "ojious, droll, sarcastic creature," who had satirised "Mark Rutherford" in the September number of that same magazine.

> Mr. Jacobs happens to be not only a great humourist, but perhaps the greatest master of the humorous short story known to any literature. His art in its very nature and elements is as truly Greek as Sophoclean tragedy. Indeed, Greek is the only epithet to apply to it and is here applied with the nicest regard for seemliness and the most careful discrimination and deliberation. There is not, within my knowledge, any other author of any age who has

embodied in himself, as Mr. Jacobs does, all the essential qualities of the humourist in such superabundant measure and delicate proportion. In the one great matter of fertility of invention he not only transcends, but seems to unite in his own genius all the inimitable graces of all the world's drollest writers.

Then he goes on to show the superiority of Mr. Jacobs to

Rabelais, Molière, Heine; Shakespeare, Swift and Sterne; Fielding, Thackeray and Dickens; Mark Twain, Artemus Ward and all the rest of the Yankees down to Mr. P. F. Dunne. . . . Not one of these had Mr. Jacobs's faculty for inventing new anecdote.

Another Whistler Volume

In Mr. Otto H. Bacher's personal recollections of Whistler, published under the title *With Whistler in Venice,* are many excellent reproductions of Whistler's work, including photographs, facsimile letters and reproductions of the earlier and later stages of many of the etchings. It is evident from the text that Mr. Bacher has treasured the slightest remark of the great man and has taken notes of the most trivial incidents. This is perhaps to be explained by the fact that this is among the least familiar periods of Whistler's life. As an instance of the writer's minute devotion, we may quote the following:

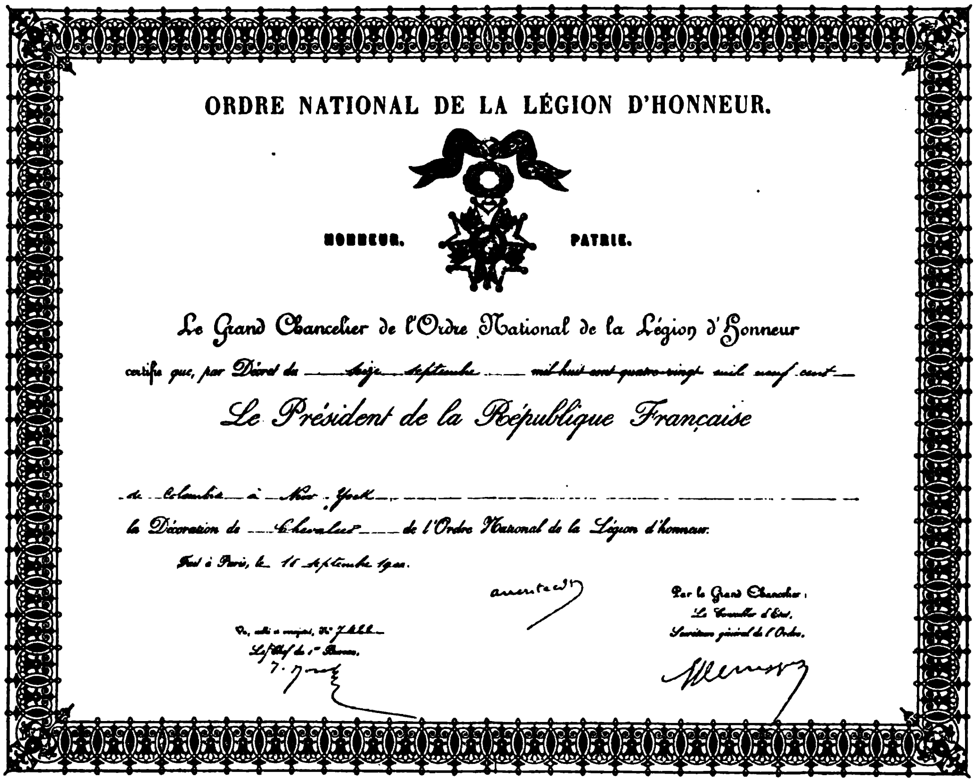
Whistler was always scrupulously dressed, ordinarily wearing a sack coat, white shirt with turn-down collar, and white duck trousers; but on rainy days he donned trousers to match his coat. A brown felt hat completed his costume. In wearing evening dress he always omitted the tie. While one might think that this would give him an unfinished look, it did not appear so badly as it might seem. He often said, "Only Whistler would do it." He always wore an eyeglass attached to a black cord, very rarely spectacles, which served him only on close work upon etchings. When he was talking the glass was dropped. If he sat at one of the tables in the café, the clanging of the eyeglass accentuated Whistler's conversation. If he were presented to any one it dropped and dangled to and fro for a few moments, to be readjusted after some moments of fumbling.

This same close scrutiny of Whistler's every act appears throughout the pages. Now that this Venetian period is covered it is probable that there are very few of Whistler's social gestures unrecorded. In regard to Whistler's reputation for sharp speeches, Mr. Bacher says he knew nothing of him as an "irritable, critical character" and that "his sarcasm was but rarely used and then only upon those who brought it down upon themselves." Yet among the anecdotes appear several that would seem to indicate very marked critical irritability. For example, there was Whistler's revenge for P. G. Hamerton's remark about him in *Etching and Etchers.* Hamerton having failed to receive any answer to a request addressed to Whistler for a set of proofs of his etchings, said in this volume that he had been told that

If application is made by letter to Mr. Whistler for a set of his etchings, he may, perhaps, if he chooses to answer the letter, do the applicant the favour to let him have a copy for about the price of a good horse; but beyond such exceptional instances as this, Mr. Whistler's etchings are not on the market. First the public would not buy, and then the artist would not sell, so there has been little commerce between them.

Thirteen years later, Whistler, on looking over Hamerton's book and reading the passage, took some notes from it and wrote to the New York *Tribune,* purposely misspelling Hamerton's name. The letter opens with this sentence: "Sɪʀ: In *Scribner's Magazine* for this month there appears an article on Mr. Seymour Haden, the eminent surgeon-etcher, by *a* Mr. Hamerton." Mr. Bacher evidently thinks the sarcastic use of the word *a* a master-stroke. His comment reads:

This letter did not appear with Hamerton's name misspelled, but the little *a* is there, and quite as stinging, as will be observed in the following, which appeared in the New York *Tribune* of October 11, 1880,


ORDRE NATIONAL DE LA LÉGION D'HONNEUR.

HONNEUR. PATRIE.

Le Grand Chancelier de l'Ordre National de la Légion d'Honneur

certifie que, par Décret du seize septembre mil neuf cent

Le Président de la République Française

de Columbia à New York

la Décoration de Chevalier de l'Ordre National de la Légion d'honneur.

Fait à Paris, le 11 septembre

Par le Grand Chancelier,
Le Conseiller d'État,
Secrétaire général de l'Ordre.

DIPLOMA OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR

Some months since we printed a paper on Americans in France's Legion of Honour. Our readers may be interested in the formal diploma reproduced above.

from which I quote the conclusion: "It is scarcely necessary that I should allude to Mr. Whistler's studied discourtesy in calling me *a* Mr. Hamerton. It does me no harm, but it is a breach of ordinary good manners in speaking of a well-known writer. Yours obediently, P. G. Hamerton."

❦

It may be a question whether it was more trivial of Whistler to use the expression or of Mr. Hamerton to resent it, but it certainly does not reflect any glory on either combatant. Whistler's admirers never seem to know when they are citing samples of Whistler's wit and when they are merely illustrating his pettiness. But the book contains such admirable specimens of Whistler's real achievements that it does not matter much if the author cannot resist chuckling inordinately at Whistler's rather dubious little verbal triumphs.

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Literary Publishers

While in certain quarters the publisher has been generally regarded as primarily a business man, the heads of some of our greatest American publishing houses have, of recent years, been themselves active competitors in the race for literary distinction. Mr. Henry Holt, for instance, the head of Henry Holt and Company, has long been recognised as an admirable essayist and a publicist of high ability. Mr. George Haven Putnam, head of George P. Putnam's Sons, is the author of half a dozen books of distinctive literary merit. When we re-



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. COL. GEORGE B. M'CLELLAN HARVEY

call that Mr. Walter H. Page, of the firm of Doubleday, Page and Company, was at one time the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* nothing more need be said. His partner, Mr. Frank Doubleday, was formerly the editor of the *Book Buyer*. The latest publisher to enter the field as an author is Colonel George B. McClellan Harvey, who is at the head of the publishing house of Harper and Brothers. Colonel Harvey's recently published volume of essays is entitled *Women, etc.*

It was nine years ago last month that Colonel Harvey began the work of reorganising the house of Harper. Before that time he had been regarded as one of the most successful of the business and newspaper men of the younger generation. Born in Vermont in 1864, he was educated at Caledonia Grammar School at Peacham, and when fifteen years of age began to write for the local newspapers. At eighteen he was a reporter on the staff of the Springfield *Republican*. At twenty he went West and worked for a year with the *Daily News* of Chicago. Then he returned East and became a reporter on the New York *World*, where he remained for seven years, finally becoming editor-in-chief. His health failing, he turned to business, and for two years was associated with the late William C. Whitney. He built the electric roads on Staten Island and at Long Branch, Asbury Park, and elsewhere on the New Jersey coast. In 1898 he formed what is known as the Harvey Syndicate and purchased the street railroads of Havana and other Cuban properties. He bought the *North American Review* in March, 1899, and in the following year became the president of Harper and Brothers. In 1903 he purchased the *Metropolitan Magazine*. His military title comes from the fact that he was appointed aide-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, on the staff of Governor Green, of New Jersey. At one time Colonel Harvey declined the place of Consul-General at Berlin, which was offered to him by President Cleveland. The essays in *Women, etc.*, cover a very wide range of topics, including "Second Wives and Second Husbands," "Is the American Girl a Bore?" "Why Bachelors Should

not be Taxed," "The Ignorance of Women in the Management of Men," "A Plea for Loquacity," "Jealousy as a Curable Disease and as an Admirable Attribute," etc.

The other day we heard an Englishman, long resident in this country, remark somewhat impatiently: "I am so deathly sick of New Englanders with three names!" He said it *à propos* of the late Charles Eliot Norton, whose death has called forth many appreciations, the best of which are touched with a very obvious reserve.



ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER (THE HONOURABLE MRS. ALFRED FELKIN)
Mrs. Felkin's father, Sir Henry Fowler, has just been elevated to the peerage with the title of Viscount Wolverhampton. Wolverhampton is the Silverhampton of the author's stories

Charles Eliot Norton

Mr. Norton for years was Professor of Fine Arts in Harvard University, and his lectures were attended by very large numbers of students, being generally considered the easiest of all the so-called "snap courses." Mr. Norton lectured upon almost anything that came into his head, very much as Ruskin did at Oxford, though without Ruskin's curious felicity of language. Any topic whatsoever might be taken up and discussed from the peculiar point of view of a desiccated New Englander who had lived abroad. There is no doubt that Mr. Norton exercised an enormous influence upon Harvard University. Whether it was a healthy and stimulating and normal influence, we take leave to doubt. His cultivation was the kind of cultivation which makes for narrowness and anæmia, for an exaggerated self-esteem and the peculiar sort of Philistinism which regards its own possessions as necessarily superior to the possessions of anybody else. In this way he made Harvard the home of a meticulous and somewhat supercilious egoism tinged with pessimism and a lack of belief in the really great things of human life. The general drift of his teaching was to disillusion those who heard him; and to our mind it is almost a wicked thing to destroy the illusions of the young, out of which spring generous ideals of life and conduct. So far as his appreciation of art was concerned, he was always an amateur; and years ago, some one rather rudely styled him "the Ward McAllister of the fine arts." All this explains why intelligent comment upon him has exhibited the reserve which we have already mentioned. One might admire his character and his private life, but his teaching represented only the cult of an educated provincialism.

Readers of THE BOOKMAN who are familiar with the writings of Mrs. Annie

Nathan Meyer both in these pages and elsewhere will be interested to know that she is seeking new laurels as a dramatist. A play of hers, entitled *A Dinner of Herbs,* is to be put on at the Empire Theatre for a trial performance in this city on the afternoon of December 4th. The story of the play has to do with Bohemian life as it really is and not as it is too often imagined to be by persons who know nothing about it. Bohemianism, as has been said, is really a state of mind; and when treated with discretion and understanding, there are many dramatic possibilities in it which we shall hope to see brought out in this play by Mrs. Meyer. The audience is likely to be almost a rival to the play, as it will contain many eminent representatives of American art and letters in their higher ranges, with a large infusion of the *beau monde.*

"A Dinner of Herbs"

On the last page of *The Gentleman,* Alfred Ollivant's latest novel, stands this line in italics: *"I will answer no questions about this book.*—A. O." As the book is a story of Lord Nelson's time and touches on the relations of the great naval hero with Lady Hamilton, it may be that Mr. Ollivant anticipates a lively controversy over his treatment of the woman whom Nelson loved; or perhaps he intends merely to ward off the idiotic questions every novelist is occasionally asked; as, for instance, why he did not make Kid Caryll do this instead of that, or whether the fighting parson is a real historical character. Whatever his purpose may have been, the line well illustrates his independence and unconventionality, not to say eccentricity. Reputation has come to Mr. Ollivant by devious ways, and his career has been marked by more than one curious incident. His *Bob, Son of Battle* is now spoken of as a "classic," and probably has a steady sale of several thousand copies a year, yet it was four or five years before the first edition was exhausted and the book began to attain anything like popularity. The history of his second book is even more curious. *Danny* was published when Mr. Ollivant had just attained reputation. A number of the early reviews were severely critical and the book was declared to be unworthy of the author of *Bob, Son of Battle.* Mr. Ollivant promptly wrote his publishers requesting them to recall every copy of the book on which they could lay their hands. He bought back and destroyed the entire remaining edition and the book was declared out of print. His third volume was that curious little story, *Redcoat Captain,* which

Concerning Alfred Ollivant



THE HOME OF ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER AT ELTHAM



ALFRED OLLIVANT



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

Francis W. Crowninshield at hard labour. Mr. Crowninshield's amusing *Manners for the Metropolis* will be discussed in a later issue

was published last year. Mr. Ollivant was so sure that this book would not be understood by the public that he wrote his publishers, in all seriousness, asking them to make a first edition of only four copies, "One for you, one for me, one for —— [a friend who had read and praised the MS.], and one for the public."

Of Mr. Ollivant's personality very little is known, as he has resolutely refrained from personal exploitation. The meagre biography in *Who's Who* relates that he was educated at Rugby and Woolwich and became an officer in the Royal Artillery, resigning in 1895 as a result of an injury to the back received by a fall from his horse. It is known that he wrote *Bob, Son of Battle* while lying flat on his back in bed as a result of this injury. For a number of years he has refused to allow a photograph of himself to be published, and the portrait on this page is from a photograph taken several years ago.

The Motive-Hunting Reader and the Theory of Malicious Origins

In an entertaining article in the October number of the *Pall Mall Magazine,* called "The Skeleton in the Novelist's Cupboard," Miss Cholmondeley tells how she has suffered from the literal-mindedness of her readers, who are forever identifying her disagreeable characters with people whom they know. She cites so many instances that her case seems almost pitiable. Apparently she cannot introduce an unpleasant person in her novels without being accused of covertly attacking with the basest of



JULES GUERIN

Mr. Guerin is the illustrator of Robert Hichens's *Egypt and Its Monuments.* Both author and artist made pilgrimages to the land of the Pharaohs to gather impressions for the book

motives some relative or personal acquaintance, or at least the institution or class of society to which that unpleasant person happens to belong. She recalls one instance in particular on which we commented at the time and which is perhaps the most remarkable of them all. This was the ridiculous controversy to which a character in *Red Pottage* gave rise soon after its appearance. Some readers may recall the character of the Rev. Mr. Gresley in that novel and how he became a literary storm centre for some weeks in the British periodicals of 1901. In creating Mr. Gresley, Miss Cholmondeley had no other design, as she afterward said, than to present to the reader a perfect and altogether detestable example of the "man with a closed mind." He was a type in which satirical novelists have always delighted—the kind of man whom Nature makes when she is stingy of her material, the stunted Pharisee, a type often aimed at in cur-



The author of *The Martyrdom of an Empress*

That the author of *The Martyrdom of an Empress* was not born to the usages of Anglo-Saxon speech is recalled by the announcement that her new novel, *The Cradle of the Rose*, has been written by her not only in the English of which she has acquired such decided mastery, but also in her native French for publication in Paris. *The Cradle of the Rose* deals with a Royalist conspiracy in which the leading aristocracy of the ancient Duchy of Brittany are engaged, and, by a curious coincidence, one of the most striking figures in the book will be easily recognised as the young Royal Prince of France now travelling in this country.

rent fiction but seldom so successfully attained, for he was meant to be hated by the reader, and the reader certainly did hate the Rev. Mr. Gresley with the hate of long acquaintance in the flesh. To this degree he was, artistically, a triumph. But with the literalness that so often interferes with the spiritual digestion of our race, and that had but a short time before shown itself in this country in those astonishing sociological investigations into Mr. Markham's *Man with the Hoe,* the conscientious Englishman began to read into Mr. Gresley many deep and sinister meanings. He was a thrust at religion in general or at the Anglican church or at a wholly innocent party within the church. Serious persons on all sides rallied to the defence of sacred institutions. The *Guardian* characterised him as "a libel on the High Church clergy generally," and as "a perverse misinterpretation alike of the principles and methods of the High Church party."



RAMSAY BENSON
Author of *A Lord of Lands*



THE LATE VICTORIEN SARDOU

So soon as a writer hits off human nature, especially a disagreeable aspect of it, there is a hot chase for the specific purpose he had in view. Whom or what is he attacking? A bad parson is a gibe at religion; a bad wife is a thrust at the marriage relation. He is lucky if some of his readers are not more specific and do not accuse him of libelling friends, acquaintances or members of his family. It seems to be an uncontrollable passion, this tethering of an author's fancy to some little allegorical stumps. To be sure some authors themselves set the bad example and so prepare their fiction that it will teach you sociology, if studied with a key, as for instance in Zola's books and their countless imitations. A Zola novel, according to his interpreters, is almost completely amphibious. The hero, we must understand, is Industry struggling toward the light with the aid of Science; and the heroine is a charming young thing that typifies Hygiene and Sanitation (including open plumbing and porcelain tubs). But in creating

Mr. Gresley the author of *Red Pottage* had no such addled motive, and it seemed particularly absurd that what was essentially human in him should be confounded with what was accidentally High Church. As the elder brother of the heroine he might as well have been set down as a "perverse misinterpretation alike of the principles and methods" of elder brothers. As the owner of a bicycle he might as well have been taken as a libel on bicycle riders generally. It was an old story and we recall commenting on it somewhat to this purport at the time, but it has since then repeated itself on occasions without number. Indeed, to judge from the numerous and recent instances in Miss Cholmondeley's frank reminiscences, the motive-grinding habits of British readers must be gaining on them and their intelligence rapidly declining.



MRS. WILSON WOODROW

That which most exasperates Miss Cholmondeley is the peculiar obstinacy with which a reader will cling to a theory of malicious origin long after it has been disproved.

When I first took a pen into my youthful hand I lived in a very secluded part of the midlands, and perhaps, my little world being what it was, it was inevitable that the originals of my characters, especially the tiresome ones, should be immediately identified with the kindly neighbours within a five-mile radius of my paternal rectory. Five miles was about the utmost our little pony could do. It was therefore obviously impossible that I could be acquainted with any one beyond that distance. And from first to last, from that day to this, no one leading a secluded life has been so fatuous as to believe that my characters were evolved out of my inner consciousness. "After all, you must own you took them from *some one*," is a phrase which has long lost its novelty for me. I remember even now my shocked astonishment when a furious neighbour walked up to me and said, "We all recognised Mrs. Alwynn at once as Mrs. ——, *and we all say it is not in the least like her.*"



THE PRESENT LADY DOYLE, WIFE OF THE CREATOR OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

It was not indeed. There was no shadow of resemblance. Did Mrs. ——, who had been kind to me from a child, ever hear that report, I wonder? It gave me many

a miserable hour just when I was expanding in the sunshine of my first favourable reviews. . . .

Young men fresh from public schools also informed me that Mr. Gresley was the facsimile of their tutor, and of no one else. I was at that time unacquainted with any schoolmasters, being cut off from social advantages. But that fact did me no good. The dispassionate statement of it had no more effect on my young friends than my father's denial had on my elderly relations.

I am ashamed to say that once again, as in the case of "Aunt Anne," I endeavoured to exculpate myself in order to pacify two old maiden ladies. Why is it always the acutely unmarried who are made miserable by my books? Is it because—odious thought, avaunt!—married persons do not open them? These two ladies did not, indeed, think that I had been "paying out" some particular clergyman, as suggested in their favourite paper, the *Guardian*, but they were shocked by the profanity of the book. Soon afterward the Bishop of Stepney (now Bishop of London) preached on *Red Pottage* in St. Paul's. I sent them a newspaper which reprinted the sermon *verbatim*, with a note saying that I trusted this expression of opinion on the part of their idolised preacher might mitigate their condemnation of the book.

But when have my attempts at making an effect ever come off? My firework never lights up properly like that of others! It only splutters and goes out. I received in due course a dignified answer that they had both been deeply distressed by my information, as it would prevent their ever going to hear the Bishop of Stepney again.

THE WORD OF PRAISE

A CHRISTMAS STORY

HIS poverty was of the sort that at midday hides itself under a silk hat and a frock coat, and at nighttime under evening clothes.

The little Swedish maid who did up his room in the Washington Square house, where he lodged, was of the opinion that he was a waiter. She knew that waiters dressed just so at night, that they were in and out of their rooms intermittently—being only engaged at stated hours, and that many of them spoke with a strange accent.

He was, however, a musician and a writer of songs which New Yorkers never heard, because New York music publishers would not print them.

Back and forth he carried his little flat parcels of music-manuscripts, after he had spent some hours at what the maid called "making dots with tails on lined paper." Sometimes a member of a publishing firm would tell him to leave his parcel and call again in a week or so; sometimes he must needs place the precious thing in the hands of an underling, to be delivered to one of these great men; sometimes one of the mighty ones would actually stop and talk with him, and even listen while he sat at the piano and dashed off a few bars, and then the publisher would say:

"Yes, yes! Beautiful harmonies, depth, power and all that, but it's above the popular taste."

Then he would trudge out again with his parcel, a fire in his brain, and a choir singing melancholy airs in his heart, heeding not the snow and the slush that gathered and afterward froze about his bootheels, to be brought suddenly to life and anger by the jocose query of the next publisher:

"Why don't you try something that young ladies can play on the piano at afternoon teas?"

There were other times when he walked Broadway, flitting in and out of wide doors with his flat parcel, when he dwelt not in New York nor in this land at all, but in the old Leipsic attic, where he had studied composition, giving him-

self over to the divine art and the eating of German sausages. Then again, some cold or cruel word from the maker of musical destinies would awaken him. It would come like a harsh, resonant note from an orchestra, making him start and jump with its intensity, and he would move on, murmuring sadly, *"Es war ein Traum, es war ein Traum!"*

For nearly a year after his arrival in the city of strangers, he remained cheerful and confident, in spite of the discouragements and rebuffs he suffered daily. His heart was full of sweet melodies that would not be stilled, and though his pet sonata was refused on the ground that the musical adviser of the firm had criticised it as "lacking in soul," he knew this was a lie, though he could not know that at a concert a month later that same critical gentleman had played as his own composition something wonderfully like those "soulless" bars.

Once, he himself had given a recital, not to make money, but merely to be heard. He spent the larger part of his ready cash to pay the expenses, and he sent complimentary tickets to certain members of New York's musical set, and to certain others outside the set who gave at-homes and receptions at which they employed the best talent they could find at the highest prices. The affair came at the very busiest part of the social season, so the recipients of the tickets gave them to their butlers and ladies-maids, who sat through the performance stolid and alarmed by turns, resenting the absence of such popular airs as "Kiss Me Goodbye and Go."

He was told that in the writing of his songs he must make concessions to the popular demands, and he made one, hiring out his artistic soul to the devil for a day and a night, while he wrote and left with a Broadway house a "catchy" air which even the young ladies at their afternoon teas would not despise. Madly on the second morning he rushed to the publisher, who was just dictating a prompt letter of acceptance and terms.

"Give it to me back!" he cried. "It is a sin!"

Thinking that he wished but to make some slight change in it, the publisher handed it to him. He tore it to bits, which he stuffed into his pocket, as though fearing that the fragments might otherwise be gathered and pasted together and supplied to afternoon teaparties in spite of him, and walked away.

Then followed the days when he tried to get pupils in music or in German, or in both, and failed; when he played for a week on a department store piano in the midst of curious and ogling shoppers, which position he lost because the firm had found now an infant prodigy; when he began to eat irregularly, reducing his meals from three to two a day, with a frequent supper of only pretzels and beer; when he hurriedly went in and out of the lodging-house door, fearing to meet the landlady; when he shrank from the little maid who wondered at his dismissal of the laundress, and found upon his towel-rack an occasional washed-out handkerchief, hanging all dripping and unshaken, base betrayer of his ignorance of the art of laundering. Once she surreptitiously darned the fine lisle which she found rough-dry on the towel-rack, and he knew it and blessed her, though he did not speak.

There is no loneliness like that which a stranger feels in the midst of a crowd, no solitude like that of a great city. Such was the loneliness which now the musician felt as he walked the streets at Christmastide. His frock coat was now covered with a great-coat, all too thin; his silk hat showed rough indentations, which his nervous fingers failed to stroke away as he prepared for his daily jaunts, carrying still his little flat package under his arm. At the music houses they were too busy now to pay even their former heed to him; they could not promise a consideration and criticism of his productions inside of many weeks, yet even on the day before Christmas, when he left his room, he tucked the flat parcel under his arm from force of habit. The flat parcel was as much a part of his outdoor array as were his hat and his ebony stick, which latter he found convenient now for support along the way.

* * * * *

The bells of Grace Church chimed out the hours of Christmas Eve in tuneful hymn. Here was a spot which the musician had learned to love when first he had

arrived in the strange town. He had left behind him a tragedy in the Fatherland, but on the night of his arrival, Christmas Eve a year ago, these bells had rung out comfort and welcome to him with the music of

Come ye Disconsolate
Where ere ye languish!

Against the iron pickets he had leaned as he listened:

Here bring your wounded heart,
Here tell your anguish,

called the bells, and then it was as though a hand were stretched toward him, a kind face peering into his, a whisper in his ear:

Earth has no sorrow
That Heaven cannot heal!

Ah, the comfort, the solace, the ambition of that Christmas Eve of a year ago—or was it years and years ago! Now there was mockery in the notes of the chimes, almost a loud "ha! ha!" at his broken courage and lost heart. Were they not ringing, to the tune of a Christmas carol,

We told you so—
We t-o-l-d you s-o!

The laughter of the chimes drove him away and further up to Union Square, where he became almost choked in the pressure of hurrying, belated Christmas shoppers, who seemed to have been putting off during the preceding day and the preceding week all the things they should have done, and were now cramming a week's shopping into a few anxious hours. Men breathing frost and carrying bundles passed him; women, over-loaded, leading expectant children by the hand; street urchins with mischievous faces and deafening horns; messenger boys hurrying with telegrams, boxes of roses and bonbons.

Everybody was bent upon doing something for somebody else. Every face told of some other face akin to it by ties of blood or friendship. Only himself seemed alone, cut off, outcast in a city of happy foreigners. Once a policeman touched him on the shoulder. "You're blocking the way, my man!" The officer spoke civilly, kindly, but his words served to increase the bitterness welling up like a terrible tide in the heart of the foreigner.

Now he was on Sixth Avenue, a small speck in the seething mass of humanity moving upward toward Twenty-third Street, then he turned aimlessly into a poor side street. It was a poor block, made up of small shops and cheap tenements, with here and there a foreign table-d'hote restaurant. It was a block where children played in the street, and he noted a large crowd of neglected looking little ones—neglected as to cleanliness of skin and wholeness of garment, yet seeming not to mind it if one might judge from their shining Christmas faces. They were alternately warming their hands over a bonfire of barrels and boxes, kept up by some of the larger boys, and dancing to a halting, stammering tune, ground out from a hand-organ by a sallow-faced wrinkled Italian. Now the little girls circled around in the light of the bonfire, daintily lifting their short, ragged petticoats; now the boys scuffled and shuffled about, awkwardly, yet in time, throwing an occasional barrel stave into the fire.

The grinder stopped for a moment to change hands, then the organ went on, groaning and wheezing; and on whirled the little girls, on swung the boys, claiming a partner here and there. The writer of songs which no one would print halted and dazedly stretched out his hands to the bonfire to warm them.

"Es war ein Traum!" he murmured unsteadily. Now the organ gasped and grunted, took on new courage, burst out afresh and to quicker time, the children clapping their hands and shouting, while on they danced.

The dazed look left the musician's face. The lines of care and bitterness and desperate resolve melted away, and a glorious, happy light came into his blue eyes. How had come this tune across the water, the air of one of his own songs, composed years ago in his early student days in the old Leipsic attic amid the odour of his meerschaum and his sausages —this bit of a song that he had dedicated to some little German peasant children whom he had loved?

A Christmas greeting! The word of Praise! Had he not walked these for-

eign streets with this longing ever growing, and never satisfied?

Here was his greeting, here the word of praise, here the call to new life, here the blessing on his head! His hand travelled down into his great-coat pocket. There were a few coins, carefully, bitterly saved, two dollars in all, for once he had seen a revolver hanging in a pawnshop window labelled, "Price, two dollars," and somehow he had determined never to be without two dollars. Now, with joy, he gathered up the coins, rushed toward the organ-grinder and ecstatically dropped them into the cup.

"Merry Chreestmas, old man!" he cried. "Merry Chreestmas, leetle boy und leetle girl!"

The organ paused in its wheezing, the dancers hesitated. The organ-grinder and his patrons gazed in astonishment after the flying feet of the queer little man who was joyously hastening to answer the summons which had come to him.

For he had heard the call of New York's children of the streets. "Come pipe for us," they said, "and we will dance!"

Elizabeth Banks.

THE UNCONQUERED AMERICAN MALE

AS the American Woman is constantly said, by ourselves and by foreign critics, to be the *fine fleur* of our civilisation, so her greatest achievement is commonly alleged to be the subjugation of the American Man. As described, she sits on a throne radiant in a Paris gown and glittering with diamonds, while chained by the leg in a treadmill downtown the man of her family, be he father or husband, sweats ceaselessly in her service. Uptown in the bright air—which is clearest and most invigorating to ladies in a part of New York City which lies near Fifth Avenue and east of the Park—that wonderful class always spoken of in the newspapers as "Society Women" live and have their being; downtown in the gloom, with skyscrapers piled mountain high above them, their slaves bend to their tasks. Uptown these carefree butterflies flutter from social pleasure to social pleasure, making fashionable New York the equal, in idleness, splendour and folly, of any European capital. Downtown—but why go on? All this we fondly believe. Upon this fancy picture we occasionally splash a tear of sympathy for the unfortunate man, whose spirit is thus crushed by the triumphant Amazonian female of his race. Really, is it not worth while, in simple justice to those women who have struggled so long, so bravely, so much in vain, to bring men to terms, to throw a stone or two at these accepted views?

Unhappy "society women" in New York believe that men work because they like to. Wives actually cry because their husbands will not leave the office and go abroad with them for those Paris gowns. Matrons of the parterre tier at the Metropolitan would double the price of their boxes if only they could see the men of their family come to the Opera otherwise than tugging at the halter and with their ears laid back. What, in short, is society without men? What does it avail American women that men allow them to do everything they like if they cannot force the men to do anything which they —the men—don't like? What is the American man, if you please, but a stubborn, selfish, unconquered brute? Where, after all, is the treadmill: in Upper Fifth Avenue or in Wall Street?

For years American women, their minds improved by reading and by the advantages of foreign travel, have

dreamed a lovely dream that we should, at least in the larger cities of the East, and in such favoured rural districts as Newport and Lenox, have a society on the approved European models, where in an elegant leisure, made possible by our country's great wealth, male and female in almost equal numbers shall disport themselves, where the former should stroll with the latter to lunch, grace her tea table and her board at dinner, and willingly, whenever necessary, clasp her in the waltz till dawn. Possibly Mr. Upton Sinclair may still believe in some such roseate vision. But white-faced women at the telephone in New York, hoping against hope that they can get enough men together to meet a distinguished foreigner at lunch, or even to fill a sudden gap at dinner or at the Opera, could give him the lie.

There is no census of the subjugated and unsubjugated male population of the metropolis. Trivial and chance evidence must be taken. A lady giving up in despair the task of filling an Opera box cried out: "I've tried every one of the twenty-five or thirty obvious men for the Opera, and now—well, I'm tired!" Does this not conjure up a vision? New York is a city of several millions, yet a devoted band of twenty-five or thirty is all that can be counted on for Opera work! Can you not see them, strapped nightly into their white waistcoats, going forth courageously to assume that correct air, just halfway between enthusiasm and indifference as to both the music and the ladies who accompany them?

It is estimated that there are about nineteen and a half men in the town who will lunch out, but no single hostess knows of these more than about nine and two-thirds. And half men and two-thirds men are—well, those chains on the leg in the legendary treadmill downtown would be struck off hurriedly by thousands of women if the released men—the real and whole ones—could only be re-chained at the lunch table.

Let us for a few moments run through the day of a woman of fashion—who knows what life abroad may be—and see how incessantly she is in need of men, and how constantly she must be balked in any American town. If she went out at half past eleven in a European capital it would be possible to find a young man whose taste inclined him to errands and who could assist in the selection of a few *bibelots* for the drawing-room, or objects for more personal purposes of adornment. After a leisured stroll there might be lunch at the lady's house, or, with the addition of another woman, probably another man, to the party, at some pleasant restaurant.

After lunch, say at least from half past two to half past three, there is no special need of male attendance. Let us pause for breath in this solemn interval before we tackle the question of tea; for the problem of tea in reference to America and American men must be faced squarely and courageously.

In England men like their tea, and have it at their clubs, so it is not unusual for a man to enjoy taking it with a lady. The Continental, with no real taste for the drink, is now constantly consuming it in female society at a million tea shops and smart hotels all over Europe. But to the American man tea has always been, and apparently always will be, "pink." He abhors it as a beverage, and considers a woman's tea-table a thing leading only to weakness and effeminacy in its male votaries. There was a period in America some ten or fifteen years ago when high hopes were cherished among the economically minded of being able to make of tea an actual entertainment, valid as such in the social clearing house. But this hope flickered and died soon, except in artistic circles. Here and there in the studios the tea, faintly pink, still lingers, but it is now fairly well recognised that poets and those undersized are about all it can hope to attract. Even the most literary of novelists, once his book is selling, is around the corner at the club or in the nearest bar-room with a cocktail.

The legend of the two Englishmen and the tea at Sherry's is a crystallisation, in New York history, of what we feel about the decoction. These gentlemen, running across each other by chance toward five o'clock in Fifth Avenue, dropped into the famous restaurant, the acquaintance of which they had already made, for a cup of tea. Seating themselves in a room

where many people were partaking of such refreshment, they waited, growing impatient, to give their order. Waiters, with a nervous frightened air, circled near them, but fled when beckoned to. From a remote corner several upper-waiters seemed to spy upon them and confer about them, as creatures somehow suspect. Finally the chief advanced and with great politeness regretted that he could not serve the gentlemen. "The invariable rule of the restaurant is," he said, "that gentlemen unaccompanied by ladies cannot be served with tea!"

[One of the most curious sights of New York is said to be a small tea-shop, not so far from Sherry's, where hunted Englishmen may be seen, consuming their national beverage, as it were in sanctuary.]

In face of such expressions of the National temper, how can it be thought that American men can be counted on to help those late afternoon hours, during which abroad a woman may be so alluring? What is the tea-gown in America but a useless rag?

The situation grows somewhat easier as dinner approaches, but before entering these smoother waters let us indulge in a little historical digression upon the afternoon, and record another failure of unhappy woman.

First, a word about the Upper Ten Club. The name is fictitious, but it will not be hard to guess to what exclusive organisation it refers. Its membership is scrutinised with extreme rigidity. To belong to it is to be a thing apart, to be smart and fashionable in every conceivable sense of the words. To the female mind the club house in Fifth Avenue for years seemed a rich treasure house, a lovely preserve where these fine young creatures (alas, only too few!) born and trained to the work of society, stood like thoroughbred racers in their stalls, ready, when duty called, to lunch, to tea, to dine, to dance, and to "operate," if one may venture to coin a verb to express attendance in the Metropolitan boxes. In emergencies ladies of real rank could always telephone to the club and have a man or two sent up for dinner. Old James, at the door, was said to recognise over the telephone the voice of every woman of recognised position in New York, and to be a social power whose influence was incalculable. His favour could make a woman, his enmity mar her career. To agonised hostesses in need of men he would suggest who in the club at the moment would be the most likely guest. Happy days, those!

Trouble came when some intrepid and optimistic women, with memories of London and the English country, conceived the idea that it might be possible to get men uptown in the afternoon for bridge. Then it was that even the young men of the Knick—no, the Upper Ten Club—rebelled. Specially bred though they might be, highly trained as they were for their great work in New York Society, they felt their American blood course in a wilder blue current through their veins. The Spirit of the Revolution woke again, and independence was declared when orders were given to old James at the door and in the telephone booth that he must tell no inquirers who was in the club.

Old James! When he passes away women should erect a monument to his memory. In their service he fought valiantly.

"No, ma'am," he would say to Mrs. Morpont over the telephone, "I could not say whether any of the gentlemen you mention are in the club or not. But have you, ma'am, thought of Mr. Eustace Parks, Mr. Philip Underwood, or young Mr. De Reuter Smith?" And always these young gentlemen, when Mrs. Morpont's name was brought up, proved to be in the club. Descending to the telephone on the chance that they would be needed for dinner that evening, they got caught for bridge that afternoon.

Poor faithful James! Even this little subterfuge was discovered and stopped. At last the valiant youths were safely entrenched in their citadel. What chance, one asks again, have women in America while daylight lasts?

Comment is constantly made upon the resourcefulness, the independence of our women, their power to amuse themselves in each other's company. A distinguished novelist, now resident in England, viewing the phenomena of ladies' lunches, women's clubs, and other exclusively feminine activities, seeing

with wonder the apparent lack of any male element, is said to have described all American society as merely "women chattering in the void." But, poor darlings, where else are they to chatter, or with whom? The smaller towns accept the inevitable, but New York, and, even more, Washington, our leisurely capital, still fight on.

As night falls a great army of men are released in New York, men who have worked hard and lunched lightly, who have hearty appetites and who know good food and sound wines when they see them, who are, in short, more or less willing to dine. To some extent the aboriginal American aversion to a meal eaten ceremoniously persists, still in the metropolis the problem of dinner-giving is minimised. It is to Washington that we must turn for a situation that will wring the heart.

Never was there a city in the world where so many ladies could devote money and complete leisure to purely social activity. It is the Mecca of the newly ambitious. It is the place where access to fashionable life is easiest. And it is one of the greatest dining-out centres of the world. But who, pray, can find enough men? Senators are sometimes in society, it is true, and many gentlemen occupied in the executive branches of the Government, who have thereby acquired something of a court tone. But congressmen, as a rule, are not "smart," they haven't even always "swallow-tails," their wives are apt to be dowdy, and when they are bachelors very often they'll be "durned" if they want to sit through a "course dinner" every night when they might be playing pool in one of the hotels. There is no commerce in Washington and no business men. The natural American source of supply is non-existent. And as to the innumerable young men who are clerks in the various Government offices —who could expect ladies who live in the atmosphere of our American Court to consider such underlings?

This is the appalling situation. Yet dinner is just Washington's pride, just what gives it—so it tells itself—the proper tone of cosmopolitan smartness. Dinners there must be. That there are dinners, is owing to the devoted industry and courage of the little band of diplomats, who stand ready, with smiling mouths and good digestions, to dispose daily of as much as possible of the surplus food of the country whose friendship they have come to seek. Heroes, every one of them! Valiant trencher-men who are the very foundation stones in the fair edifice of Washington women's happiness!

There is a story at the capital of a diplomat whose interest in really good feeding was exceptional, who could distinguish, blindfolded, all the vintages of champagne that were worth the drinking. His praiseworthy determination was that he should know completely what one may term the culinary geography of Washington. One day, they say, walking with an American friend in the new part of the town that is growing up at the end of Connecticut Avenue, he came upon a row of houses which he had never seen before. They were solid architecturally, the curtains were fresh, and of real lace, the windows were shining, everything betokened the existence of authentic money within. The foreign gentleman considered them—diplomatically, shall we say? His eye lit, and he spoke meditatively.

"These are new houses," he murmured. "People must live here. They must eat. They must give dinners. They might give good dinners. I will call."

And then, quite solemnly, he proceeded to ring the bell and to leave his card at every house in the block!

The story is good enough as it stands. But it is improved by the fact that within the month he dined at at least three-quarters of these new tables. At least, so the story records. But as a general rule it is certain that diplomats in Washington already eat up to their capacity. No relief to suffering hostesses can come from them. Unless a training table can be established soon where promising clerks in the Government offices can be taught how to dine out, and then sent in reply to hurry-up calls from desperate entertainers, there seems little chance of any amelioration of the situation.

Meanwhile all gratitude should be given to our foreign friends. They lunch, they dine, they drink tea, sometimes—bless them!—they even walk with ladies

in the morning. Meanwhile the American man, both in New York and Washington, behaves as though he were in a mining camp, and refuses persistently to put on the boiled shirt of a fashionable life. All honour to foreigners for their part in making our women happy, to those especially without whom our capital would be uninhabitable.

One may perhaps venture upon a trifling anecdote to show how constantly and entirely dependent are ladies in Washington society upon foreign males. A man from out of town recently telephoned to Mrs. X. L., whose house is a centre of Washington's gaiety. The connection was bad, and the butler, who answered the call, couldn't quite catch the name.

"Mr. Brown-Jones," repeated our friend.

"Count *What?*" asked the butler, coming as near some likely name as he could.

"Why marry abroad?" we say, speaking of our women. "Why not?" says the March Hare. If Count What will not help us here in America, how is Society to go on? The American Male is still building railroads, running Wall Street or reforming it. He thinks New York means business and Washington politics. He is still unconquered.

There is only one ray of light in the dark sky. Some girls lately have arranged to have their titled husbands live here in America. That may be the beginning of a new régime. We may breed a new stock of young men more suitable to the uses of our women. Society may go on its triumphant way. And America may yet be saved.

Harrison Rhodes.

CENTURIES NEW AND OLD

WILL any one be able to describe as happy the new century of which Mr. Martin discourses so pleasantly in his latest volume of familiar essays?* Perhaps that half century which Miss Repplier calls happy† has gained some glory by its being far. Yet it is true enough that we of this time are "pressed by heavy laws," and take life more seriously than our ancestors. The period which Miss Repplier takes as a peg for her delightful account of some bygone worthies is bounded roughly between 1775 and 1825. "It was not a time distinguished—in England, at least—for wit or wisdom, for public virtues or for private charm; but it *was* a time when literary reputations were so cheaply gained that nobody needed to despair of one." There are those who think that literary reputations may be cheaply gained now. Mr. Martin says, for example, that "the majority of writers seem to have come to that calling somewhat as men come to State-prison—without any original purpose to get there." Still, it is quite possible that the particular virtues of the "female authors" of Miss Repplier's happy half century would make little noise in the world to-day; they would at least have to drop their moral reflections and proceed to the consideration of questions once taboo in polite society. An interminable essay entitled "Against Inconsistency in Our Expectations" would certainly stand a small chance with the editors who yearn for the "big" and "vital," and dabble in "red blood."

Four of Miss Repplier's heroines stick fiery off against the prevailing dulness. None of these, except Miss Austen, has her full due to-day; but Miss Edgeworth, Miss Burney and Miss Ferrier deserve a better fate than the oblivion of literary history. Miss Austen herself was too clear-sighted not to perceive the folly of much that passed for wisdom; witness her satirical *Northanger Abbey,* to say noth-

*In a New Century. By Edward Sandford Martin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

†A Happy Half Century, and Other Essays. By Agnes Repplier. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company.

ing of the sly digs in *Sense and Sensibility* and elsewhere. She would not have praised Mrs. Barbauld's poems as Miss Burney did, and if she ever read *Thaddeus of Warsaw* it must have been with a smile. But then our Jane lived far from the madding crowd of literary ladies. These had admirers enough without her. Nothing is more singular than the praise which men of distinction lavished upon Mrs. Chapone, Mrs. Montagu and Miss Hannah More. Perhaps some of them at heart subscribed to Johnson's gruff dictum, and applauded, not because the work was done well, but because it was done at all. The plea of sex is not unknown in our time, and being a Woman has become a profession. May there not be literary ladies of to-day upon whom some witty essayist of another century will look with amused condescension? And is the reason for amusement with these bygone daughters of the Muses so much their lack of skill as their choice of themes? A writer so clever as Miss Repplier has no difficulty in making sport of the absurd compliments which were paid to them. Their mission through all these happy years "was to elevate and refine." Their attitude toward matters of the intellect was "one of obtrusive humility." They professed the most exquisite sentiments, the most delicate morality; and the age was sentimental and (if not moral) didactic. Her readers owe Miss Repplier a debt for bringing afresh to their notice the Lichfield Swan and the other rare birds of the literary aviary. Of her wit and humour, of the charm of her style, it is needless to speak.

Perhaps the new century of which Mr. Martin writes has not the leisure to linger over the pages of the past, however entertaining they might prove. Mr. Martin notes that we are afflicted in this year of grace with too much success—"that which is gained by the sacrifice of something worth more than itself." One of the things we have given over is leisure, a most important factor in the successful life. That is one reason why the reading habit is not more cultivated—unless one calls "keeping up" with the latest novels reading; and most of our men do not even do that. And in literature, as in other things, a nation gets what it deserves. Superficial readers make superficial writers. "A man who has been a fairly successful writer for a good many years," Mr. Martin says, "has been heard to attribute his success to the exceptionally feeble quality of his mind, which brought it about that he got tired of any line of thought he was expounding before the reader did." There is a melancholy element of truth in this humorous exaggeration. It suggests a question too large to be debated here—whether democracy may not be fatal to distinction in letters as in other things. Our best writers have been essentially aristocrats; for a horrible example of literary democracy, vide Walt Whitman. Yet a political democracy can be socially exclusive. Disparity of incomes in itself produces social divergences. Mr. Martin does not object to exclusiveness, as the Fairy Queen did not object to stoutness, "in moderation." American exclusiveness is unclassified—not always, perhaps, so wholly to our advantage as we are apt to imagine. "Where there are classes there are strong ties between classes—class habits, class duties, class attitudes toward life; a little less, perhaps, of the general scramble in which every man is for himself." The worst feature of the American man of leisure—so far as he exists—is that he has plenty of privileges but few duties. Great fortunes have not had, on the whole, a favourable influence upon the national character. "There is no use at all—is there?—in raising families of children who will spend money, scoot about in devil wagons, shirk work, and get divorces whenever the mood strike them."

Mr. Martin is a genial philosopher, but his teaching is none the less timely and vigorous. Quotation hardly does his book justice. But there is no pleasanter current reading than Miss Repplier and he have provided for us.

Edward Fuller.

THE AUTHOR'S FULL DINNER PAIL

AGAINST a wall in one of the rooms of the Authors' Club of New York there hangs a print that, at a glance, may be recognised as English and eighteenth century. It is entitled "Author and Publisher." The figure of the latter, lolling in a great chair before a table, is the personification of complacent arrogance and material prosperity. Standing before him, begging his good offices, is the emaciated, ill-clad scribe, and in the exaggerated humility of his posture one must read a pitiful story of unjust and unequal conditions, and perhaps, in imagination, catch a furtive glimpse of some squalid attic in Grub Street and a sad-eyed, heart-heavy wife and wailing, hungry child. The contrast is just such a one as Mr. Opper gives us from day to day in his pictures of the "Greedy, All Powerful Trust" and the "Common People," without any of the comic twist which the artist instils into his work.

While, as shall be shown in figures later on, conditions had vastly improved in England in the first quarter of the last century, there still lurked in the breast of the man of letters a strong spirit of protest and a belief in his grievance. Byron was speaking for his fellow-poets as well as for himself in his famous "Now Barabbas Was a Publisher." You will remember in *Pendennis* Bacon and Bungay and the brilliant and unfortunate Captain Shandon, a prisoner in the Fleet, and the resentment expressed by Mr. Arthur Pendennis to Warrington in the chambers at Pump Court.

You are a Diogenes by a beer barrel, Warrington. No man shall tell me that a man of genius as Shandon is ought to be driven by such a vulgar slave driver as yonder Mr. Bungay, whom we have just left, who fattens on the profits of the author's brains, and enriches himself out of his journeyman's labour. It makes me indignant to see a gentleman the serf of such a creature as that, who can't speak the language that he lives by, and who is not fit to back Shandon's boots. I protest against that wretch of a middleman whom I see between Genius and his great landlord, the Public, and who stops more than half of the labourer's earnings and fame.

Whatever inequalities may exist to-day, the successful modern novelist can hardly be regarded as an object of compassion. For him the days of Grub Street have passed. He shows an interest in the fluctuations of real estate and the quotations of shares and bonds that is rather out of harmony with the old legends. For the pleasant work of a few months he is at times able to win an amount equal to the earnings of the average business man or physician or lawyer for as many years. Indeed in certain quarters there is a very strong feeling that the burden has been shifted—that the pendulum has swung too far. In the days of the French Revolution the sans-culotte attained a height of tyrannical arrogance that quite surpassed the earlier hauteur of M. le Marquis of the old *noblesse*. Is the half-starved scribe of 1740, in a new incarnation, now taking his revenge?

This article began with an allusion to a certain print in the Authors' Club. The present writer recalls an evening, some winters ago, when a member of the house of Harper was noticed standing before the print studying it intently. His countenance was gloomy and he was heard to mutter, "Infamous, infamous." "What is infamous?" asked some one. "Why see for yourself," replied Mr. Harper, pretending to misunderstand the meaning of the print, and not at all ill-pleased at the opportunity of a fling at the new conditions. "Is it not infamous the way that rich author is bullying that poor publisher?"

Big Sales and Earnings of the Past

While the general recognition of the vast profits to be won by successful authorship has been a matter of the last ten or fifteen years, one need only think of the stately edifice which Sir Walter Scott erected on the banks of the Tweed

to realise that the great rewards of authorship have not been confined exclusively to the present day. To have erected and maintained Abbotsford would have required a fortune many times greater than the author could possibly have earned as a barrister in the Scottish courts. At a time when the purchasing power of money was far greater than it is at present Scott was in the habit of receiving eight thousand pounds for a single volume. Not only by his pen was he able to support a kind of court, but his surplus profits were so large that he was tempted to plunge heavily into outside speculation. Great as the resulting disaster was, he retrieved it by literary labour alone. It is a matter of record that between January, 1826, and January, 1828 he earned for his creditors nearly forty thousand pounds.

Even more spectacular as a literary money winner, but not nearly so creditable, was the elder Dumas, who constructed out of his profits the great château which he called Monte Cristo, where he squandered great sums of money, and kept open table for a vast number of more or less disreputable hangers-on. In the heyday of his popularity, with his great name, the system by which he manipulated the small army of collaborators that he kept in his employ, and his good-natured, though thoroughly unscrupulous willingness to sign as many contracts for the delivery of romances in the future as contained clauses for advance payment, Dumas must have earned annually about three hundred thousand francs. Yet so prodigal was he in his extravagances and his open-handed generosity that even in the years of his brightest triumphs he was often without twenty francs of ready money at his disposal.

A few years ago we read a great deal about the vast sums that were paid for the serial rights of certain books. Recently there has been a great decline in the prices commanded for serial publication, yet even the high-water mark reached in the first few years of the present decade is not so astonishing when we recall that in the forties of the last century, Eugene Sue received from a Paris newspaper one hundred thousand francs for the privilege of printing *The Wandering Jew* in daily instalments. Only once or twice in the annals of subsequent literary plunging has this figure been surpassed. Although to the very end of his life he was heavily in debt, owing to his visionary schemes and wildcat speculations, Honoré de Balzac won large, if not prodigious, sums from the sales of the various books of his "Comedie Humaine."

Of more modern French novelists Alphonse Daudet passed the later years of his life in comfortable affluence. The story of Emile Zola's literary earnings is the story of his property at Médan. There he lavished his money. To the original house he made many additions, building at one time a large square tower in which he fitted up a spacious workroom, where most of his later books were written. This first tower was built with money derived from *L'Assommoir* and was known as L'Assommoir Tower. A second large tower was erected out of some of the proceeds of *Nana*. Various other improvements were paid for by *La Terre* and *La Débâcle*. Médan, from an architectural point of view, naturally became in the end an exceedingly strange looking place. Gustave Flaubert made no great amount from any of his books save *Madame Bovary*. But then he had inherited a comfortable fortune and was not worried in his work by the question of pecuniary profits. M. Edouard Maynial's book on Guy de Maupassant, which appeared two or three years ago, gave a curious insight into the earnings of the ill-starred genius who produced *Une Vie*. According to M. Maynial, De Maupassant's yearly earnings were from twenty-eight to thirty thousand francs. This is not large, for in the Paris of twenty years ago he was a "big seller." For his novels he was paid one franc a line in the periodicals, or, to express the matter in the terms of to-day, at the rate of two or three cents a word for the serial rights.

Earnings of Some of the Victorians

Dickens was a man of extravagant, though not wildly reckless habits in money matters, and yet his estate at his death amounted in round figures to one hundred thousand pounds. His total

earnings during the thirty odd years of his successful literary work must have reached nearly three times that sum. In the years before the publication of *Vanity Fair,* when he was little better than a literary hack of high order contributing to *Fraser's, Punch* and various London daily papers, Thackeray used to speak with a certain peevish envy of Dickens "making his ten thousand pounds a year." Although Thackeray never made anything like the money from his pen that his great contemporary did —the period when he could command high prices covering only about sixteen years—he was able to live handsomely, to frivol many valuable days at Richmond or Greenwich, to build himself a fine house, and to leave to his children an estate equal in amount of the estate that he himself had inherited and wasted in his younger days.

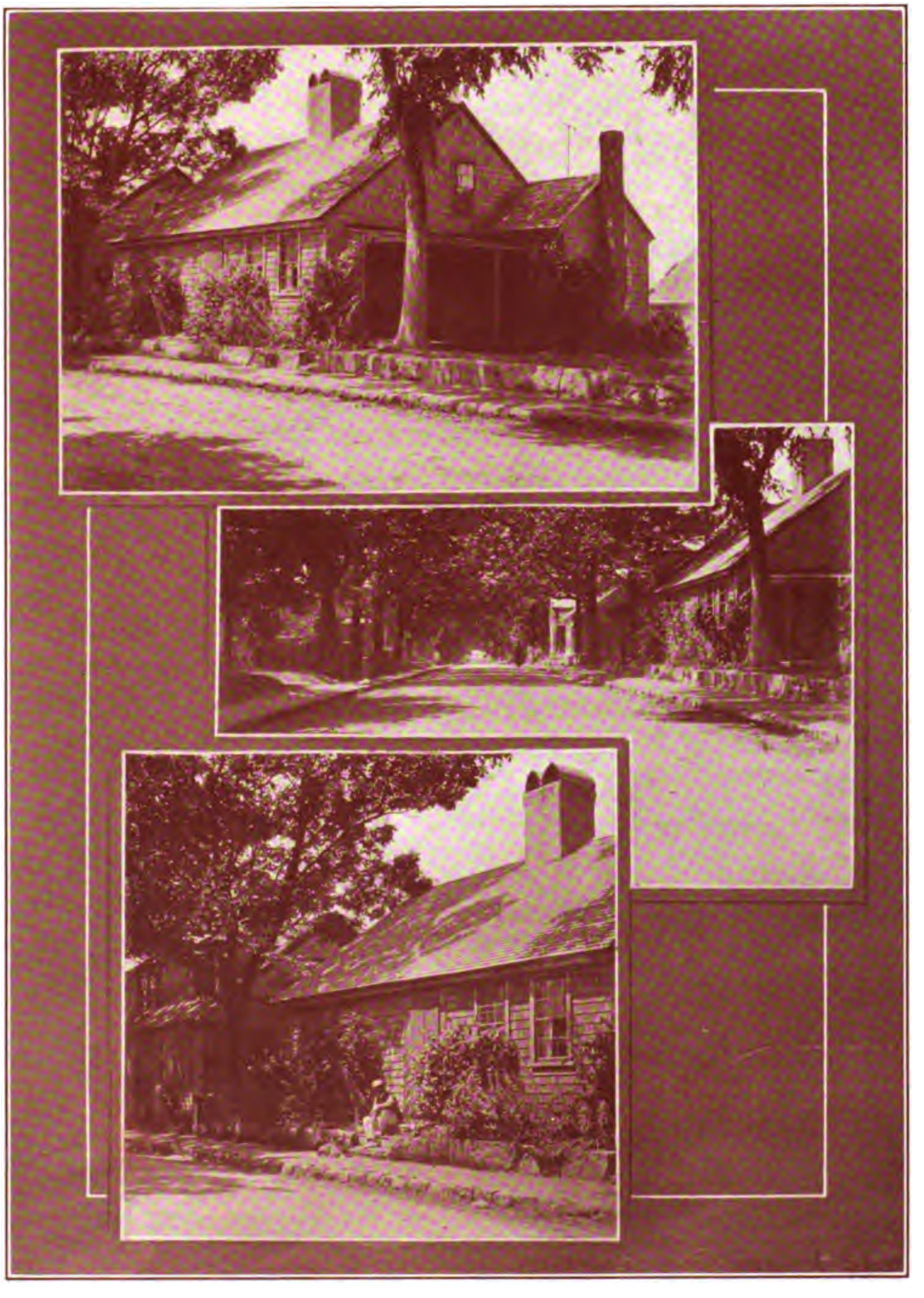
After he retired from the editorship of the *Cornhill Magazine* Thackeray was paid one hundred guineas apiece for the little two- or three-page essays which were afterward collected as the *Roundabout Papers.* When we consider the great distinction of the book in question, there is a pathetic note in the fact that Thackeray expressed himself as being delighted because his publishers agreed to pay him one thousand pounds outright for the history of Henry Esmond. Imagine the attitude that would be taken by Mr. Hall Caine or Miss Marie Corelli if a similar offer were to be made to them for one of their books to-day.

Kipling, Du Maurier, and Doyle

There is an old story to the effect that a certain man in a small English town stumbled upon the information that Rudyard Kipling was being paid for his work at the rate of a shilling a word. The man, who was of a waggish turn of mind, sat down and wrote to the author enclosing a money-order for a shilling and asking for a sample of his wares. As the order was accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope Mr. Kipling complied with the request by sending back, written on a piece of paper, the word "Thanks." But Kipling as a literary property, as a constant winner of money by his pen, is probably far too highly appraised in the general mind. He is by no means the millionaire that he is thought to be, although unquestionably he has builded up a comfortable fortune. Of course nowadays he is paid the very highest prices for everything that he cares to write. It has been said that for the serial rights in England and in this country of *Kim* his agent asked and received five thousand pounds. Any magazine would probably jump at the chance to pay him a thousand pounds for a short story. The story itself might not be worth that, and it might not attract to the magazine a thousand additional readers, but considered in the light of advertising it would be money well invested.

There was a time, however, in the early days when Kipling tales could be had for very humble sums. When, a good many years ago, the Man from Nowhere landed on our shores, he went about from magazine office to magazine office carrying a Gladstone bag filled with manuscripts. They were his wonderful Indian yarns, some of the stories which afterward went to make up *Life's Handicap, Many Inventions* and *Mine Own People.* He was disposed then to sell them at fifty dollars apiece, but succeeded in placing only a few, the general comment being that nobody was interested in anything to do with India. One editor, who had been beguiled into accepting a yarn, soon after came to the conclusion that he had made a mistake. It was simply an editorial "bad break." So he promptly thrust the manuscript into a drawer reserved for similar unfortunate choices and forgot all about it. Some years later when Kipling had "arrived" and the magazines were offering wildcat prices for his work, this editor met Kipling at an authors' reception in New York. Kipling recalled the fact that the two had met on a previous occasion. "When was that?" asked the editor. Thereupon Kipling reminded him of the story which had been reluctantly purchased such a long time before. The editor, who had quite forgotten the existence of the manuscript, rushed to his office and soon had the piece in print.

Speaking in an arbitrary sense one may say that the vogue of the "big seller," as it is understood to-day, began with Mr. du Maurier's *Trilby.* Although that



SOME GLIMPSES OF THE HOME OF RICHARD HARDING DAVIS IN MARION, MASS.

book was the first novel which the eminent and later middle-aged artist had planned to write, it was temporarily laid aside, and *Peter Ibbetson* produced in its stead. That admirable tale, though it won the frank admiration of the discriminating few, was not, from the monetary point of view, a decided success. When he completed *Trilby,* which he had first outlined in a conversation with Henry James, who had urged him to write it. Du Maurier considered the offer of two thousand pounds for the rights outright made to him by the American publishers a bit of generosity that bordered on madness. When *Trilby* had taken England and America by storm, and the names of Svengali, Little Billie, Taffy, and the Laird were on the lips of every one, the publishers tore up the original contract, and paid Mr. du Maurier on a royalty basis. For his last work, *The Martian,* Du Maurier was paid the sum of fifty thousand dollars. The book enjoyed only a small fraction of the popularity of *Trilby* and the publishers were lucky if the investment did not prove a losing venture.

Among the literary money earners of to-day Sir Arthur Conan Doyle will be found, if not at the apex, at least very near it. For his first story, *The Mystery of Sasassa Valley*, written when he was an undergraduate at the University of Edinburgh, he received fifteen dollars. For the last series of tales dealing with Sherlock Holmes he was paid, when the American serial rights, the English serial rights and the book rights are taken into consideration at the rate of over two dol-



THE HOME OF GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON. WORK AND PLAY SHOP

"One of the steadiest and most consistent of present day money winners among American novelists is Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. It is unusual when a book of his does not reach a sale of one hundred thousand copies, and the list of his successes includes *Beverly of Graustark, Nedra, The Daughter of Anderson Crow, Jane Cable, Brewster's Millions,* and *The Man from Brodney's.* In addition *Brewster's Millions* yielded its author the profits that come from a successful play. In six years his novels have sold more than a million and a quarter copies."

lars a word. For the serial rights of *Sir Nigel,* a sequel to *The White Company,* and vastly inferior, he received twenty-five thousand dollars. It has been said that it is from a man's worst work that he earns his money, and that his best goes only to the building of his reputation. This is a very broad statement, yet in the case of Conan Doyle it is worth while remembering that for *The Study in Scarlet,* which was the first and one of the best of the Sherlock Holmes stories, and was almost forty thousand words in length, he was paid the sum of one hundred and twenty-five dollars. At that he was obliged to peddle it about from magazine to magazine before finding a purchaser. There were nine or ten years of Doyle's early life during which he worked with indomitable persistence and vigour, and yet never made in any one year more than eight or nine hundred dollars by his pen. Yet when his reward came, it came on a magnificent scale. It is a conservative estimate that his earnings from the character of Sherlock Holmes, all serial and book rights, and the royalties from Mr. William Gillette's play taken into consideration, have amounted to almost four hundred thousand dollars.

Other English Authors

In the matter of earning capacity, in the front rank of contemporary British writers of fiction are Mr. Hall Caine and Miss Marie Corelli. It would be quite superfluous to say anything about the castle of the former in the Isle of Man, or the home of the latter at Stratford-on-Avon. Miss Corelli enjoys the distinction of having been paid the highest percentage of royalty ever received by an author. One English publisher is said to have obtained a recent novel from her by consenting to share with her on what



THE HOME OF GEORGE BARR M'CUTCHEON. CORNER OF LIVING ROOM

may technically be termed a thirty-three and a third per cent. basis. One of the most consistent of literary money winners has been Mrs. Humphry Ward. Her profits from *The Marriage of William Ashe, Lady Rosa's Daughter, Eleanor, Marcella, The History of David Grieve,* and *Sir George Tressady* have averaged at a rough estimate fifty thousand dollars a book. Her most widely discussed novel, *Robert Elsmere,* appeared before the days of international copyright, and in consequence was not a great money winner. The author derived no benefit from the enormous sale which the book had in America.



THE HOME OF SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE, UNDERSHAW, HINDHEAD, SURREY

"There were nine or ten years of Doyle's early life during which he worked with indomitable persistence and vigour, and yet never made in any one year more than eight or nine hundred dollars by his pen. Yet when his reward came, it came on a magnificent scale. It is a conservative estimate that his earnings from the character of Sherlock Holmes, all serial and book rights, and the royalties from Mr. William Gillette's play taken into consideration, have amounted to almost four hundred thousand dollars."

A strong though recent contender in the race for the spoils of authorship is Katharine Cecil Thurston. In America alone *The Masquerader* is said to have sold two hundred thousand copies. That means that her American publishers paid her from forty to sixty thousand dollars according to the percentage of royalty stipulated in her contract. Contrast this with the fate of a book which in its day enjoyed an even greater vogue. Miss Beatrice Harraden sold the English rights of *Ships that Pass in the Night* outright for twenty pounds. In America the story was published by half a dozen different houses, only one of which made any payment to the author. Mr. Maurice Hewlett and Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins, especially the latter, earn handsome incomes from their books; but Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Thomas Hardy, despite the eminent positions which they hold in the world of letters, have been far outdistanced by Mr. Caine and Miss Corelli in the matter of pounds, shillings and pence.



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S HOME. FROM THE GARDEN



SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE'S HOME. THE BILLIARD ROOM



THOMAS DIXON'S HOME, DIXONOAK, VIRGINIA

Mr. Thomas Dixon's royalties from *The Leopard's Spots* amounted to sixty thousand dollars; from *The Clansman* forty thousand dollars and from *The One Woman* almost twenty thousand dollars. *The Clansman* as a play has brought Mr. Dixon ninety thousand dollars in royalty, and as he is also part owner in the production, it has earned for him in addition one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars—making a sum total of over three hundred thousand dollars.

SOME AMERICANS OF TO-DAY

Present literary conditions are very different from what literary conditions were in the days when Edgar Allan Poe was satisfied to receive a five dollar bill for one of the best of his grotesque tales. To avoid any appearance of *lèse majesté,* let us begin with the President. It is only a few months ago that the newspapers were full of various extraordinary stories on this score. Sagamore Hill, Oyster Bay, was represented as being violently besieged by a troop of magazine editors and publishers, who, fired by competition, were bidding one dollar a word, one dollar and a half a word, two dollars a word, and even beyond, for anything that the President would write. It was said that one publishing firm had made Mr. Roosevelt a flat offer of one hundred thousand dollars for a book about his forthcoming visit to Europe; and that another publishing house had bid fifty thousand dollars for a book on sports and hunting. While the present writer is not going to discuss these offers, real or alleged, there is no question about the President, with his exalted position, and his dominating personality, having a really high literary value. At that, as a literary property pure and simple, he is very far behind Mr. Winston Churchill. Once upon a time an industrious person of a statistical turn of mind figured that four thousand spruce trees had to be cut down in order that *Richard Carvel* might be printed. From the story as a book and from the royalties accruing from its dramatisation *Richard Carvel* yielded Mr. Churchill over three hundred thousand dollars. That book was the greatest individual money winner. Yet not so far behind have been *The Crisis, Coniston* and *Mr. Crewe's Career.*

A very charming story that deserves a little paragraph by itself when discussing the subject of this article is Mr. Booth Tarkington's *Monsieur Beaucaire.* In one way it ranks among the greatest of all money winners. As a book it sold not far from a hundred thousand copies in the form in which it was first published, and perhaps fifty thousand copies in a subsequent cheaper edition. Yet its total length was only about eleven thousand words, not much more than the length of a short story, and the profits, when estimated by the "price per



THE NEW HOME OF MARK TWAIN

word" take on an astonishing aspect. One of the steadiest and most consistent of present day money winners among American novelists is Mr. George Barr McCutcheon. It is unusual when a book of his does not reach a sale of one hundred thousand copies, and the list of his successes includes *Beverly of Graustark, Nedra, The Daughter of Anderson Crow, Jane Cable, Brewster's Millions,* and *The Man from Brodney's.* In addition *Brewster's Millions* yielded its author the profits that come from a successful play. In six years his novels have sold more than a million and a quarter copies. Fate has made very generous compensation to Mr. McCutcheon for an early literary indiscretion. He sold the copyright of *Graustark,* his first book, outright for five hundred dollars. *Graustark* has attained a sale of more than four hundred thousand copies.

In the same class with *Graustark* and *Ships that Pass in the Night* must be mentioned Florence Morse Kingsley's *Titus,* which is said to have sold a million copies. Mrs. Kingsley's reward from *Titus* was one thousand dollars. The story was written for a prize contest, one of the conditions being that the winning author should relinquish all claims to royalty.

A case similar to that of Sir Walter Scott is that of Mark Twain. In 1894 when the humourist was almost sixty



THE HOME OF WINSTON CHURCHILL AT CORNISH, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Once upon a time an industrious person of a statistical turn of mind figured that four thousand spruce trees had to be cut down in order that *Richard Carvel* might be printed. From the story as a book and from the royalties accruing from its dramatisation *Richard Carvel* yielded Mr. Churchill over three hundred thousand dollars.



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RUDYARD KIPLING'S HOME, BATEMANS, BURWASH, SUSSEX, ENGLAND

"Kipling as a literary property, as a constant winner of money by his pen, is probably far too highly appraised in the general mind. He is by no means the millionaire that he is thought to be, although unquestionably he has builded up a comfortable fortune. Of course nowadays he is paid the very highest prices for everything that he cares to write. It has been said that for the serial rights in England and in this country of *Kim* his agent asked and received five thousand pounds."

years of age, the firm of Webster and Company, of which he was president, made an assignment for the benefit of its creditors, acknowledging liabilities approximating eighty thousand dollars. Within less than ten years Mark Twain was able to pay off all this debt, and to build for himself a handsome new fortune in addition. On the other hand Mr. William Dean Howells, who has done so much for the dignity of the American novel, has won what may be regarded only as a comfortable competence. Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith has unquestionably found literature fully as remunerative as his other professions of painting and engineering. Although we are inclined to think of him as still being a young man, for fully a quarter of a century F. Marion Crawford has been holding his public and winning a fine income by his pen. He is a rapid and indefatigable worker and the list of his novels now numbers about forty. His literary earnings cannot have been less than five hundred thousand dollars.

Of a younger generation are Mr. Richard Harding Davis and Mr. Robert W. Chambers. For the past four or five years Mr. Davis has devoted most of his time to the writing of plays. His profits from this source belong to the province of another article. There was a period when his earnings strictly as an author, from his short stories, his descriptive articles, and the royalties from his books were estimated at twenty-five thousand dollars a year. Just at present, as a literary property, Mr. Robert W. Chambers has a value second only to the value of Mr. Winston Churchill. It is no indiscretion to say that he is probably among the men and women who command a twenty per cent. royalty and in consequence receive thirty cents for each copy that is sold. Others of this patrician class are Winston Churchill, James Lane Allen, Marion Crawford, John Fox, Richard Harding Davis, F. Hopkinson Smith, Booth Tarkington, Thomas Dixon, George Barr McCutcheon, Alice Hegan Rice, and Kate Douglas Wiggin among Americans. Among English writers deriving the same returns from the American market are Conan Doyle, Rudyard Kipling, Anthony Hope, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Katharine Cecil Thurston and Marie Corelli. The sales of some of Mr. Chambers's recent books, such as *The Fighting Chance* and *The Younger Set,* have been advertised as reaching two hundred thousand copies.

Mr. Thomas Dixon's royalties from *The Leopard's Spots* amounted to sixty thousand dollars; from *The Clansman* forty thousand dollars and from *The One Woman* almost twenty thousand dollars. As Mr. Middleton pointed out in his paper last month, *The Clansman* as a play has brought Mr. Dixon ninety thousand dollars in royalty, and as he is also part owner in the production, it has earned for him in addition one hundred and fifteen thousand dollars—making a sum total of over three hundred thousand dollars. A few years ago a newspaper story was printed to the effect that Alice Hegan Rice had formed a private banking company in Louisville. If the report was true Mrs. Rice enjoys the distinction of being probably the only woman banker among literary people. At any rate it was far from being impossible, for *Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch* sold almost a million copies and *Lovey Mary* proved a very substantial successor. Other American women who have reaped large rewards from the products of their pens are Mary Wilkins Freeman, Mrs. Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, Frances Hodgson Burnett (we shall always insist on regarding Mrs. Burnett as an American woman) and Kate Douglas Wiggin. With *Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm* Kate Douglas Wiggin joined the ranks of those writers who have won a small fortune with a single book.

Profits of the Short Story

While to win one of the big prizes in the lottery of authorship it is necessary to make a decided hit with a novel that is being published on a royalty basis, the short story field is one in which the author may reap very substantial rewards. Indeed in many cases the short story is found to be the most reliable source of income. There are instances, for example, where a writer has strung together ten or a dozen short stories which have

appeared in periodicals and brought them out as a book which has attained only a moderate degree of success. For the stories as they appeared originally he was paid, let us say, an average of two hundred dollars apiece. On the other hand, at the end of the first twelve months, the book having sold only fifteen or eighteen hundred copies, his returns from royalty have amounted to little more than the price of a single story.

As a general statement it is safe to say that never have the prices paid for short stories been so high as they have been during the last five or six years. Five thousand dollars for a five thousand-word story was the result of a prize competition of three or four years ago. That, of course, was an exceptional case, but the periodical which conducted the competition has a minimum rate of five cents a word which it pays for its fiction, and where the author happens to be one of strong-established reputation the scale is sometimes twice or three times as high. Five cents a word is also the rate paid by a very successful and widely circulated weekly paper that is published in Philadelphia. What are spoken of as the standard magazines—the reader will probably have in mind three long-established periodicals that bear the names of three distinguished publishing houses, and will have guessed correctly—pay from one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five dollars for a short story of five thousand words where the name of the author is of no particular importance. Of course in the case of a writer whose name has an advertising value the reward is far greater. For example, one of the three magazines in question paid the late Paul Leicester Ford one thousand dollars for a Christmas story of about nine thousand words. This was solely for the privilege of publishing the tale in the magazine and had nothing to do with subsequent book rights.

The syndicating of articles and stories has made possible the payment of the most extravagant prices. When, a year ago, it was announced that Mr. Peter Finley Dunn was to confine "Mr. Dooley" exclusively to the pages of the *American Magazine* it was asserted that he was doing so at a loss of fifty thousand dollars a year, fifty thousand dollars being the estimated returns from the utterances of the sage of the Archey Road when they were published in newspapers throughout the country. Before he started for Europe two or three years ago Mr. George Ade agreed to write for a syndicate a series of twelve articles in a humorous vein about his impressions. It is said that the stipulated price for this series was ten thousand dollars. Another syndicate is believed to have paid David Graham Phillips a thousand dollars apiece for six short stories. One of the most highly paid of contemporary short story writers—and deservedly so—is the gentleman who writes under the pen name of O. Henry. Yet there was a time, not so long ago, when he was sending some of his very best work to New York from his home in the West and was well satisfied to receive from fifty to seventy-five dollars apiece for his tales.

Some Shop Talk

So much has been said in this paper about ten and fifteen and twenty per cent. royalties, and the inequality, both in the past and in the present, of the profits of the author and the publisher, that perhaps a few lines devoted strictly to shop talk will not be amiss. As has been said, there are in this country ten or a dozen authors whose reputations enable them to stipulate payment on a twenty per cent. basis. That is to say, they receive thirty cents for every copy sold of a novel that is listed at a dollar and a half. At first sight the advantage seems to be still with the publisher. But in most retail places the book is sold at much less than the listed price. From the retailer the publisher has received from seventy-five to eighty cents a copy. After the author's royalty has been deducted there remain a margin of only forty-five or fifty cents. Twenty-five or thirty cents of this go for the cost of producing and advertising the book. Out of the remaining fifteen or twenty cents the publisher must run his business and find his profit. Yet so keen is the competition that in England a twenty-five per cent. royalty is not unheard of. Over there, however, they have a curious custom of a publisher selling books to a re-

tailer by the "baker's dozen"; that is to say, for every dozen books ordered an additional book is thrown in gratis, this thirteenth copy being exempt from royalty.

EARNINGS OF "BEN HUR"

Mr. Barnes of New York, which sold more than a million copies and yielded its author a handsome fortune, is said to have been "turned down" by every publishing house in New York before Mr. Gunter decided to bring it out at his own expense. Another celebrated book which met with much the same fate was General Lew Wallace's *Ben Hur.* In one respect there is a great similarity between the literary careers of George du Maurier and General Wallace. The first books of each—*Peter Ibbetson* and *The Fair God* —were only mildly successful. The second books—*Trilby* and *Ben Hur*—were the great money winners. The third books—*The Martian* and *The Prince of India*—eagerly awaited and welcomed with a great blare of trumpets, had only their little flutter of ephemeral fame.

It is estimating conservatively that *Ben Hur,* from one source or another, is still bringing to the family of its author something in the neighbourhood of forty thousand dollars a year. A curious feature of the book has been the uniform steadiness of its sales for twenty years. Seven or eight years ago, when the novel was dramatised, there came a fresh and tremendous stimulus. Yet in the first two or three years after its publication the fate of the story seemed to justify the judgment of those publishers who had refused it. There was no public interest and the book had been practically relegated to the storehouse when, at an age when the average novel of to-day has been entirely forgotten, *Ben Hur* began its long and sensational career as a "big seller."

One day in the May of 1902 the present writer was being shown the sights of the city of Indianapolis by an enthusiastic Hoosier. As the two were walking along Meredian Street, the handsomest thoroughfare of a handsome city, they approached a huge apartment building. The name over the entrance was "The Blacherne." "Those," said the native, pointing to the fine structure with pardonable pride, "are the Ben Hur apartments." That is what the building is called in Indianapolis. It was erected from part of the profits which General Lew Wallace derived from his famous romance.

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

SUSPENDED SENTENCE

Two selves within me dominate my life.
  The one of aspirations high and strong,
The other vacillating, yielding, weak.
  One seems so sure, so steadfast, so secure—
The other faltering, to vanquish it seems small.
  Yet ever in the battle that is fought
The weaker is the strong, the strong the weak,
  Until I shudder, thinking of the end,
The battle royal, last dread test of strength—
  O God! will it be then my weaker self?

Mary T. Lapsley Caughey.

DRAMATIC REMINISCENCES*

WHAT good reading there is about the stage. Carlyle, in his Calvinistic youth, averred that the only good "lives" in English are those of players, "who, by the nature of the case, have bidden Respectability good-day." That was a fair criticism on the general priggishness and Podsnappery of British biography. But that was eighty years ago, before the days of the interview and the Sunday paper. At present, with the general consensus of modern mankind that there is no such thing as a right to privacy, re-enforced by an express decision of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York (per Parker, C. J.), it is our own fault, or that of the obscurity of the object of our curiosity, if we do not know as much about him as we wish to know. Probably more. And yet talk about actors retains its priority among us as being more entertaining than most other varieties of gossip. It would be hard to say why, seeing that actors are trying to make it up with "Respectability" and succeeding, in special cases, so remarkably, drawing, in England itself, where in the drama's best days they were rated as vagabonds, Jubilee handles to their names. But of the fact there is no question. An actor is likely to be more humanly interesting than a magnate. Wherefore as Bolingbroke recounts that it was a matter of congratulation to a "studious man at Christ Church" that it had been put into the hearts of some men to make dictionaries, even so it is matter for congratulation that Mr. Winter should have been instigated by a Philadelphia editor to reminisce about the drama, the progress of which in America he has watched and stimulated for more than a half century with an intelligence not unduly warped by his unconcealed sympathy. He disclaims the character of a *laudator temporis acti.* But it is simply beyond human power for a writer in his situation to avoid or transcend that character. Our standards are formed when we are young and we cannot choose but apply them when we are old. In the nature of things, we must do less than strict justice to a form of art essentially new. Even Mr. Winter's generosity and candour, notable and exceptional as they are, cannot prevent that. But these qualities are visible none the less throughout his work. The present state of the stage undoubtedly justifies a jeremiad. The present censor perceives clearly enough and states forcibly its unpromising conditions, the most unpromising of them, as in so many other departments, being what he calls its "Orientalisation":

> There has not been a time in the history of the American Stage when the Theatre received so much attention as it receives now, from the Public and the Press, and there has not been a time when the quality of its average presentments so little deserved the respect of intellect and judicious taste. . . . The major causes are the prevalence of Materialism, infecting all branches of thought, and of Commercialism, infecting all branches of action.

Here is basis enough for a jeremiad. And yet the book is as far as possible from being a jeremiad. So far that the reminiscent is only too eager, one might almost say, to recognise any gleam of excellence in the newer generation and to proclaim it. His satisfaction in an art which to so many of its practitioners has its chief reward in the pleasure of vivisection remains "the noble pleasure of praising." And thus, though so clearly a "veteran," and discoursing "on the stage," he does not run the least risk of coming to be known as "Superfluous Lags."

Those who have personal impressions of Mr. Winter's subjects dwindling in number as they are, are the only judges of his criticisms. And it

*Other Days, Being Chronicles and Memories of the Stage. By William Winter. 1 vol. 8vo, 389 pages. 17 illustrations. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.

is the fate of the actor, as for that matter of the "jury lawyer," to be remembered only by the traditions of his personal impression:

> Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
> Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea.

All the luckier for the actor when he falls in with such a *sacer vates.* For long before Mr. Winter achieved by survival the melancholy distinction of the "dean" of his guild of dramatic critics he had achieved the primacy of it as the most authoritative and trustworthy in his own city of the writers for the press on the stage. The present reviewer's recollection of Forrest is more favourable than Mr. Winter's. But it is founded on a single performance, in the old Lyceum Theatre in Fourteenth Street, since "soiled with all ignoble use" like so many others. It must have been almost his last appearance, and the play was *Lear.* Of this performance Mr. Winter does say:

> In the latter part of his life, when he had passed through fiery trials of affliction and been ravaged with grief, he gave a profoundly affecting performance of *King Lear.*

In that last or penultimate engagement Forrest was physically too broken to rant and tear a passion to tatters. There was little left of the robustious tragedian who had captivated the Bowery a generation before. One felt what the old savage said to one who complimented him on the personation, "Act, Lear! —— —— it, I *am* Lear." And those who saw and heard Sothern's Dundreary, which has not been visible or audible for these thirty years, will be the most admiring readers of the discriminating sentences in which the reminiscent sets forth unique attractiveness:

> Sothern's embodiment of that character showed no effort. Its vesture of vacuity was irresistibly comical, while, within that vesture, its shrewd, waggish mind, continually operative, was intensely interesting. Its attributes were bland, nonsensical self-assurance; portentous gravity; tortuous mental tangle, unexpectedness of speech and motion; inconsequence of reasoning; abundant vitality; brilliant vigour of expression; pervasive refinement; and a charming vein of alert playfulness. The prodigious sapience of Lord Dundreary's disjointed colloquies with his sweetheart and with his servant rise to the height of comic humour. The manner in which the man's mind stumbled and fell over itself cannot be described. No one but Sothern could do it, or has ever done it since.

Nobody who remembers that wonderful performance but must be grateful for this admirable characterisation of it. And so, indeed, with all the comments which one's memory can check. Almost every name in Mr. Winter's baker's dozen of subjects recalls anecdotes, mostly untellable unless one "has bidden Respectability good-day." But there is one of John Brougham, who resented a hail on Broadway: "Hullo, John," with the austere remark: "For you, sir, my name has a handle." "Oh, hullo, Broom." And Dion Boucicault! Who that ever heard it in the old Arcadian Club can have forgotten his history of his collaboration with the furibund Charles Reade in *Foul Play,* albeit that it also is unfit for publication. The name of Adelaide Neilson recalls a tale at Mr. Winter's own expense, as told by "Winter Garden Stuart," of how she had been coached by Stuart for her first meeting with Mr. Winter; and being apprised that he was a poet, sent out and bought a volume of his verse; and when they met, repeated to him a poem of his own, which she feigned to have found in some English newspaper and not to know who was the author. What poet would not have been deeply touched by such a tribute! Mr. Winter will know whether there is any historical basis for this. As for me, I vouch for nothing, remembering another occasion on which I attempted to corroborate one of Stuart's stories by some fact within my own knowledge, but was sternly rebuked with: "But there is not one word of truth in it. I invented it all myself." One wishes, by the way, that it might be "put into the heart" of Mr. Winter to supplement his reminiscences of actors with some of his own guild, the dramatic critics of the last generation. They were men worthy of

remembrance, beginning with Stuart himself, who signalised his enforced exile from Great Britain in the early fifties by a series of articles in the *Tribune* in disparagement of Forrest. And there were Augustin Daly, who did dramatic criticism for the *Express* before he took to management; and "Ned House" and A. C. Wheeler, who after making one reputation as "Nym Crinkle" in dramatic criticism made another as an idyllist, under the pen-name of J. P. Mowbray, in *A Journey to Nature,* not to mention that dazzling meteor William Henry Hurlbert, who occasionally dropped into dramatic criticism in a friendly way. I wish Mr. Winter would consider that subject for his next volume. In the meantime all lovers of the drama, and one may add of good writing, ought to be grateful to him for what he has done in the present volume.

Montgomery Schuyler.

THE WILD JOAQUIN

JOAQUIN MILLER when a boy in Oregon ran away from school to the Californian mines, and he has been running away ever since. In other words, none of the forms or conventions of civilised life has ever held him for an hour.

"From my boyhood I have wanted to be a liberated human being," he told me once, "and I think I have come about as near to that as anybody in the world."

When he ran away from the Oregon school he went south to Mount Shasta and fell in with a wild Indian fighter called Mountain Joe, who, he says, "was a good man at heart, but a sad drunkard and a hopelessly helpless business man." So that, although Joaquin prospected with Joe and went buying wild horses with him all up and down the coast, trailing through the Sierran passes and the great valleys down to Mexico and up to Idaho, he returned home with "little to show," as he relates, "except some ugly and still painful wounds."

But his time had not been altogether wasted, for as he rode he sang, and out of it all came in a few years those wild, crude yet criticism-defying *Songs of the Sierras.* But first appeared *Specimens,* a thin book of verse written while he was living among the stars and publishing a little war-time paper that was suppressed for treason because it cried for peace. The book was published after he had studied law and had been elected county judge. When *Specimens* appeared, Bret Harte, then of the *Overland Monthly,* praised it; but "my lawyer friends laughed at it," says Miller, "which, however, only made me the more determined, and the next year I published *Joaquin et al.* The name Joaquin was thus given to Miller by kind friends, who saw in his poetry only something to deride. Strange to say, he afterward bravely prefixed it to his own name, dropping forever the cumbersome Cincinatus Heine with which his well-meaning parents had loaded him up. *Joaquin et al* was pirated in England, where good words were said of it in certain quarters. This encouraged the young poet, and the year 1870 found him kneeling at the grave of Burns. Then he lived at Camberwell, because Browning was born there; then at Hemmingford Road, because Tom Hood died there. He could not find a London publisher for his *Pacific Poems,* and his watch was in pawn before it appeared. But the papers took him up, the cheaper magazines opened their pages to him, and soon with his watch out of pawn, he was sought by the most aristocratic book publishers in London.

The piquant fact about Joaquin Miller is his neat method of self-advertising. He found that Britishers best appreciated him when he clothed himself in a sort of Wild West costume, and so half the time

he affected that style of attire. His wild, high-coloured *Songs of the Sierras* surprised from British readers that sort of admiration the aristocracy of that country afterward expressed for Buffalo Bill and his cowboys. Then, too, let the cold-blooded literati say what it pleases, there is a charm in "The Arizonian" and "The Tale of the Tall Alcalde" that is not to be measured with the poetic foot-rule, and the English public were not slow to find that charm. Soon all literary London was talking of the new Western poet. What gave wings to Joaquin's verse was its unstudied quality, its wild abandon and a certain breadth and swing which even the most critical will not deny him. In those days he came nearer to realising for us Browning's "careless rapture" than any poet this country has ever produced. His ideas were new to England and his point of view so fresh and refreshing that those same Britishers whom Carlyle professed to find so heavily dull and lacking in literary appreciation did not fail to find a sort of delight in Miller's strange songs. Then, too, there was a lilt in his best lines, a kind of music that I find in the songs of no other American singer save Lanier. Of course, Lanier would have put into more scholarly language such lines as the prelude to "Kit Carson's Ride," but he would hardly have given us more sweep and swing:

Room! room to turn round in, to breathe and be free,
To grow to be giant, to sail as at sea
With the speed of the wind on a steed with his mane
To the wind, without pathway or route or a rein.

My plains of America! Seas of wild lands!
From a land in the seas in a raiment of foam,
That has reached to a stranger the welcome of home,
I turn to you, lean to you, lift you my hands.

Such stanzas of Joaquin's as the foregoing and the stories told in his verse captured the English public for a time, and soon he was a hero of the clubs and was handing down jewelled duchesses to dinner. Indeed, he was a far more picturesque and welcome figure in British society than Bret Harte, who also went to London, but, unlike Joaquin, remained there. It is said that there was a time when Miller was like to have shared the fate of the popularity-persecuted Burns, but that period soon passed. Some Oriental potentate or other, even more picturesquely garbed than the wild Westerner, came to town and took his place as the reigning exotic favourite. However, Joaquin made what publishers call a "following" in England, and this stood him in good stead during the rest of his poetical career, now practically closed.

His brother was dying in Boston, so he went back and sat by his bedside trying to write the Life of Christ in verse. At this time he was a perfect stranger in the Atlantic States. Jean Ingelow, whom he met in London, had given him a letter to a Boston publisher, who called upon him there and arranged for the publication of his collected poems. The book came out just before his brother's death. Joaquin did not finish the Life of Christ. He went back to Oregon. There he fared forth upon the trail again and became afflicted with snow blindness. "How fortunate this cruel misfortune!" he wrote afterward, "for I could not see the fearfully coarse insults and falsehoods that now pursued me."

The stories told about him related to certain affairs of a domestic nature, but as they had nothing to do with him as a poet, but merely as a human being, fallible and failing like the rest of us, they have no place here.

Miller wandered about the country for a few years and then went to the national capital, where he supported himself as a newspaper correspondent while he wrote poetry and plays. One of his dramas, *The Danites*, was afterward quite successful. He also made money on the lecture platform. During all this time he displayed the peculiarities of dress that had made him conspicuous in London. He wore his hair and beard very long and attracted much attention, to which he was in no sense averse. In fact, he never seems happier than when he is the centre of a crowd. This may not accord with the conventional ideas of a great lyrical artist, but it is true as to Miller, the only poet of any prominence who ever appeared in vaudeville.

In 1887 he went back to the coast and settled down—or rather up—on the Oakland Heights, a barren mountainside overlooking the bay of San Francisco. There he built some small houses and planted a grove of Australian gum trees in the form of a great cross, which may now be seen from Oakland and even from across the bay in San Francisco. He also planted acres of roses, lilacs and other flowers. The vegetation is now very beautiful and there is an air of wildness about it which pleases the artistic sense. Miller has a sort of phalanstery for his disciples, among whom are several Japanese, all trying to be poets while they hoe in the garden. The soulful Yone Noguchi is a graduate of Miller's mountain school. The master poet of the place has his own chapel, his own graveyard and his own moral code, which latter, you will please to bear in mind, I am not criticising, though others have done so without stint. Indeed, I would apply to his case the wonderfully human and truly poetic lines that he himself wrote as a preface to his poem on Byron, for whom he feels a strong and by no means unnatural sympathy:

> In men whom men condemn as ill
> I find so much of goodness still,
> In men whom men pronounce divine
> I find so much of sin and blot
> I do not dare to draw a line
> Between the two, where God has not.

Of late years Miller has written little poetry. He has lived plainly, although he has been quite fortunate in oil land speculation. Much of his time has been spent in writing an extensive biography of Andrew Carnegie, who for years has been his chief patron. What led to Carnegie's friendship for Joaquin was a few lines of jingle that the poet composed for the occasion of a birthday dinner to the well-known Scotch-American. The lines ran as follows:

> There's fighting Ted and good king Ned,
> And valiant old Oom Paul,
> But I'd rather twist Carnegie's wrist
> Than shake hands with them all.

Not much poetry in that, but it paid Miller better than anything else he ever wrote.

Joaquin of the Oakland Heights is the Joaquin of London and of Washington. He is still roughly, not to say uncouthly, picturesque in dress and personal appearance, wearing his hair and beard long and affecting strange apparel, which always makes people stare and look around at him. I have seen him walk down the street, his tall, rather slim figure clad in a khaki suit, bound round with a red, gold-fringed sash, his trousers stuffed into a pair of tasselled top-boots and his long hair topped by a red Turkish fez. He goes out to dinner or other occasions in a variety of striking costumes, any one of which would make a "hit" in opéra-bouffe. But I have liked him none the less for his weird make-up, and being used to it, I should have been disappointed if he had ever shown himself at my table in anything as soberly conventional as a dinner jacket. In fact, Joaquin's rigs and regalia are always a source of infinite delight to me. He wears even his most striking costumes with such a perfect lack of self-consciousness that they never seem out of place. His company manners are gracious and suave, with a natural and distinctive politeness such as I have seen in few American gentlemen. His voice is low, finely modulated and he is as sweet and graceful with the ladies as a Chesterfield. And it is not always the youngest woman that he singles out for his attentions. At dinner with us once in San Francisco he drank a toast to my grandmother, a dear old soul, who did not altogether approve of wine at table or elsewhere, but who was charmed into tolerance and was compelled to grateful acceptance when Joaquin raised his glass to her and said:

> To the queen—God bless her!

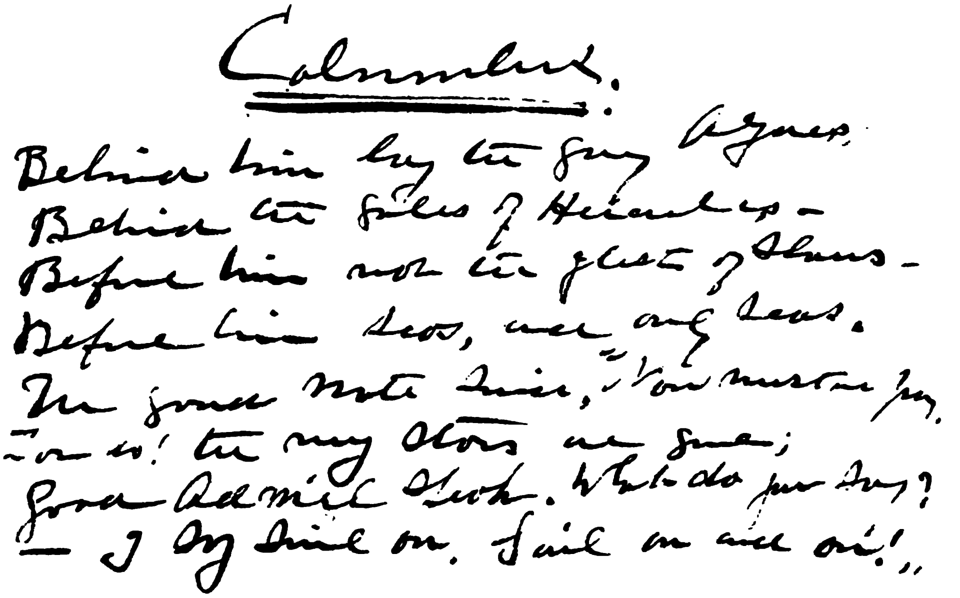
One day a San Francisco man who had a very pretty young wife who did not know how gallant the Oakland poet might be on occasion, invited him to dine and to spend the evening. Joaquin complied, and when his host's wife beseeched him to write an autograph for her he took from his waistcoat pocket the quill pen with which he makes his wonderful scrawls and wrote a short stanza on a piece of paper. His hostess was delighted, but when she tried to read it



TREES OF MY OWN PLANTING



GOOD-BYE


Columbus.

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules -
Before him not the ghost of shores -
Before him seas, and only seas.
The good mate said, "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone;
Brave Adm'l speak. What do you say?
— I say sail on. Sail on and on!"

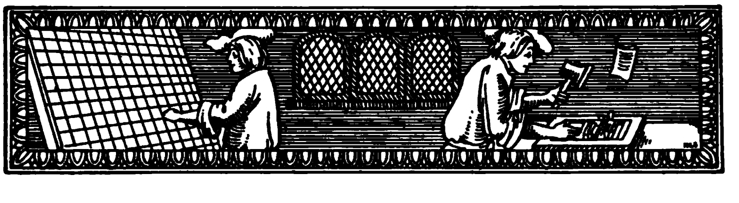
Facsimile of the original manuscript of "Columbus"

she could not make out a word. Neither could her husband, though he was as much pleased as his wife. After Joaquin had got safely out of the house and they had called in a neighbour who was accustomed to his chirography they were astonished beyond measure to learn that the autograph read as follows:

To Mrs. ——
May all your life be love, love,
And all your life be song,
For life is none too long, love;
Ah, love is none too long!

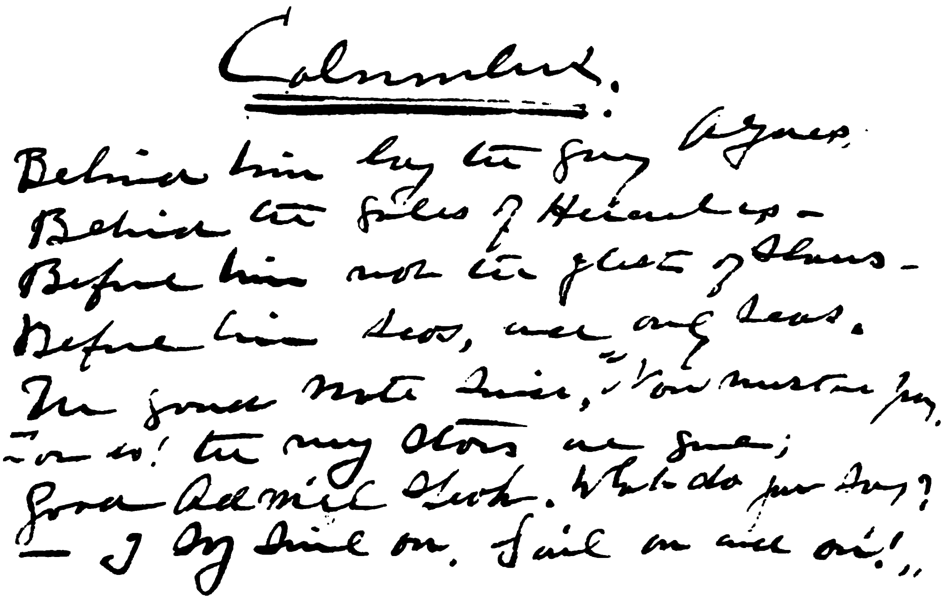
He is always doing just such things as that, but those who know him and can make allowance for his exaggerated poetic temperament readily overlook his ardent gallantry. For he is the only Joaquin, and California, which is nothing if not literary and bohemian, is proud of him—that is, proud of his work, for such poems as the *Songs of the Sierras*, "Columbus" and the "Passing of Tennyson" are not written every day in the year, nor, indeed, once a year. So that although his niche may not be among the highest, it is a secure one. After all, it is the distinctive quality that counts—that of "the man who thinks otherwise," as a German philosopher puts it. No one but Walt Whitman could have written *Leaves of Grass*, and no one but Joaquin Miller could have written the *Songs of the Sierras*. All of us are bound to feel the impress of a character that is *sui generis*. As in the case of our Thoreau, our Whitman, our Poe and our other glorious freaks, we may not greatly like them, nor greatly respect them, but we cannot get away from them, and the longer we live, the more we shall be impressed by them and by every man who thinks otherwise. And so must it be with our attitude toward Joaquin Miller.

Bailey Millard.





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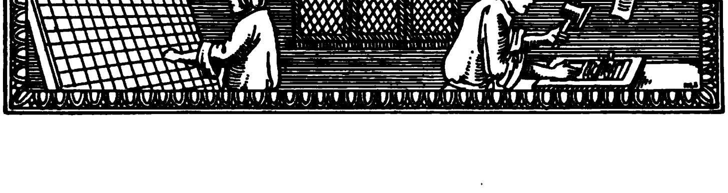
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Bailey Millard.



REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN STORY-TELLERS

VII—ROBERT HERRICK

I

HIS PROMISE

IN undertaking to include Mr. Robert Herrick under such a caption as that of the present series, one feels the need of a brief definition of terms, a more precise understanding of their scope. There is at first sight something almost paradoxical in classing among our story-tellers a writer to whom the telling of a story has never been the paramount purpose of fiction—a writer who in method at least is not in the least representative, since it is obvious to any reader that in taste, in training and in literary creed Mr. Herrick belongs to the Continental rather than the Anglo-Saxon school. Nevertheless, in the few brief years that have elapsed since the appearance of *The Gospel of Freedom* he has become a figure of too much importance to be lightly passed by; while if we look to his subject-matter rather than to his method, there is no one among the younger generation of American novelists whose title to admission into this series is clearer, no one who is giving us such serious, strongly wrought and thoroughly representative portrayals of contemporary American life.

It was in the autumn of 1897 that Mr. Herrick's first book of real importance appeared. His name at that time was not quite unknown, thanks to a few earlier efforts, more notable for manner than for content; yet *The Gospel of Freedom* came quite unheralded, a glad surprise to the serious student of fiction, who at that time was forced to take a rather pessimistic view of the future of the American novel. One did not need to read a dozen pages before discovering that here was a man who was familiar with the best of what the modern French school has to offer; who understood wherein lay the strength of Maupassant, of Bourget, of Zola—and in a tentative and not wholly inadequate way was trying to profit by their teaching. It was a book full of promise, and at the time it looked bigger, no doubt, than it does to-day, as we glance back at it down the vista of his later achievements. One realises now that he had not yet found himself, that he was working a trifle uncertainly, with tools not quite adapted to his needs, suggesting the dilemma of an American machinist attempting to put together foreign-made cogs and nuts and screws cut to a scale of centimeters instead of inches. What he had not yet learned to do, and what he was very soon to learn to do with assured ease, was to cut for himself such parts as his literary mechanism needed, to form his own methods with the same independent courage with which from the very beginning he chose his themes.

It was during this transition period, this process of finding himself, of discovering just what he was trying to do and how he was trying to do it, that the two books least interesting as stories and least worthy in point of technique were written—*The Web of Life* and *The Real World*. One feels in reading them that those two titles in a way symbolise the mental attitude of their author: that, like his heroes, Mr. Herrick was finding the threads of life's web in a rather sorry tangle, and groping for a solution of the world's real meaning. In short, like so many second and third books, they were disappointing; and people who had placed their faith in *The Gospel of Freedom* were justified in asking, Is Mr. Herrick destined to join the ranks of writers of a single book? But the prompt appearance of *The Common Lot* and its still more virile successor, *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*, answered this question with a vigorous and welcome negative and paved the way for what is not only Mr. Herrick's biggest achievement, but the finest, boldest, most representative piece of American fiction that has



ROBERT HERRICK

appeared within the past decade—*Together*.

In order to understand the growth of Mr. Herrick's literary methods as well as the development of his ethical and artistic creeds, it is necessary, before taking up this latest volume, which embodies them in their maturity, briefly to run over his earlier novels and obtain a bird's-eye view of what in each case he has tried to do and to what extent he has succeeded in doing it.

II

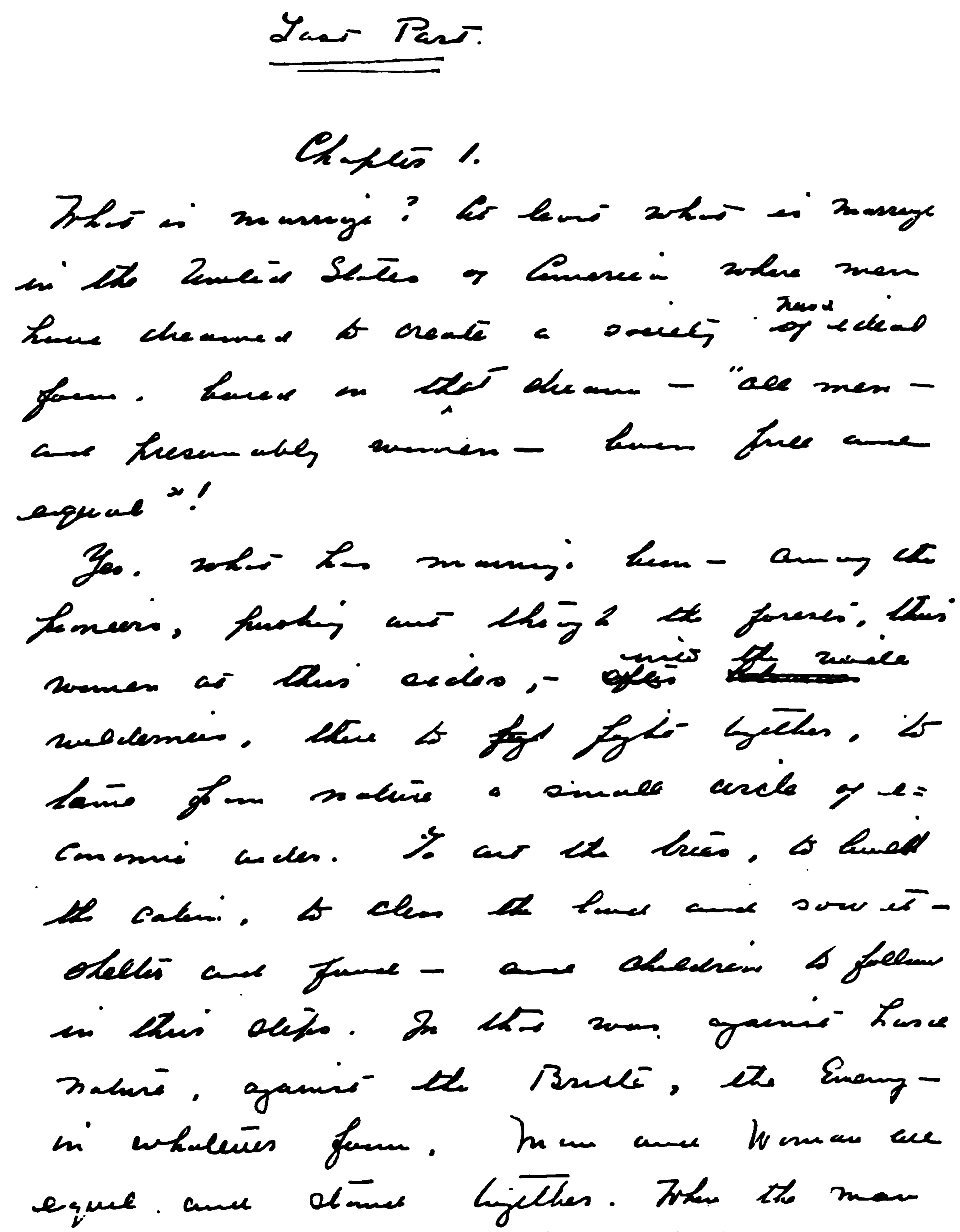
HIS GROWTH

The first thing of which you become aware in taking up *The Gospel of Freedom* is the initial debt which its author owed to Ibsen and Sudermann and to that whole tendency in drama and fiction that took its impulse from *Heimath* and *Hedda Gabler*. In other words, its theme is in the main the spirit of revolt of the modern restless, somewhat neurotic woman against the established conventions and the tragedy which such a revolt entails, because the woman fails to understand that freedom is something that must start from within and not from without; something that cannot be acquired by a mere payment of money or a flagrant breaking of the marriage bond. Adela Anthon is too healthy minded a young woman to be classed with the Magdas and Heddas of the Old World; but she has to a large extent a strain of what, for lack of a preciser term, is wont to be stigmatised artistic temperament. She does not quite despise the brick industry on which the colossal fortune of the Anthons has been reared, nor the comfortable blocks of brick stock which form her independent means; but she does rebel against the prescribed routine of her conventional social life, forces her family to allow her the semi-liberty of a course in the Paris art schools, and at the opening of the book seems in a fair way to marry Simeon Erard, a penniless dabbler in art, a parasite on her uncle's bounty, who has shown much promise along a dozen different lines and accomplishment in none. But before she makes up her mind to bestow her hand and fortune on Erard, in fact before Erard has made up his mind to ask her, a restless, energetic, successful young Westerner, John Wilbur, who is spending a hard-



ROBERT HERRICK

earned vacation in Paris, takes her by storm, dazzles her with the picturesque account of his big achievements in irrigation machinery, and more particularly his conquest over men and over natural forces. Marriage with him would mean a splendid partnership, a new, undreamed-of freedom, an opportunity to have a share in the world's big enterprises. The awakening comes quickly; marriage, she learns with a shock, is not a partnership; it has its obligations, against which she rebels mutely; but of compensations, in the shape of an understanding and interest in her husband's vast business schemes, she finds there is nothing for her. Within a year after marriage she is declaring bitterly, "There is no freedom for women; they are marked incapable from their birth and are supported by men for some obvious and necessary services. Between times they have a few indifferent joys dealt out to them." But what brings about the final wreck of her marriage is not merely temperamental incompatibility, but a difference in standards of honour and business integrity. Wilbur's business conscience is elastic; if he does not actually have a hand in bribing the legislature to pass certain railroad measures that send stocks and bonds soaring upward, he does participate in the profits; and what Adela finds impossible to forgive is that the very


Last Part.

Chapter I.

What is marriage? At least what is marriage in the United States of America where men have dreamed to create a society based of ideal form. Based on that dream — "all men — and presumably women — born free and equal"!

Yes, what has marriage been — among the pioneers, pushing out through the forests, their women at their sides, — ~~after the~~ into the wilderness, there to ~~fig~~ fight together, to tame from nature a small circle of economic order. To cut the trees, to build the cabin, to clear the land and sow it — shelter and food — and children to follow in their steps. In this war against brute nature, against the Brute, the Enemy — in whatever form, Man and Woman are equal and stand together. When the man

Facsimile of the first page of *Together* in the original draft

house she lives in is paid for with what she persists in regarding as stolen money. Then follow the death of her only child; the arrival in Chicago of Simeon Erard and his somewhat too pronounced friendship with Adela; her husband's rather vulgar jealousy of the artist; and finally, Adela's open revolt, her refusal to live any longer in a marriage that she feels is only a bondage, and her departure to Paris for an indefinite period. Reckless of conventions, she openly flaunts her friendship with Erard—a friendship which in her defiant mood she is willing to let drift to any length. But Erard, coldly working for his own best interest, bides his time until the news comes that her husband, through the courts, has

given the wife her freedom. In this, however, he overreaches himself; this subservience to the world's opinion on the part of the man who had taught her to despise conventions, and to whom until now she would willingly have given herself, brands him in her eyes a hypocrite, with whom life would be simply another and ignobler form of bondage. She realises at last that in her rebellion she has not been attaining freedom, but simply beating herself impotently against the bars of a prison largely of her own making.

It has seemed worth while to examine *The Gospel of Freedom* at some length, because in it we find already well developed the two themes that in one form or another lie at the basis of all his subsequent work—the discords of sex and the discords of commercialism. Adela Wilbur's repudiation of her marriage duties, John Wilbur's repudiation of the highest standards of business integrity, are only the first instances in a long series of lives that Mr. Herrick shows us, wrecking themselves on the same dangerous shoals. *The Web of Life* and *The Real World,* his next two books in point of time, need only a brief mention, because they are rather loose in structure and of no great significance in the history of his development. *The Web of Life* may be conveniently defined as a male *Gospel of Freedom,* a man's rebellion against the obligations which the world's conventions thrust upon him, just as Adela Wilbur rebelled against the obligations that life laid upon her. Howard Sommers is a promising young physician, whose good fortune it is to find on landing in Chicago that some old friends of the family, the influential and wealthy Hitchcocks, are disposed to help him; that the daughter, Louise Hitchcock, looks upon him with favour; that a place is open for him on the staff of the famous Dr. Lindsay—in short, that he is on the highroad to fortune. But his professional conscience will not leave him in peace; his impractical ideals teach him that it is wrong for a physician to accept payment beyond a mere pittance; his intolerance of the conventions of a fashionable practice makes his early expulsion from Dr. Lindsay's office a foregone conclusion; and the long, disheartening, hand-to-mouth struggle that follows, with all its inherent miseries, and the incidental loss of the woman he loves, is needful to bring him to a sane understanding of the necessity of accepting the world as it is and effecting an honourable compromise between reality and our ideals.

The Real World, while it is an attempt to develop still further this same idea, is mainly interesting as a study of individual lives. The gradual building up of Jack Pemberton's character, from his early boyhood, isolated on a small farm on the Maine coast, until he finally achieves success, prosperity and happiness, is undoubtedly a fine and strong piece of portraiture, executed with a more assured touch than Mr. Herrick had previously achieved. The high purposes which take permanent hold upon the lad at the prompting of a girl seemingly forever beyond his reach, and which continue to force him onward and upward, step by step, even when the girl herself has disappointed his ideals and would have dragged him down with her, are all interpreted with such sympathetic understanding that the secrets of a human soul are laid bare before us, and we understand minutely and intimately how Jack Pemberton succeeded in his endeavour to "keep faith with life."

But Mr. Herrick's strength lies, not in the probing analysis of individual lives, but in the broad, comprehensive interpretation of human motives and tendencies in the mass; and this gift of generalisation, this rare ability to treat life on an epic scale, with a bold sweep of brush strokes, an imposing breadth of canvas, is developing and gaining with each successive volume. The first of his stories, however, that showed clearly wherein his real strength lay was *The Common Lot.* Like all stories of the bigger type, it has a twofold motive: first, a specific story of the struggle of a young architect between his artistic ideals on the one hand and business success on the other; secondly, the big, general, far-reaching problem whether the common lot, the comparative obscurity and narrowness of the vast majority of lives, is not better and happier than wealth and position attained at the cost of self-esteem. Francis Jackson

begins with splendid ambitions, and had the millionaire uncle who gave him his training at the Paris Beaux Arts also made him his heir instead of leaving the bulk of his fortune to found an industrial school, the nephew might never have felt the temptation to be untrue to his art or to compromise with his conscience. But, under the goad of vanity and ambition and a feverish desire for wealth, he yields to the tempting offers of a dishonest contractor, consents little by little to turn out inferior work, to permit dishonest tampering with specifications, to connive at the bribery of building inspectors—in short, to lend himself to every dishonest trick known to the profession. And one fine day retribution overtakes him. He is disgraced in the eyes of his friends and relatives, because they discover that the industrial school erected under his direction, with his uncle's money, is a dishonest piece of work from cellar to roof. This, however, can be and is hushed up. But another and worse disaster follows, the destruction by fire of a so-called fireproof hotel, which with his full knowledge the contractor has so skimped and slighted that it is little more than a cardboard death-trap, and even if this matter could be silenced, Jackson could never silence the memory of the victims' screams as they flung themselves from the windows or fell inward to a still worse fate. The experience leaves Francis Jackson a sadder but far wiser architect; and although he lives down the scandal, he has learned his lesson well—that it is better to share the common lot and be at peace with one's self than at the cost of self-respect to attain wealth and power and the envious admiration of the world. Because "there are few things that make any great difference to real men and women—and one of the least is the casual judgment of their fellow-men."

The Memoirs of an American Citizen, which might with equal aptitude have been called *The Confessions of a Chicago Packer,* treats more specifically, and from the opposite point of view, the whole big problem of honest and dishonest business methods. Edward Harrington comes to Chicago, a friendless lad, without money or prospects; he begins as driver for a retail market, and from this he works himself up, step by step, by clever tricks, unscrupulous moves, dishonest deals and combinations, until he ends as controlling power of the Meat Trust, master of the destinies of many railways, banks and trust companies, and United States senator from Illinois. There is not a step in his upward path that by the higher standards of honesty is quite beyond reproach, not an achievement that is not somewhere besmirched. Yet, as he unfolds this very frank and ingenuous chronicle, you feel that the man is honest in his frankness; that he believes himself to be in the right, and justifies to himself each and every questionable act. He believes that it is best for the world that he shall succeed, and in order to succeed he must fight the world with its own weapons. And at the end he looks out over the city of Chicago, with its drifting smoke, its ceaseless traffic:

> I, too, was a part of this. The thought of my brain, the labour of my body, the will within me, had gone to the making of this world. There were my plants, my car line, my railroads, my elevators, my lands—all good tools in the infinite work of this world. Conceived for good or for ill, brought into being by fraud or daring—what man could judge *their* worth? There they were, a part of God's great world. They were done; and mine was the hand. Let another, more perfect, turn them to a larger use; nevertheless, on my labour, on me, he must build.
>
> Involuntarily my eyes rose from the ground and looked straight before me, to the vista of time. Surely there was another scale, a grander one, and by this I should not be found wholly wanting!

There, in a paragraph, we get the colossal, egotistical, invincible confidence of the successful magnate in the justice of his cause. And yet, had he stopped here, Mr. Herrick's picture would have remained unfinished and not quite convincing. But, with unerring instinct, he has added here and there the needful little ironic touch; this masterful man, so sure of himself, so infallible, so far beyond the reach of malice or envy, knows that there are just two or three people in the world whose approbation he craves and cannot win—the old judge who once befriended him, and now does not see

him when they pass; the trusted employee who will no longer serve him; his brother's wife, who in early days might have been his own, had he chosen to speak, and who now would starve, and see her family starve with her, rather than take a penny of his money. It is the knowledge of these facts that rankles and adds a dash of bitterness to his final triumph.

III

HIS ACHIEVEMENT

To sum up this brief review of Mr. Herrick's past achievements, the general impression that they make upon the critical mind is that, granting their strength, their subtle understanding of life, their admirable lights and shades, their frequent splendid brilliancy of description, they after all suggest not so much an accomplishment as an apprenticeship to something bigger and higher. To be sure, they are American, unmistakably so; the product of keen interest and intimate understanding of the conditions of life in this country, and more specifically of life in the big, progressive Middle West. And considered as individual volumes, stories of separate human lives, little groups of humanity working out their individual destinies, they deserve to stand high in the list of the best fiction our writers have produced in the last decade. But from the first volume to the last, we cannot escape the impression that Mr. Herrick's dominant interest is in something beyond the mere story he has to tell; that his ideal of fiction is to present through the medium of individual men and women the big, basic problems on which depend the welfare of a people, and, what is more, so to present them as to force the reader, whether he will or not, to take thought of them. Hitherto, however, he has not been ready to accomplish on a big scale the sort of novel of which he has so evidently dreamed—the novel of wide, sweeping, Zolaesque magnitude, with its symbolic title, its crowded canvas, its motley panorama of human lives. Central ideas he has had, to be sure, and his titles as well as his themes have not been lacking in symbolism; but there was a certain vagueness about them, a lack of specific intent. One might, without serious injustice, shuffle his titles and redistribute them; in a general way, the central characters in all these books are struggling in the Web of Life, learning their lesson of disillusion from the Real World, rebelling against the Common Lot and thirsting for the Gospel of Freedom. It is curious to see how with each successive book Mr. Herrick has broadened his field of vision, as his knowledge of life has widened; how he began as a psychologue of the school of Bourget and Henry James, and little by little swung around to the freer, more objective methods of the realist, caring less and less for the vivisection of a human heart under a microscope and more and more for tracing the orbit of an ethical problem through a telescope. Sooner or later, those who had faith in him felt sure that Mr. Herrick would produce a really big book, perhaps the first of a series of big books; and suddenly, and rather sooner than was expected, he justified this belief with *Together,* his fine, sane, fearless study of American Marriage.

There is no useful purpose to be served by attempting to analyse the central story of *Together.* The married life of Isabelle Price and John Lane, whose wedding forms the impressive opening of the book, is probably not intended by the author to be more typical or more significant than the score of other marriages of which he unveils the intimate joys and griefs. Every canvas must have its central group, its focal point, to which the significant lines converge; but in *Together* it is not Isabelle Price who is the heroine, but Marriage with a capital M, the symbolic figure of American wifehood. It is not the individual nature of Isabelle Price that we remember in those bold opening chapters, the most thought-compelling portrayal of a young couple on the threshold of married life since Maupassant wrote his unforgettable pages in *Une Vie;* it is the average type of young American womanhood, entering blithely, unthinkingly, unwarned, upon the most serious obligations of life; more engrossed with the guests, the presents, the fit of her wedding gown, the brilliant social function of which she

is for the moment the centre, than she is with the years of intimate companionship that lie before her. And then when it is done, "as ordained by the church, according to the rules of society," and it remains "for Man and Wife to make of it what they would—or could," the inevitable awakening comes and they look into each other's eyes, as countless thousands of wedded couples have done before them, and realise that they are looking into the eyes of strangers.

But the initial mistake, the lack of serious understanding of the step they are taking, is only the beginning of a rift which Mr. Herrick finds so widespread in our American social structure. Not that he finds no happy marriages, or even that he would assert that the happy marriage is a rare exception. For the reproach frequently made against *Together,* to the effect that by assembling a score or more of ill-mated couples, truant husbands, erring wives, the whole sad gamut of incompatibility, infidelity and the divorce courts, he has shown a distorted perspective, a false sense of proportion, really has no firmer ground than the similar reproach against *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* Zola's *L'Assommoir,* and every other big, epic study of ethical problems. Mr. Herrick is studying unhappy marriages, not happy ones; and with the latter type he has no more concern than the pathologist engaged in a research of malarial germs has with healthy human beings or healthy mosquitoes. And equally mistaken is the effort to find in *Together* a remedy for matrimonial discord. Mr. Herrick simply records a certain number of typical cases; he attempts no solution, he merely gives us the facts and says in effect: "Here is what I find; think this over for yourselves." How to remedy the prevailing lack of common interest between husband and wife; the men engrossed in the great game of amassing wealth, the women equally engrossed in the game of spending it; the decrease in domesticity, in motherhood, in the old-fashioned family affection and loyalty—these are conditions which he depicts without bias and without comment, but with the calm assurance of one who is certain of his facts and of the high moral worth of his purpose. And for this reason *Together* is a book which, whatever may be its relative value as a contribution to literature, belongs, as regards the spirit in which it is conceived, in the category of Zola's *Fécondité* and Tolstoi's *Kreutzer Sonata.* Best of all, it arouses a reasonable expectation that the author will follow it up with a series of similarly vigorous studies of cognate problems in the busy, arduous American life of to-day.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I

Professor Wendell's "The Privileged Classes"*

Mr. Wendell's book contains four essays, the first two on social problems in America, the other two on education. Although the preface declares that the "four make a consecutive book," continuity is achieved by the reshaping of the contiguous beginnings and endings of the original units, an example of that manipulation of transitional sentences which is part of the Harvard theory of English Composition. The book has, however, homogeneity of style, unity of personality, such as is recognised in academic philosophies of literary art; and if another excuse were needed for putting these four essays together, it is found in the fact that they make a convenient volume. The exigencies of composition, in the printer's sense of the word, have had a great influence on literature and a course on the subject might be given at

*The Privileged Classes. By Barrett Wendell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1908.

Harvard. The great merit of this collection of essays is the brilliancy of the phrasing, which is enough to justify any book, even one by a "mere man of letters." For such Mr. Wendell calls himself with ironic humility, which suggests, if it was not suggested by, Matthew Arnold's habit of praising himself with the faintly damning phrase, "a belletristic trifler." Mr. Wendell's reiterated modesty on behalf not only of himself but of a large class of distinguished thinkers reminds one of his own phrase, "the flat ooze of repetitive insignificance." It requires the genius of a man of letters—who else could do it?—to discover the analogy between ecclesiastical monuments of mediæval superstition in Europe and monuments of modern superstition in America — namely, Carnegie libraries and marble colleges. Who less gifted than a man of letters could say this: "I do not see how any one can doubt that American society will soon be obviously encumbered with certain vast, if respectable, mendicant orders of scholars—such as male and female Doctors of Philosophy"? This is but one of the many stimulating, joyously unacademic ideas in the book.

The essays on social problems are those most likely to challenge opposition. The thesis of the first is that men without property are now seeking privilege at the expense of those who have property, that the workingman is trying to get more than he earns, thereby aspiring to a renewal of such privilege as the Revolution of 1776 is commonly supposed to have swept away. At the very moment when Mr. Gompers and others (not socialists, be it remembered) are asking for special rights in the courts for organised labour, attempting to use the voting power of the unions to force from the dominant political parties legal inequality under the guise of justice to labour, Mr. Wendell's book, if it were not so well written, might furnish some useful arguments. But it is unhappily dated at Nahant, and the public will not receive kindly any new mixture of scholarship and politics from that quarter of Massachusetts.

A proof of the excellence of Mr. Wendell's book is that it has already provoked rabid editorials in some of those newspapers which pretend on the editorial page to be friends of the workingman in order that the proprietors may profit by the advertisements on the next page which enable quacks to swindle the workingman and which thereby attest the workingman's gullibility. Mr. Wendell's picture of a squad of the privileged classes loafing at their work on the city streets is intended to be no more than a suggestive anecdote. And it can easily be met with others no less relevant. Some time ago, for example, a member of one of the non-producing classes of Back Bay was running for office against a cheap hooligan and political rascal. Did Back Bay turn out to do its privileged duty? It did not. The candidate's own brother, lolling in a club, was heard to express regret that his brother was "engaged in this sort of thing, you know." A case might be made out, simply by way of illustrating certain dangerous tendencies of our political life, to show that Harvard professors do not do all they can for the civic welfare of Cambridge. A recent contest, in which the property of the college was directly involved, was conducted in a very ineffective manner, not, one may be sure, by President Eliot. A man living in what Mr. Dooley might call "th' effete purloos" of Commonwealth Avenue and Brattle Street is in a difficult position when he attempts to show the poor workingman as inclined to take more than his share of the room.

The second essay, "The American Revolution," is an attempt to read a present or approaching crisis in the light of history. It is an instance of what Mr. Wendell calls "eccentric historical perspective." The American Revolution and the Civil War are shown, properly enough, to have been not internal revolutions, but the contest of large geographic sections of the race against invaders who chanced to be of the same blood. An internal revolution against privilege such as we see vaguely threatened by socialism, or some other "ism," would, therefore, be a new thing. It would, moreover, be a "confession or a proclamation" that democracy has failed.

This is an extraordinary proposition. The only kind of revolution at all likely

or even talked about by any considerable body of aggressive men would differ from the others in our history only in that bloodshed would be no essential part of it. It would be a dignified and soberly organised expulsion of present owners from land which it is not for the common good that they should occupy. It could not succeed unless it expressed the orderly will of the majority and therein it would be traditionally American. It would have nothing in common with the profitless destruction of the French revolution, but would make democracy actual instead of, as now, hypocritical and unrealised. Though all privilege is contrary to democracy, the clamour for privilege on the part of unprivileged multitudes is less hostile to such democracy as we have so far achieved than the privilege of the few which has always been covertly permitted in this country and has of late taken to walking abroad naked and unashamed. Privilege of the many is a contradiction of terms, a very paradox of safety. Taxation without representation is precisely what is resented by those who labour without a voice in determining how the fruits of their labour shall be used. The oligarchy of the Southern States before the war is analogous, in its ultimate downfall encouragingly analogous, to the business oligarchy which now dominates industrial America. Whether desirable or not the social revolution urged by the socialists is too coolly calculated, too well ordered in its array of facts, to be dismissed as Utopian. And those who study history and literature, who read old books rather than new, have still to learn such elemental things as that socialism advocates private property rights as against the prevailing violations of privacy in possession—violation enforced by the machinery of government, in much the same way that the Supreme Court in the Dred Scott decision set the seal on injustice to the complete satisfaction of traditional legality. So far as I know the literary productions of that interesting community, the only man in Cambridge who has any knowledge of socialism, beyond some belated echoes of the already obsolete Marx and Spencer, is that wonderfully young old man, Colonel Higginson, who if he still sees 1860 with the eyes of 1860 at least sees 1910 with the eyes of to-day.

The third and fourth essays in this book, those on education, are vital, for Mr. Wendell is on the grounds of his own activities. And it is to be noted that he who has been a Bourbon, a Tory, in discussing social problems here becomes a cheerful radical, assaulting the traditions of education as jauntily as any literary socialist assaults property conventions. Strange that a man who can pass the education of two generations in review and say that if it has not worked we must get something better, no matter what smoky departments are discarded from the catalogues, should have been so annoyed a few pages back at the encroachments of the empty dinner pail upon the professor's bag of papers. Perhaps it is less dangerous to toss bombs among college faculties than to have them tossed into one's comfortable house by a predatory proletariat; in Cambridge and Boston the two things are equally unlikely to happen often. For that intellectual courage which enables Mr. Wendell to expound the unpopular side of the problem of equal rights is not characteristic of the collegiate or social circles in which he moves. Therefore it is the more honourable to him.

John Macy.

II

Mr. Hill's "Story of a Street"*

To many people Wall Street shares with the somewhat emotional commonwealth of Kansas the peculiar distinction of being regarded as a state of mind. To others, whose knowledge is gained by costly experience, it is a sort of financial zoo, where the bulls and bears gambol (or rather gamble) on the green. The truth of the matter is that this narrow, winding highway, sentinelled at one end by the brown bulk of old Trinity and washed at the other end by the East River, is packed with stirring history and rich with associations that have rare significance for every American who

*The Story of a Street. By Frederick Trevor Hill. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1908.

would know the real beginnings of the economic and other institutions of his country. This street, bait of the political demagogue and the target of the muck raker, was the forum of the Revolution and the stage of a large part of the early American drama. The story of Wall Street, which Mr. Hill now tells with such distinction and interest, makes a book eminently worth while. It has the fascinating detail of commercial and political adventure, for no romance could be more varied or picturesque than the evolution of a thoroughfare that was successively pioneer outpost, birthplace of a nation, cradle of liberty, Vanity Fair and now the nation's seething battlefield of finance.

The way that history has repeated itself in Wall Street is almost uncanny. The stockade or wall (which gave the street its name) was built originally in 1644 to keep the settlers' cattle within bounds. These cattle undoubtedly were the forerunners of the bulls of to-day, who need no barriers to keep within stock market limitations. That first rude stockade, curiously enough, was built by one Tomas Bacxter, who later distinguished himself as a pirate. He was like a shadow cast by coming persons. To continue the somewhat extraordinary connection with modern things, the first house built north of Wall Street was erected by a man whose death, as officially recorded, was due to having "taken too much water in." Since his day many corporations affiliated with Wall Street have expired for the same inflated reason. The widow of the man who died from too much water (it was a rare death even in those days) married Captain Kidd, the pirate, who thus, as Mr. Hill aptly remarks, became one of the early proprietors of Wall Street. There are those who believe that this doughty buccanneer was reincarnated in later years in modern financial freebooters. Certain it is that Wall Street has been a favourite treasure-hunting ground ever since.

That Wall Street was originally the heart of New Amsterdam, through which old Peter Stuyvesant stumped with his wooden leg, thus heralding the real "first families" of Manhattan, most people know; likewise its subsequent occupation by the British. There is not a nook of the old street without historic memories. Within its confines was waged one of the first, if not the first, fights for a free press in this country. John Peter Zenger printed some alleged libellous article defamatory to the Government in his *Weekly Journal*, whereupon the incensed British officials burned the offending journals in the street. Zenger would not be squelched, so he was put in gaol. The popular protest over his humiliation and the overwhelming sentiment that led to his acquittal, contributed to an episode which has been called "the dawn of American liberty," for that fever of revolt against British arrogance in Wall Street spread to all the colonies. To Wall Street came Paul Revere, the roving outpost of Freedom, with kindling news from Boston.

Wall Street was despoiled by the British during the Revolution, but a new splendour came to it with peace and democracy. It became the political centre of the new nation; here the First Continental Congress met; here Washington was declared the first President and here he took the oath of office; here, too, at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets, he performed the most important administrative act of his career by signing the measure that created the Supreme Court of the United States. About this time there settled in a modest Wall Street office a young lawyer, whose name was destined not only to loom big in the affairs of the country, but who was to create the financial fabric around which the Street's present-day activities whirl. The young man was Alexander Hamilton, and it is an interesting fact that he wrote the Federalist papers in what is now 33 Wall Street. Almost within sight of his office was the original lair of the Tammany Tiger. One of his first disciples was Aaron Burr, also a resident of Wall Street, whose malign influence was to be a blight later on more than one life and institution.

In those days when New York was the seat of national Government, Wall Street was the social centre of the republic. Between its rows of stately residences Fashion plumed and strutted in gorgeous array. From many a door step

the choicest scandal of the town emanated. John Ramage, the Irish portrait painter, was accustomed to join the fashionable throng during the promenade every afternoon attired in a scarlet coat with mother-of-pearl buttons, a white silk waistcoat embroidered with coloured flowers; black satin knee breeches with paste knee buckles, white silk stockings and a small, cocked hat perched on curled and powdered hair. This rainbow effect is in somewhat sharp contrast with the baggy trousers and loose sack coats worn by Mr. Harriman and some of our modern chieftains of capital, who now hurry along that same street making millions instead of small talk.

When the capital was shifted to Philadelphia, Wall Street's social prestige waned. As Society went out, Finance came in and henceforth the proportions of the market place grew. The so-called "public stock" (virtually the same as Government bonds) which the Treasury issued to finance the State debts was sold at auction at the east end of Wall Street. Mr. Hill states that the first Stock Exchange in New York was opened about March 1, 1792, at 22 Wall Street, by auctioneers to control this stock. Previously most financial operations had been conducted in the Merchants' Coffee House and later in the Tontine Coffee House at Wall and Water streets.

The broker and the curb, however, have always had a curious connection, and even at that time there was a "Curb" market in Wall Street under a buttonwood tree. Here was recorded the election wagers of the period. One wager recorded in a broker's book reads:

"Feb. 17, 1795. I bet Robert Gocks Sr. a pair of satin breeches that Jay would be elected governor by a majority of 500 or more." Evidently they did not plunge on the candidates in those times.

With the beginning of the nineteenth century Wall Street began to hum with business. Banking and insurance companies invaded the houses where society and fashion had reigned. Into the Street early in that century came Washington Irving, who hung out a lawyer's shingle at 3 Wall Street. It was in this dingy office that he began the *Knickerbocker History of New York.* No setting could have been more harmonious for the inaugural of a work that was to give him his first fame in the English-speaking world.

As Wall Street grew, there developed conditions not much different from those of to-day. One of the early historians whom Mr. Hill quotes says: "It is as difficult to wend one's way through Wall Street as it ever was. Physically as well as financially there is a peril in perambulating the Street. Stocks may rise, but stones are falling prodigiously in every direction. New York ever since we knew it has been a city of modern ruins. The builder is abroad one day and is relieved of his labours by the destroyer the day after. We never expect to see the city finished, but we have great anxiety to see it fairly commenced."

Thus romance, tragedy and achievement mingle in the story of Wall Street, which is but part of the larger story of the nation. The picturesqueness of its movement is gone; the power and significance of its activity only increase. Mr. Hill has performed a real service with his book. It is in some respects a sort of liberal education.

Isaac F. Marcosson.

III

Angelo Neumann's "Wagner"*

One of the earliest and most energetic of the Wagnerian propagandists was Angelo Neumann, who against the prejudices and active opposition of the leading forces in the operatic world of his day gave convincing proof of Wagner's genius as embodied in his music dramas, by producing them successfully in many of the cities of Europe, creating for them a large and enthusiastic following. The publication of his volume of memoirs is proof that the supply of biographic literature on the subject of Wagner has not yet become exhausted, and also that interest in it shows no sign of flagging. Neumann's active championship of the new school of music was gained through

*Personal Recollections of Wagner. By Angelo Neumann. Translated from the Fourth German Edition by Edith Livermore. New York: Henry Holt and Company.

his attendance at the first Bayreuth festival. He was at that time assistant manager of the Leipsic opera house, and his enthusiasm knew no rest until he had secured the rights of production at Leipsic. The preliminary correspondence with Wagner is voluminous and shows a glimpse of one phase of the composer's activities that has not been touched upon by others to any great extent—his business dealings. It has always been the impression that with the traditional and slip-shod prodigality of genius Wagner paid no attention to the financial value of his works, permitting others to reap the profits that should have been his. But Neumann's "Recollections" make it very clear that the "Master," as he is invariably called, had a keen sense of the business end of the venture and of the pecuniary share to which he was entitled. With the shrewdness of a lawyer he seizes upon a pretext to demand even better terms than he himself at first proposes. With characteristic inconsistency he then requires the engagement of this singer and that conductor at the actual risk of the abandonment of the entire enterprise. Hans Richter and Anton Seidl appear on the scene as his special emissaries with power to make alterations and even to suspend the performances entirely if necessary.

There are many interesting anecdotes related, illustrating Wagner's remarkable stage talents, his almost superhuman power of dramatic expression, his immense grasp of the details that go to make up a perfect ensemble, his ever alert attention to matters of even the slightest importance, his unusual power of visualisation. Thus we find him writing to Seidl, who was conducting several cycles of the "Ring" dramas in Berlin:

Hagen's heavy walk suits me to perfection—but when he turns from Brunhilde to Gunther in the second act of *Gotterdammerung* he must do it with a nervous alertness which—in contrast to his usual gait—will be all the more gruesome! Don't forget from there on—a quicker tempo than last time.

Gunther must be more demonstrative in his lament; Hagen must always stand close by him.

Congratulations!

R. WAGNER.

Later, in the same day, he telegraphs:

Don't forget in the lesson in fear (Mime)—the tempo must be somewhat quicker, with livelier gestures in the pauses of Siegfried's song. Congratulations and thanks.

WAGNER.

The constant references to Anton Seidl naturally have special interest for Americans, among whom he laboured during the latest and best years of his life. It was Wagner's own suggestion, or rather command, that he be engaged to conduct the performances of his works given under Neumann's direction. "None of the other conductors," he writes, "have such a clear understanding of my tempi and the harmony between the music and the action." Later, Seidl accompanied the "Richard Wagner Theatre" over the greater part of Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland and Italy, in the various cities of which the resourceful Neumann had arranged for productions of the music dramas, and always with utmost success.

Neumann's peculiar talent for the tremendous undertakings he managed is well illustrated in numerous anecdotes. The pluck, tact, presence of mind and quick-wittedness which he evidently possessed in full measure saved from failure many a performance. The first Berlin production was threatened with disaster even before the curtain rose, because the orchestra insisted that they hadn't room enough to play in the pit of the theatre. When Neumann arrived, he took in the situation at a glance, persuaded the men to lay aside their hats, wraps and scarfs, which he then caused to be stacked up on orchestra chairs, occupying so much space that the men were impressed, went back to their places and the rehearsal proceeded without further hitch. At another time the local fire commissioner compelled the removal of the donkey-engine employed to furnish the clouds of steam for the *Walküre* performance, and the impresario at the last moment had to arrange for a steam-pipe connection from a neighbouring distillery.

Neumann was blessed with a good sense of humour. He relates how the Prince of Wales came behind the scenes during a performance of *Rheingold*, in-

terested in the swimming apparatus for the Rhine maidens. "We gave him a practical demonstration of their use, but I think he would have preferred to have the fascinating young Augusta Kraus (later Mme. Anton Seidl), who was standing there in her street dress, put on her nixie costume again and show him how it went. Instead of this, however, one of our machinists got into the little car, but the Prince turned away with an indifferent 'What the devil!'"

Neumann refers to Wagner's exhortation to the orchestra: "Gentlemen, I beg of you not to take my 'fortissimo' too seriously! . . . Remember how many of you there are down there, against the poor one single throat up here alone on the stage!" showing how mistaken the current impression was of the amount of "noise" required of the Wagnerian orchestra.

But it is easy to keep on quoting one story after another from these really fascinating memoirs. The intimate picture of the "behind the scenes" episodes, the glimpses of interesting personalities among the artists, and above all the frank but indulgent accounts of the composer's own relations with his friends and colleagues furnish valuable data, not only to the lover of Wagnerian dramas, but even to those who are not "Wagnerites," but who nevertheless cannot fail to be interested in the recital of the triumphant progress through Europe of the "Nibelungen Horde," as Neumann calls his troupe.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

IV

"Faust"*

It is just a hundred years since the first part of Goethe's *Faust* was completed, yet Schiller's prophecy stays unfulfilled. "Sie sind eigentlich recht dazu geeignet," he says, writing to Goethe in 1802, "um von andern bei Lebzeiten beerbt und ausgeplündert zu werden." Few poets, either in Goethe's lifetime or since, have recast *Faust* in the image of their own mood or thought. They have adapted mainly by leaving out.

This is what Mr. Stephen Phillips and Mr. Comyns Carr have done, with their eyes on the contemporary English stage. They were compelled to shorten, and they have shortened by leaving out a good deal of the wisdom that Goethe, in the years between 1775 and 1808, packed and repacked into his dramatic poem. Faust himself, as Goethe drew the character, is rather too Ph.D. to engross the interest of the average Englishman or American to-day. You must be far gone in the love of culture before you can accept him as a tolerable likeness of human aspiration. He is, besides, drawn with a less certain hand than Margaret or Mephistopheles. Mr. Phillips and Mr. Carr seem to have believed this, to have found him a little in their way. Accordingly, they have cut Faust down to not much more than a man for Mephistopheles to talk to, for Margaret to love and to suffer by.

These omissions naturally make Mephistopheles and Margaret, the spectacle and the simple human story, more important, comparatively, than they are in Goethe. An adaptation, you say, designed to please an actor-manager who saw himself as Mephistopheles among telling scenery, and who wasn't averse from a little "heart interest"? I don't think so. At least I don't agree to what the question implies. The thought that gives weight to nearly every page of Goethe's *Faust* is too explicit to be effective on the stage. It is not changed into character and action. The thought that has undergone this change, that gives the dramatic poem what little unity it has, that makes it moving and entertaining, resides in the spectacle and the simple human story—the very parts that Mr. Phillips and Mr. Carr have kept and emphasised. Their task was special, and they have performed it admirably. The verse—easy, loosely woven, speakable, never calling attention to itself—does not get between us and what is being said and done. But it serves, along with the supernatural machinery and the spec-

*Faust: Freely Adapted from Goethe's Dramatic Poem. By Stephen Phillips and J. Comyns Carr. New York: The Macmillan Company.

tacle, to keep Margaret and Faust and Mephistopheles where Goethe wanted them kept, at a certain distance from the reader. At this distance we get, in this adaptation, a free, straight look at them, and the impression they make is strong and new.

"Was sich nie und nirgends hat begeben,
Das allein veraltet nie."

It is not true, of course, in general, but it is so far true of *Faust* that every capable adapter must make a conscious effort, just as Goethe made a conscious effort, to keep far away from surface realness. *Faust* is a picture of human destiny, not of human character, though it contains one of the most natural and moving of all imaginary characters. It is a poem that must be read in the light of our wishes and dissatisfactions, not in the light of our experience, though it is full of the kind of wisdom that can come only by experience. These contradictions would stare at us and shock us if an attempt were made at realistic treatment. What would Faust himself be if we translated his story into the possible experience of a real man? Ernest Renan grown old, perhaps, and regretting that he had given the days and years of his youth to scholarship and thought, and put back to twenty-five or thirty by Professor Metchnikoff. Somehow it does not sound impressive.

And yet of course the day will come when somebody will make Faust over to suit himself. When I heard first that there was to be a Faust by Stephen Phillips I had vague notions of a series of dramatic moments, with intervals filled by that tremulous, fluttering blank verse of which Mr. Phillips has the secret, when he cares to use it. Then I was aware that the Faust I most wished for would be in prose—that Mephistopheles would give Faust the power to satisfy wishes that Faust did not know he had, his deepest wishes, his unconscious wishes—that we should look, dimly at first, through thinning mists, at unexplored bits of soul, getting clearer. But for this Faust we must wait until M. Maeterlinck feels like writing it.

Philip Littell.

V

Mr. Fox's "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine"*

Years ago, before the Argonauts of Local Colour had staked out their literary claims over every foot of the earth's surface, Charles Egbert Craddock struck pay dirt in the Tennessee mountains. The mine she discovered was no less than a Bonanza, and it yielded her rich returns. Such finds are rare in these days, for the search has been keen. But the miner of to-day has his resources. Hunting over the fields that have already been worked, he will find plenty of low-grade ore overlooked in the first mad rush. By the application of modern methods and the use of modern machinery he will produce from these once despised veins even larger aggregate returns than rewarded the haphazard methods of the pioneers. It is the triumph of industry and method over primitive genius.

In applying this parable to Mr. Fox and his stories of the Kentucky mountaineers an important exception must be noted. He is by no means offensively modern in his methods. On the contrary, his stories read very much like those of twenty years ago, when the hunt for Local Colour was at its height. His is the formula of those days, and he wins success by his courageous refusal to depart from it. All his care and patient labour are given to the task of saving his reader at every point from disappointment. Thus watchful of every detail, he is content with a little profit all along the line—which amounts to no inconsiderable profit in the whole.

Consider some of the chief ingredients of *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine:* for heroine an untutored, barefoot, beautiful child, daughter of a lanky mountaineer; hero, a big, broad-shouldered, masterful young engineer, prospecting in the mountains for coal and future sites of great manufacturing cities; a giant pine, standing lonely on a mountain, and a trail leading up to it; a Kentucky feud, involving the girl's father and brother and other relatives; a murder by

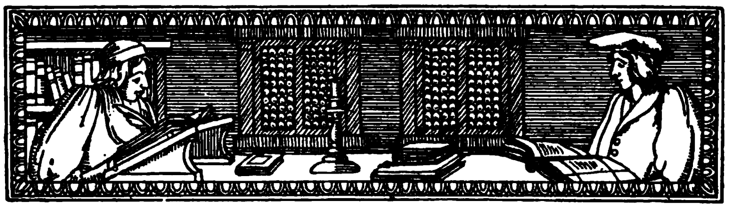
*The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. By John Fox, Jr. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

one of the feudists, an attempted rescue of the murderer, and a legal execution, engineered by the hero; a vindictive young mountaineer, in love with the girl and sworn to have the life of the hero (though you know he will never have it); a series of misunderstandings between hero and heroine, which nearly —not quite—separates them for life; descriptions of mountain scenery, and a few subsidiary characters, typical of the region. Put these elements together plausibly, with plenty of incident, and if you are disappointed in the result, why, you never would like that kind of a story, anyway.

It is amply evident that Mr. Fox knows the kind of people of whom he writes. The Local Colour is not only plentiful; it is, if one may be permitted to judge who has no first-hand knowledge of the original, correct. To demand, in addition to correctness of detail in externals, a true representation of character, is unreasonable. It is more than the Local Colourist is bound to deliver. Naturally, then, Mr. Fox's minor characters are more truly set forth than his hero and heroine, and the incidents of the plot are more plausible than the plot itself. There is a chapter in which is described the encounter of two bands of feudists in front of a country store. A quarrel begins and some one pulls a gun. In a flash the others follow suit, and there stand eight men, each one covered by the gun of an enemy, not one daring to pull trigger, knowing that the first shot will be the sign for his death. That is just the sort of preposterous situation that may actually have occurred. But when the lover comes back to the girl's deserted home for the last time just as a thunderstorm breaks, and sees the Lonesome Pine stricken by a bolt (only you learn later that it wasn't the pine, but a neighbouring oak); and the girl, too, comes back for the last time, and by the strangest chance meets the man at the foot of the pine; and all is explained, and the lovers are reunited—you seem to have heard something like this before, not in real life but on the stage. It is all perfectly possible, unlike the gun incident, and too absurdly improbable. It is hard not to reflect that the girl comes back on this day of all days solely because she is entirely in the power of her author, and must do as he decrees to make the story come out right.

No, for the enjoyment of such a book one must fall back on the Local Colour. Almost the first words the untutored heroine speaks to her future lover are: "I'm a goin' to ketch hell now." That is charming. Uncle Billy and Old Hon are delightful, whether perched together on the old grey mare or sitting outside their little mill, listening to the sound of the wheel. The Red Fox, itinerant Swedenborgian preacher, healer of the sick, spy and informer, even murderer—a veritable Jekyll and Hyde—is a real character. So, too, would be the Hon. Samuel Budd, if the outlines of his person were only filled in. It is the Hon. Sam who supplies the anthropological text for the story. "You see, mountains isolate people and the effect of isolation on human life is to crystallise it. These people have been cut off from all communication with the outside world. They are a perfect example of an arrested civilisation, and they are the closest link we have with the Old World." There is the scientific basis for Mr. Fox's Local Colour; it is as a novelist of manners of an arrested civilisation that he scores his success.

Ward Clark.



THE PERSONAL SARDOU

SARDOU was *une vraie ficelle.* Madame Bernhardt is *une vraie ficelle.* Indeed they have been the most grand and conspicuous examples of their time. It would be difficult to say which could have called the turn on the other in a real contest. But, in fact, through all the wars and scrimmages of the drama and theatre in Paris, they were splendid friends. I certainly felt a bit queer and eerie one day when he suddenly inquired, "Do you know how Sarah's toothache is which she had on Thursday?" To have seen her and him rehearsing must have been an entertainment for the gods. A familiar view of him by the public was when he was driven through the streets on the way to or from a rehearsal, along the sumptuous, gloomy façades of the Louvre, his top hat tilted on the back of his head, a white kerchief endeavouring to stifle him, his arm thrown out now and then in dramatic reaches to give combativeness to the subject in hand.

Sardou was one of the very few international Frenchmen. He was a cosmopolitan. He somehow belonged to the imperial reign—the Second Empire. He had an ambitious outlook toward the outer and greater world, like the Napoleons. Magnificent size, vast trumpetings, the power and grandeur which dazzle and win the common multitudes, the *gloire* together with its ever-sounding emptiness—this was reflected, re-echoed, in the showy productions of the later Sardou. He antedated the Third Republic and was not of it strictly or with it.

It was a fine treat to see him sweeping down his study, thundering against the modern régime—*je vais les embêter, vous allez voir!* He was a militant general, a grand agitator, a vehement partisan. He was nevertheless the variety of *bouregois* who always look back to Louis Philippe:

"All that is needed is a leader. O, if Boulanger had been a little—just a little—more serious, he could have ridden from the Café Durand to the Elysée, and everybody would have cried—*Vive la France!* I am for the *bourgeois.* Let them rule. Louis Philippe—he was all right. The aristocracy reigned under the *ancien régime,* the people reigned in the Revolution—now it's the turn of the middle class. They are the backbone—the reserved force of the nation. They always pull France out of her disasters."

Amazingly expansive in his sudden confidences, for he was a southerner, he would send you next day one of his undecipherable notes suggesting that you do not happen to mention the matter to any one interested.

No one of course has done so much as Sardou to glorify the drama by costly spectacles shining with a wealth of historical details. These plays were true in their way to the close of the richest, most researchful, most colossal of centuries. He had a genius and conscience for stage accuracy, truthful reproduction. He was methodical and tireless. The amount of time and effort he expended on the topic of the French Revolution, for instance, was extreme. His Robespierre data was fatiguing to contemplate. He had countless drawers containing everything he could find on every dramatic subject he could hear of in the world.

A wealthy connoisseur, an alert observer, an expert collector, he was, however, not strictly a student. He was an excellent business man, shrewd, strongly executive. If you were five minutes—two minutes—late, the door was inexorably closed. You would have to return the next day. He had fifty definite plays rampant in his mind, each greater or more important than the others. He had a hundred projects which he was driving forward like an imperator. Energy, pliability, bewildering resourcefulness, authoritative experience—he combined all in the highest degree. The effect on the emotions of the public in the theatre—he had reduced all that to an absolute science with no one to dispute with him about

it. He knew just when and where the average auditor would have to clamp himself to his seat in order not to hit the ceiling.

He was an accomplished actor, though he was never on the stage. As in the case of Madame Bernhardt, the best acting he did was going on constantly, every day, in the strictly domestic side of his life. A young American woman once happened to overhear that I was intending to see him the next morning. She was "dying" to meet him. *Would* I not take her? I did, feeling sure that he would not take exception. As we were leaving he held her hand to say good-by. He put his other hand over both hands and turned to me with the air of a conquered admirer, courtier and downright friend, admitting, "What beautiful eyes she has!" It was as difficult yet as smooth a little piece of stage business as could be seen at the Comédie. It was consummate, with that combination of grace and sincerity which they tell us we need look for only in France. I asked myself, What American man would ever think of trying to achieve such a thing? As for England's men of best blood as we observe them engaged in the matters of love and chivalry in the pages of Mrs. Ward's romances—how like fine sticks of cordwood in comparison!

My young, unmarried friend was swept off her feet. She bounded down the boulevard as if a king had proposed to her. "Just think of it!" she kept exclaiming, "I shall be able to tell my grandchildren that the great Sardou told their grandmother she had beautiful eyes." I have always thought this incident turned her to the stage, for she had never dreamed of the theatre as a profession. At any rate for a decade now she has been one of our conspicuous actresses, and is at this writing the leading woman in a fine Broadway production.

Sardou was truly a great and worthy man. He has written plays of different and lasting kinds. We are apt to think only of his large and doubtful sensations in which it was partly his object to *épater le monde*. We are apt to forget that no play touches the true patriotic French soul more direct than *Patrie* (1869); and that no home play continues more pleasantly popular among the best *bourgeois* classes in France than



VICTORIEN SARDOU. FROM THE DRAWING BY PHIL MAY

Nos Intimes (1861). If we consider the theatre as it was in 1860 and as it is today, no one, we may well say, has had in amount anything like Sardou's influence upon its development, if we except Ibsen.

Stuart Henry.



MANNERS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE—GOING TO THE RACES

NAPOLEON THE LESS

THIS year and the year that follows are years of centenaries. The hundredth anniversaries of famous births have been noted and are being celebrated from month to month. It seems remarkable that no one has thought of the year 1808 as being that in which there was born a man who for two decades was more flattered and was deemed more powerful, astute, and brilliant than any other ruler in the world. This forgetfulness represents, perhaps, the judgment of history; but none the less, it is rather startling. The Third Napoleon was born on April 20th, in 1808, in the city of Paris. For forty years he was regarded as a dreamer. Then he revived the Napoleonic legend. He became President of France. By armed force, he overthrew the constitution. Soon after, he was crowned Emperor and wore the mantle dotted with the imperial bees. After that he was supposed to hold in the hollow of his hand the destinies of Europe. He allied himself with England, and defeated Russia. His soldiers struck down Austria. He created the kingdom of Italy. He erected an empire in Mexico. He made a new Paris with the most brilliant court in Christendom. And yet no one has even taken the trouble to recall his birthday!

BULLETIN DE VOTE

Pour le Président

DE LA RÉPUBLIQUE.

LOUIS-NAPOLÉON BONAPARTE.

FACSIMILE OF A BALLOT FOR THE PLÉBISCITE OF NOVEMBER 22, 1852

What was thought of Napoleon by those who were not behind the scenes can be well seen in the pages of Mark Twain's *Innocents Abroad.* There are some chapters in that book which are written with entire seriousness; and one of them conveys an impression of Napoleon III.—"Napoleon in military uniform, a long-bodied, short-legged man, fiercely moustached, old, wrinkled, with eyes half closed, and *such* a deep, crafty, scheming expression about them." This was in 1867, less than three years before the whole fabric of the Empire, which seemed like solid granite, was shattered at a single stroke. At that very time the French army was so disorganised that, in the year preceding, the War Office could not mobilise a single corps to threaten Bismarck at the time of his triumph over Austria. Napoleon's diplomacy had been discredited in Mexico, when the American President ordered the French troops to leave, and enforced the hint by sending Sheridan with fifty thousand soldiers to the Rio Grande. The debt of France was already appalling. Men like Von Moltke and Bismarck knew the weakness of Napoleon's régime. Yet the world at large still saw in him a diplomat of rare subtlety, a man of creative genius, one who was a fitting Augustus to match his uncle's Cæsar. Mark Twain only said what everybody thought when he called the Emperor "the genius of Energy, Persistence, and Enterprise." There were perhaps not a hundred human beings who would not then have read with sympathy and belief the rhetorical apostrophe which to-day one recalls with curiosity and amusement.

Napoleon III., Emperor of France! Surrounded by shouting thousands, by military



NAPOLEON III. IN THE COSTUME OF A GENERAL OF DIVISION

From the painting by Flandrin



BARON HAUSSMANN

pomp, by the splendours of his capital city, and companioned by kings and princes—this is the man who was sneered at, and reviled, and called Bastard—yet who was dreaming of a crown and an empire all the while; who was driven into exile—but carried his dreams with him; who associated with the common herd in America, and ran foot-races for a wager—but still sat upon a throne, in fancy; who braved every danger to go to his dying mother—and grieved that she could not be spared to see him cast aside his plebeian vestments for the purple of royalty; who kept his faithful watch and walked his weary beat, a common policeman of London—but dreamed the while of a coming night when he should tread the long-drawn corridors of the Tuileries; who made the miserable *fiasco* of Strasbourg: saw his poor, shabby eagle, forgetful of its lesson, refuse to perch upon his shoulder; delivered his carefully prepared, sententious burst of eloquence into unsympathetic ears: found himself a prisoner, the butt of small wits, a mark for the pitiless ridicule of all the world—yet went on dreaming of coronations and splendid pageants, as before; who lay a forgotten captive in the dungeons of Ham—and still schemed and planned and pondered over future glory and future power.

President of France at last! A *coup d' état*, and surrounded by applauding armies, welcomed by the thunders of cannon, he mounts a throne and waves before an astounded world the sceptre of a mighty empire! Who talks of the marvels of fiction? Who speaks of the wonders of romance? Who prates of the tame achievements of Aladdin and the Magi of Arabia?

It is true enough that Napoleon's reign suggests the marvels of fiction. As a matter of fact, almost everything about it might be called a work of fiction. The Emperor himself had been rightly estimated in the days when he was known as Prince Louis Bonaparte and wandered over the face of the earth from the Hague to Hoboken. He was essentially a dull man. When Victor Hugo wrote of him that vitriolic sentence: "He is neither the son of his father, nor the father of his son," at least half of the epigram was true. In his veins there was no Bonapartist blood, for there can be little doubt that his real father was not Napoleon's brother Louis, but the Dutch admiral, Verheuel, as to whom no one questions that he was the accepted lover of Queen Hortense, who had other children also born out of wedlock.

Napoleon III. had the Dutch phlegm, the fishy eye, and the half guttural utterance which belong to a cer-



PAUL DE CASSAGNAC

tain type of Dutchman. He was physically brave enough in a stolid sort of way; but he was sentimental, a visionary, a man who dreamed dreams and took them for realities. That he won the presidency of France was due to the strength of the Napoleonic tradition, which had been stimulated by the interment less than twenty years before of the great warrior's remains in the gorgeous sarcophagus of the Invalides. The imperial throne he owed to men much stronger than himself,—to his half-brother the Duc de Morny, to Marshal St. Arnaud, to Persigny, and to Fleury. Something he owed also to Marshal Magnan, a veteran of Waterloo who commanded the troops at the time of the *coup d'état* when the boulevards of Paris were swept by bullets and stained with blood. Furthermore, he could not have succeeded had his enterprise not been financed by the notorious Elizabeth Howard. This name often occurs in the memoirs of the Empire, but the facts about her have only recently been collated and told in an intelligible way."*



THE DUC DE MORNY, HALF BROTHER TO NAPOLEON III.

Miss Howard, whose real name was

*Court Life of the Second French Empire. Chap. VIII. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



CORA PEARL
(Emma Crouch)

probably Miss Haryett, or Hargett, but whom Napoleon made Comtesse de Beauregard, was of obscure origin. She began to be known in London about 1840, when she passed from one protector to another, until she met Louis Napoleon. There is no doubt that with the shrewd calculation of her class, she saw in this wandering prince a sort of sporting chance. All the money that she had saved she put at his disposal, and she offered also to sell her diamonds for his benefit. If this was a speculation on her part, it was a paying one. She appears later to have received in cash more than a million dollars, besides a famous château and an estate. She was at thirty a very beautiful woman, though inclined to be too stout, and her face and features are described as Greek in their faultless symmetry. Miss Howard undoubtedly expected to play the part of a Madame de Pompadour, and she tried hard to gain some social notice, but her previous career had been too well advertised. Nevertheless, she kept her eye upon Napoleon, and when he planned his marriage with Mademoiselle de Montijo, Miss Howard was lured away to Hâvre until the wedding ceremony was over. When she learned of it from a newspaper, she raved and stormed and wanted to return to Paris to make a public scandal; but the police system was an admirable one in France at that time, and she was told that if she made any trouble she would be at once shipped off to the United States. After this, she contented herself with asking for more money, and finally, she married an Englishman, from whom she was divorced not long before her death in 1865.

The name of Marguerite Bellanger figured rather largely in the later history of the Empire, and even survived the Empire's fall. Her real name was Justine Lebœuf, and she began her life as a chambermaid, being taken up by Napoleon in 1863. She imposed upon the Emperor, who believed that he was the father of her son. In connection with this child, M. Devienne, who held a position in France corresponding to that of the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, took charge of some negotiations between her and the Emperor. After the present Republic was

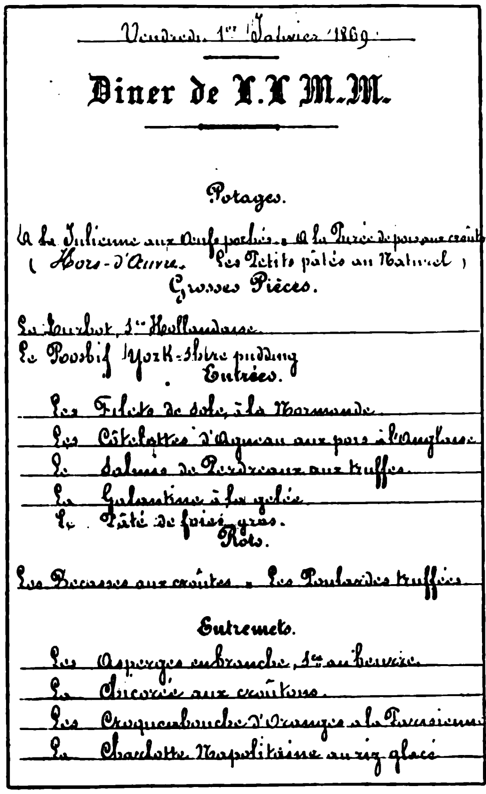


MARGUERITE BELLANGER



THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE

From the portrait by Winterhalter at Versailles



Vendredi 1er Janvier 1869

Diner de L.L. M.M.

Potages.

La Julienne aux Oeufs pochés — A la Purée de pois aux croûtons

(Hors-d'Œuvre. Les Petits pâtés au Naturel)

Grosses Pièces.

Le Turbot, Sce Hollandaise

Le Roosbif York-shire pudding

Entrées.

Les Filets de sole, à la Normande.

Les Côtelettes d'Agneau aux pois à l'Anglaise

Le Salmis de Perdreaux aux truffes.

La Galantine à la gelée

Le Pâté de foies gras.

Rôts.

Les Bécasses aux croûtes — Les Poulardes truffées

Entremets.

Les Asperges en branche, Sce au beurre.

La Chicorée aux croûtons.

Les Croquembouche d'Oranges à la Parisienne

La Charlotte Napolitaine au riz glacé

THE MENU OF AN "INTIMATE DINNER" AT THE PALACE OF THE TUILERIES



THE PARIS OF THE SECOND EMPIRE—IN THE LUXEMBOURG GARDENS



BENEDETTI, FRENCH AMBASSADOR TO BERLIN

established, M. Devienne was summoned before his own court and accused of having compromised the dignity of his office. His answer was that he had acted in order to prevent not only a public scandal but an open rupture between the Emperor and the Empress. He was therefore reinstated in his office, which he held until 1877.

If there was no open scandal of this sort, there were plenty of private ones. Never was there so pleasure-loving and so easy-going a court, and seldom has there been one which was externally so splendid. The Emperor spent money like water, and thereby produced prosperity for the time, and with it popularity for the government. Hundreds of millions were lavished upon Paris, much of it being wasted, yet none the less with the result that the city really deserved its title *la ville lumière*. In these days it has gone to seed and grown shabby, but in 1869 everything seemed fresh and new and brilliant and imposing. The army was rotten to the core; yet the Emperor's Cent Gardes were splendid soldiers to the eye. Society was no less demoralised, yet its gayety was exhilarating. These were the days when it was said that good Americans when they die go to Paris. The Emperor conferred distinction by recognising any foreigner. The Empress set the fashions for the world. It was all a sham, but it was thoroughly magnificent in its way. It can be best understood at present by reading Zola's early novels, by recalling some chapters of Daudet's *Le Nabab,* and by remembering Jacques Offenbach, whose *opéra bouffe* was the most characteristic production of an empire which itself was *bouffe*. That shallow and yet catchy music was a tonal sneer. Every libretto of his was a mock at the old-time virtues of chastity and honour and courage. Paris was the Paris of the *demi-monde* and of the *monde et demi,* as the younger Dumas wittily remarked. Cora Pearl, the daughter of Frederick Crouch, an English musician, who wrote *Kathleen Mavourneen,* vied with the great ladies of



THE DUCHESS OF CASTIGLIONE AS A NUN

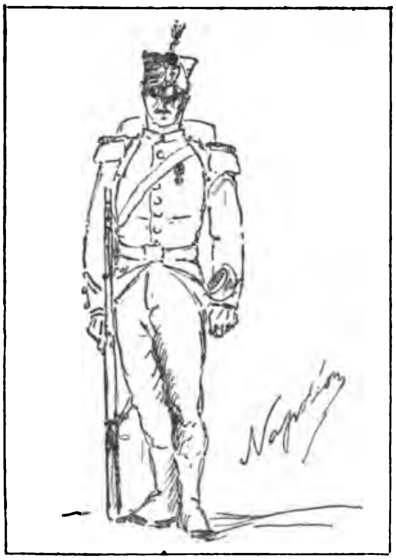
the court who copied her dress and manners.

But perhaps, after all, the evil genius of the Empire was in reality the Empress—herself a virtuous woman, yet frivolous, unreasonable, and bigoted to the last degree. Partly Spanish and partly Scotch, she combined laxity of bearing with a certain mulish obstinacy, and a disposition always to meddle in affairs of state. Again and again her interference was pernicious. The scenes which took place between her and the Emperor were scandalous. At the very last it was she who robbed France of any chance of victory against the Prussians. Italy would have joined France in an alliance had Napoleon consented to withdraw his troops from Rome. Yet this was the one thing which Eugénie would not hear of. She was not merely an ardent Catholic; she was an Ultramontane, and she sacrificed her empire, her husband, and her son to the temporal sovereignty of the Pope without even in the end assuring that.

There has been much speculation as to the physical condition of the Emperor at the time of the Franco-Prussian War. It is now well known that when war first loomed up, the most famous physicians of France were summoned to the Tuileries. For a long while Napoleon had been physically unfit. Like his great predecessor he was troubled with dysuria. In this medical conference, he allowed no surgical examination. Consequently, the doctors disagreed; and a few days after, Napoleon



NO. 10 KING STREET, ST. JAMES'S. PRINCE LOUIS NAPOLEON'S RESIDENCE IN LONDON
From a photograph by Elliott and Fry



DRAWING BY THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

set out for the seat of war accompanied by a surgeon who continually attended him, bearing a case of instruments in order that an operation might be performed at any moment. On the day of the skirmish at Saarbrücken, which at the time was magnified into a battle and where the Prince Imperial received his famous baptism of fire, the Emperor sat on horseback watching the engagement. Afterward, he had great difficulty in dismounting, and took the arm of General Lebrun.

"Your Majesty seems ill," observed the General.

"My dear General," was the answer, "I am suffering horribly." Soon afterward, his malady, of which the seat lay in the bladder, became so painful that his mind refused to work. Then he was dragged about from place to place, losing all control over his generals, a hapless, wretched, spectral figure whom Zola has described for us in *La Débâcle*. Whether or not he rouged his ghastly face, to hide the horror of it, one cannot tell. In Zola this gives the last and most effective touch to his description of the unfortunate sovereign. He was essentially a fatalist. It is not probable that his downfall troubled him any more than his enthronement had elated him. Like the first Napoleon, he was essentially an adventurer; but the first Napoleon was an adventurer who changed the face of Europe and affected the course of history for all time. Napoleon the Less merely debauched and vulgarised what had been a mighty nation and left it to the cynical incompetence of the wretched little men who now control its destinies. The France



DRAWING BY THE PRINCE IMPERIAL

of the great Napoleon was a France triumphant, dominant, and strong. The France of the Third Napoleon was a France glittering, gorgeous, and spectacular. The France of to-day is a France which is peopled by a dying race, whose genius is tainted and impure, and whose leaders are pygmies beside whom even Napoleon the Third appears illustrious.

Harry Thurston Peck.

THE QUESTION OF TEMPO AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

IN the various hand-books that have been written on the technique of the novel, a good deal has been said about the structure of plots, the creation of character, the filling in of local colour; a good deal, too, regarding romance and reality, style and prose rhythm, and one knows not how many other things besides, more or less cognate to the subject. But the text-books neglect one element, and a very important element, too, which consciously or unconsciously is taken into account by every novelist of real ability, and which, for lack of a better name, we may define in musical terminology as the *tempo*. Not that we may apply this term in its most literal sense, of a certain required speed of execution; but rather in the sense of a certain emotional effect depending, in music, upon the beat of a metronome, and in prose narrative upon something radically different, but in both cases resulting in the widely divergent moods of *andante, allegro, scherzo,* and the like. You cannot, of course, transform a tragedy into a farce by greater rapidity of narration or by any trick of verbal rhythm; and yet the fact remains that the same theme, in fiction as well as in music, may be developed in countless different moods, so as to run the whole gamut of the emotions. It is mainly the question of tempo that marks the difference between the Helen of Homer and of Offenbach.

Now, of course, it may be interesting to note this analogy between narrative fiction and musical composition; yet, unless we can solve our unknown quantity, unless we can arrive at some sort of an idea how a novelist should go to work to achieve a certain tempo, and carry the contagion of a predetermined mood, we have not accomplished any really practicable result. In the first place, then, let us look at the term tempo in its musical sense, and consider how far we may draw an analogy from it, for a working rule. We need, of course, only the most rudimentary idea of music to know that there is no tune in which the time is a rigidly fixed quantity from beginning to end, unless we wish for the intolerable monotony of a barrel-organ. Whatever time the composer has selected for his piece, it is merely a golden mean, not only permitting but demanding frequent variation in both directions—provided, however, that no matter how much the time may be for the moment accelerated or retarded, the ear be not permitted to forget the normal, basic measure in which the piece is composed. Following out the analogy, we may say that the novelist who constructs his fiction with a due regard for the tempo will, of course, avoid the dead level of a single, unrelieved mood; but, on the other hand, he will know in advance what he means his dominant mood to be, and in all his departures from it he will be careful to make us feel that they are deliberately planned, not for their own sake, but for the sake of quickening or retarding the emotional effect of that basic, central mood.

It is, perhaps, needful to explain that, in the course of these articles any such phrase as the above, that an author "should be careful to make us feel" any part of his technique, is addressed solely to those of us who either as critics or as fellow-novelists find pleasure and profit in analysing the structure of fiction. The best art, of course, is always that which most carefully conceals itself; and the best novel is that in which the average reader will lose himself, quite unaware that any careful fluctuation of tempo has been planned, in order subtly to play upon his moods. To some extent, no doubt, the prevailing emotional tone of a story is a matter of instinct, far more so in the short story, which may be written at a sitting, than in the novel, which is the slow accretion of months or years, and in which the author, under the stress of physical and mental ebb and flood, may not only alter the tempo but even transpose the key. And because this factor of

the author's own changes of mood is often the hidden cause of what we stigmatise as "uneven work," it is worth while to consider, briefly, how strong a bearing the point of view from which a story is written has upon this whole question of tempo.

A novelist, of course, may choose deliberately just how much of the world shall come within his focus; he may survey all mankind with the omniscience of Deity, or he may narrow down his range to the simple outlook of a little child, as Mr. James so astonishingly did in *What Maisie Knew*. Now, although in other respects the universal outlook upon life is much the easier, for the elemental reason that it is always easier to picture the world as we see it ourselves, rather than as we imagine that somebody else sees it; yet in this one question of tempo the advantage lies with the more circumscribed outlook, for the equally simple reason that you are not looking on life through the hundreds of different selves which in the course of months go to make up you, but through the medium of a vividly imagined, carefully studied, somewhat stereotyped fictional character, who no matter how wonderfully lifelike, must always fall somewhat short of the Protean variations of an actual, living man or woman. To create a character such as Mrs. Caudle or the Widow Bedott, Terence Mulvaney or Mr. Dooley requires at the start a certain sort of genius; but once he is created; once the author has acquired the habit of seeing life through this alien personality, the trick of sustaining the tempo becomes the easiest part of the task. Even the general reader knows in advance what Mr. Dooley, let us say, is likely to think about the weather or the election or the price of wheat better than he knows the opinions of his next-door neighbour or his business partner. And the natural result of this ease in getting back to tempo is an unavoidable effect of monotony. It is well-nigh impossible to sustain such a series for many months, without incurring the reproach that they have lost their cleverness, that they are "not as good as the first ones,"—although, of course, the truth in most cases is that they are too much like the first ones, and the public has begun to want something different, something that will do away with the barrel-organ sameness.

A simple, yet altogether admirable example of the right management of tempo in English fiction,—just as it is admirable in so many other aspects of technique,—is Miss Austen's *Emma*. Here is a book in which the world is seen consistently through the eyes of the heroine, the clear, eager, inquiring eyes of a young girl. The mood of the book is, as it properly should be, a sustained allegro; yet, because Emma is a young girl, with quick temperamental changes, inevitable clouds and summer showers, and at the same time that glorious and imperishable resilience of youth, the occasional slow movement never endures but always quickens again promptly to the measure of the dominant movement. An impressionable and observant young person, or a highly cultured, philosophical, analytic older person,—in either case, a mind highly sensitised and receptive of external conditions—is the medium through which our novelists, from Miss Austen to Henry James, have obtained the best results of what we may call the method of the circumscribed outlook. Imagine, for instance, the result, had the author of *Emma* made the mistake of beholding her story through the unconsciously selfish eyes of old Mr. Woodhouse! In a certain sense, her task would have been vastly simplified; she would have barred out at once all contrasts of light and shade, all fluctuations of mood. It would have been not merely Poor Miss Taylor, but Poor Mr. Knightly, Poor, Poor Emma, and the Sad Day on which they met, to the very end of the chapter.

"The Great Miss Driver"

The volume which suggested the present discussion is Anthony Hope's latest novel, *The Great Miss Driver*. Although among his more recent writings, the author of *The Dolly Dialogues* has done some rather serious and careful work, there is no exaggeration in saying that in literary technique and human interest and the various other qualities that go to make good fiction *The Great Miss Driver* is easily the biggest, best rounded,

and altogether worthiest story he has ever written, and yet, the first thing you are apt to think of is that the germ idea of the story goes straight back to the *Dolly Dialogues;* that in a superficial way, yes and perhaps in a deeper way, too, there is a certain rather absurd similarity between them; just as though the author, having once made a pleasant little comedy out of a certain situation, had ever since been turning over in his mind the possibility of using it in a bigger and more serious way, until eventually he evolved the present volume. Not that Jennie Driver, heiress to Breysgate Priory, bears any close resemblance to Lady Mickleham beyond the very feminine desire for conquest,—any more than the Mr. Austin of the one story is a close relative of Mr. Carter in the other. The resemblance lies in this, that both stories are told in the first person by the man who in his secret heart loves the woman of whom he writes, but knows that because he is poor, because he has the natural instinct of an old bachelor, because, also, she has given her heart elsewhere he must remain content to look upon her joys and sorrows in the capacity of a friend, and not that of a lover. To this extent *The Great Miss Driver* may be defined as *The Dolly Dialogues* rendered in a different tempo.

Yet, such a definition gives no hint of the strength, the variety, the vital interest of this story. In the character of Jennie Driver Mr. Hope has given us a woman whose ruling passion is to hold sway, to fascinate and bend to her will every one who comes within her sphere. And because of this desire she can never bear to lose the allegiance of any man, no matter how mean and unworthy he has proved himself, and herein lies the source of her life's tragedy. She was not content to be merely the richest woman in the county, to play the part of Lady Bountiful, and build memorials and endow institutions with fabulous sums; she wanted also to be a social leader with undisputed right to take precedence over all the other ladies of the community,—and this she could do if she married Lord Fillingford, whom she respected, and who badly needed her fortune; but not if she should marry Leonard Octon, big, brusque, rather brutal, who was cut by the whole county, and whom she happened to love. It is a rather unique situation in fiction for a woman to be forced into publicly slighting the one man on earth that she cares for; still more unique for a woman who is pledged to marry one man to be secretly meeting the other man, and thus atoning for deliberately cutting him whenever they meet in public. And, surely, it was a rather audacious thing for Mr. Hope to attempt to make us feel that in spite of her double dealing Jennie Driver was a rather big and fine and splendid sort of woman; that she would have kept faith with Fillingford had he been big enough to trust her when appearances were heavily against her; and that in defying convention and scandalising the little world she lived in by fleeing with Octon to Paris, she was doing the one big, brave, inevitable act. Yet, that is precisely what the author does succeed in making us feel; and when because Fate intervened and wrecks the last chance of Jennie's happiness through the death of Octon, we not only sympathise with her bitterness toward the narrow-minded social circle that had forced her lover into exile, but we also glory with her in the big, carefully planned and altogether adequate revenge by which she forces the county to pay tardy homage to the name of Octon.

"Ganton and Co."

Ganton and Co., by Arthur Jerome Eddy, is a story, so the subtitle defines it, "of Chicago commercial and social life." We have had so many stories, both pleasant and unpleasant, of Chicago life from the really careful work of Frank Norris, Will Payne and Robert Herrick down to the level of *The Jungle*, by Upton Sinclair, that a new writer in this field may justly be required to show some sterling qualities before we grant him freedom of the city. In *Ganton and Co.* one gets first of all a fairly vivid impression of the vastness and complexity and tireless enterprise of a big Chicago packing-house,—without the vivid clearness of *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*, on the one hand, and without the reek and slime of *The Jungle*, on the other.

Secondly, you get an impression that the social life of the city, the idle hours at clubs and teas and theatres, the vapid small-talk of men and women too rich and too idle for their own best good, is rendered not untruthfully yet without inspiration. Nevertheless, the book holds you; and if it is your habit to study the why and wherefore of your likes or dislikes in fiction you will realise that it is because in the person of old John Ganton, the despotic head of Ganton and Co., and the controlling force in the entire combination of Chicago packers, Mr. Eddy has created a character of uncommon strength, a character that you cannot readily forget, and that you accept with the same sympathetic understanding that in real life you grant to certain people of whom you cannot wholly approve, yet who dominate you by their rugged sincerity, their indomitable energy, their astounding power to succeed. Aside from John Ganton, the interest of this book collapses like a punctured tire; remove him from its pages, and who cares whether the older son, Will Ganton, with every chance to step into his father's shoes, fritters away his time, his money and his expectations on cards, horses and the daughter of his father's bitterest enemy? Who cares whether the younger son, John, of whom nothing was expected in a business way, succeeds from his place of exile in the London office in so developing the European end of the business that he practically doubles the annual exports of Ganton and Co.? But, because the ponderous indomitable far-seeing figure of old Ganton is never out of our sight for a moment, whether he is on the scene or not; because his mood controls at all time the mood of the book; because in short the tempo of the story is so admirably sustained from first to last,—because of this the comings and goings of a little world of rather unimportant people becomes fraught with a rather vital interest; and at the end, we catch our breath with a sense of rather poignant relief, mingled with a little self-contempt at not having foreseen it, to find that old Ganton, non-committal though he was during life, had estimated to a hair's breadth the relative ability of his two sons.

"A Lord of Lands"

Another volume that affords an admirable example of a well-sustained mood is *A Lord of Lands,* by Ramsey Benson. In the stricter sense this book is no more a novel than Arthur Henry's *A House in the Woods* or a kindred volume called *The Fat of the Land,* the name of whose author for the moment refuses to be remembered. In short, Mr. Benson's book is a fictional account of an experiment in social economics. It tells how a little colony of sixteen families of the working class, carpenters, truckmen, barbers, railroad men and the like, who face the problem of rearing large families on little more than twelve dollars a week, plan to become farmers in some healthful and fertile Western State, taking between them a square mile of land, dividing it by two roads that cross at right angles in the very centre and there building their sixteen houses in a compact little village. The book is a history of how this experiment works out; how a railroad president is persuaded that it is to the railroad's best interest to advance the money needed for the experiment; how the successive difficulties of the undertaking are one after another faced and overcome, and the colony at last gloriously established on a paying basis and free from debt. Of the value of the book as a contribution to economics this is not the place to speak. Its interest as fiction lies in the sustained note of simplicity, in the fact that it is ostensibly told in the first person by a workingman, an Irish brakeman, who never rises above a certain honest and rather primitive outlook on life, and who tells his story with something of the grave importance that characterises the narrator of *The Swiss Family Robinson.*

"The Quest Eternal"

The Quest Eternal, by Will Lillibridge, has, on the whole, very much the same qualities and faults of the same author's earlier volumes, *Where the Trail Divides* and *The Dissolving Circle.* In all his work there is the same ability to draw strong, deep-coloured, often tragic pictures with a few sure bold strokes; to make you see unmistakably the com-

plex, human motives behind some single swift act. On the other hand, his structure of plot is usually somewhat loose; he does not seem to have found the one inevitable moment at which to begin his story; he seems to have a preference for dragging it out through the lives of two if not more generations. *The Quest Eternal* is in this respect no exception. It opens with a prologue, which, taken by itself, is one of the best things he ever wrote. It shows two young doctors in an operating room, their patient on the table slowly passing under the influence of ether; the patient's family waiting in the outer office in an agony of suspense. The patient as it happens dies from the effects of the ether before the operation has been even attempted. It is one of those unforeseen accidents in which no one is to blame; but one of the doctors loses his nerve and takes refuge in flight, leaving the other to face the consequences, which, as it happens, turn out to be ten years in state's prison. The theme of the novel itself is the effect of that unjust imprisonment upon the character of the man himself and of the son who comes after him,—the man whose nature is so warped that he ends life a murderer and a suicide; the boy who is handicapped at the very outset of *The Quest Eternal* for happiness, by being both a pauper and a cripple. Scarcely a cheerful book, one would infer; and yet, taken as a whole, it preaches a sane and wholesome optimism. And this, in a measure, suggests the technical shortcoming of the book—namely, that its mood is not sufficiently sustained; the author has yet something to learn regarding the law of tempo in fiction.

"Strongheart"

One of the chief reasons why the reciprocal arts of dramatising novels and novelising dramas often fail to achieve the hoped-for results, is that in transferring a story from novel to stage, or *vice-versa,* there has been a fatal change in tempo. In a novel for instance the whole action may have been seen through the character of a single actor, as in *Ganton and Co.*, which we have just discussed; transferred to the footlights, the other personages in the story are no longer seen through the eyes of that one character; we see them face to face, we must accept them not at his valuation, but at our own; the whole mood of the story is altered probably at a fatal cost. In the same way a play which on the stage is frankly melodrama—that is to say, a story that depends for its interest on the thrilling things that men and women do, and not on the secret thoughts and feelings which lie behind their deeds—may become when shifted into fiction not melodrama at all, but a conscientious attempt at realism, with the chances largely against the attempt proving successful. In fact, the chances against a novelised drama being anything more than a piece of clumsy carpentry, makes it distinctly worth while to say a few words in praise of *Strongheart,* the story which Frederick R. Burton has constructed on the framework of Mr. De Mille's play by the same name. The plot of *Strongheart* is too well known to the general public to require repetition here. The idea of a full-blooded Indian youth coming to a big Eastern university, introducing his picturesque personality, his strange primitive outlook upon life, his curious speech and still more curious songs, into the social circles of a white man's city, his winning the loyal friendship of many men and the sincere love of one woman—all this is and must be frank melodrama. The danger in converting it into a novel was that it would be turned into one of those mongrel productions of which we have had far too many already. What saved *Strongheart* was the fact that Mr. Burton happened to possess a certain special knowledge. He understands the life, the speech, the manners of thought of the Ojibway Indians to a degree second only to his knowledge of white men; and using this knowledge, he has so changed the character of the original story of *Strongheart* that he has, to all intents and purposes, written an original book. He takes us into the heart of the woods and makes us share the life of the Indians for months at a time. There is no question in our minds as we read that these are the real, genuine American red-skins, that this is the way they think and speak and act,—and then all of a sudden we run up against

some incident which probably gained a fine melodramatic effect upon the stage, but which, seen in the light of Mr. Burton's truthful picturing, suddenly strikes us as palpably false, the one thing which the real Indian, Mr. Burton's Indian, could not, and would not have done. To this extent, here and there, the underlying scaffolding of the play protrudes; but that after all is not a serious blemish in a book which depends for its charm on qualities which do not exist in the play at all,—a sense of the freedom of wide spaces, the glint of sunlight filtering through leaves, the deep silence of ancient woods, the primitive, untrammelled life of a people who, if they have much to learn from the white man, still have some things which they may teach in return.

"A Woman at Bay"

A Woman at Bay, translated by Maria H. Lansdale from the Italian of Sibilla Aleramo, is so morbidly overdrawn that it is difficult to understand why it should have run serially in Italy's leading magazine, provoked wide discussion, and been translated into no less than six other languages. The chief fault of the book is not merely that it is a purpose novel, but that it flaunts its purpose rampantly on every page. In her desire to show the evil of Italy's strict laws regarding divorce, and the wretchedness which may be the part of a woman bound inexorably to a man she hates, the author has drawn a picture so sombre, so painful, so unrelieved by a single ray of hope, that its effect palls upon the reader; we end by saying, This is an exceptional case, it proves nothing; Fate evidently had a grudge against this particular woman; with a dissolute, worthless father and a demented mother, and she herself ruined when little more than a child, she can hardly hold the divorce laws responsible for the wreck of her life,—the blame in a large measure reaches back through ten generations of her ancestors. Of course, we do get here a haunting picture of a woman bound to a man who is physically, socially and mentally her inferior, who beats her and drinks to excess and is notoriously unfaithful,—the unsavoury details being given with quite superfluous abundance. But such exaggeration defeats itself; it lies too far outside our experience of life to come home strongly to us. The effect is that of a musician dwelling endlessly upon a single note, until you lose all feeling of its musical value and retain only a growing sense of discomfort.

"The Forbidden Boundary"

The Forbidden Boundary, by B. L. Putnam Weale, is a collection of short stories of life in China and Japan, told with a sheer power of graphic narrative, a sense of colour values in the Orient, that holds you with its suggestion of something strange and mysterious and evil. There is, for instance, "Drugs and the Man," a typical story of a wretched old Chinaman, who has beggared himself through his addiction to opium, and in his mad craving for the drug is driven to attempt to steal it,—only to be discovered and flung unceremoniously through the window to his death. The opium den, with its wretched inmates, its reek of stale fumes, its hint of nameless crimes, is a picture that refuses to be forgotten. So, too, "The Fever Bed," which tells how a white man made the mistake of marrying a Hakka girl, and how the Hakka girl, fearing that he means to leave her, decides by a curious logic to kill him, is a tale that leaves a haunting sense of having been permitted for a moment to look on the hideousness of certain phases of life in the Orient, in all its nakedness. The longest story in the collection is "The Adventurous Frenchman," which in a tone of light irony traces the career of a contrabandist, engaged in smuggling supplies through to the Russian army in Manchuria, throughout the war with Japan. Although the adventurous Frenchman of the title chooses to mock at his own sufferings and disasters, the pictures of carnage and pillage are very grim indeed,—all the more so by contrast with the nonchalant, devil-may-care tone of the narrator. Altogether this group of short stories introduces us to a story-teller who is already well known as the author of serious studies of the Far East, and whose future essays in fiction deserve to be carefully watched.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

A GLIMPSE AT THE JUVENILE BOOK WORLD

In Two Parts—Part I

The Little Folk

A GLANCE at the bookshelves of the publishers shows that the small boy and girl have not been neglected. As the holiday season approaches, the author and publisher keep in mind the child's interest in Santa Claus, and this year, in order that the children may renew the acquaintance of their patron saint, the Frederick A. Stokes Company has brought out the volume entitled *Santa Claus and All About Him.* Here they learn much about the way in which the old fellow carries on his world-wide work and the illustrations throw light on some of the many mysteries connected with the preparations for his Christmas eve trip. Another volume on this subject, intended to instil in the hearts of the young the real Christmas spirit, is *Tommy Trot's Visit to Santa Claus.* Tommy Trot, a spoiled and petted boy, makes the acquaintance of a little fellow in the street who owns a sled and a dog, and together they go on a wonderful trip to the dwelling place of St. Nicholas. They go through his workshops and carry away with them gifts for other boys who have been less fortunate than themselves. This is one of the volumes from the Scribner press. In the same spirit comes a volume from Messrs. Harper and Brothers, *Christmas Every Day,* which is a story told to a child. Among the other good things from the same press are *The Hole Book,* Peter Newell's surprise for the children this fall; *Little Ned Happy and Flora*—Flora is a real little girl, but Ned Happy is only her imaginary playmate; and *Wee Winkles at the Mountains,* where she has a summer of good fun. Messrs. Dana Estes and Company have just issued *A Loyal Little Subject,* which is a tale of St. Nicholas week in Holland. Messrs. Laird and Lee contribute two books of coloured pictures and rhymes, one *Freddie and Santa Claus in Circus Land* and the other *The Little Masqueraders.* Those who have been the recipients of the recent numbers of *St. Nicholas* know Miss Carolyn Wells and her "Happychaps," and will welcome the volume called *The Happychaps,* which comes from the Century press. The verses by Miss Wells and the many illustrations by Harrison Cady tell all about the doings and sayings of these quaint and funny people, "so tiny they can hold their merry madcap pranks in the hollow of one's hand without ever treading on one's cuff." The Century Company also adds a volume by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, *The Spring Cleaning (As Told by Queen Crosspatch).* This is a new "Queen Silver-Bell" story. Two books of verse come from the Houghton, Mifflin Company, *Fresh Posies* and *The Book of the Little Past.* Another book of poetry is entitled *Treasury of Verse for Little Children,* and is from the press of Messrs. Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. For this selections have been made from the work, of many authors, including Eugene Field, James Whitcomb Riley, Bayard Taylor, Robert Louis Stevenson and Lewis Carroll. Other volumes for the little folk are *Story Book Friends,* published by Messrs. Little, Brown and Company; *In Peanut Land,* consisting of verses and pictures, published by Messrs. R. F. Fenno and Company; *Told in a Little Boy's Pocket,* from the press of Messrs. Moffat, Yard and Company, in which the marble, the rusty nail, the piece of string, etc., etc., all tell the story of their own lives; and a book from Messrs. Paul Elder and Company, which contains two stories told in the form of parables, "The Little Brown Hen Hears the Song of the Nightingale" and "The Golden Harvest." The children's books are all made attrac-

tive by their many illustrations both in colour and in black and white.

Messrs. T. Y. Crowell and Company have recently brought out three volumes which come under this head. *The Fire Fly's Lovers and Other Fairy Tales of Old Japan* is a volume of Oriental mystery and magic. *Old Man Coyote* contains a series of funny stories, the hero of which is Old Man Coyote, who in Indian mythology was a wonderful creature, half god, half animal, constantly confusing his identities and thereby being involved in many foolish scrapes. The stories are written by Clara Kern Bayliss and very amusingly illustrated by E. Warde Blaisdell. *Stories of Persian Heroes* is a collection of tales based upon the Persian book of the kings called the *Shah-Nameh.* They deal principally with the hero, Rostum, and his warriors and foes. Paul de Musset's tale, *Mr. Wind and Madam Rain,* founded on old Breton folk-lore, has been translated for the children by Emily Makepeace, and is published by Messrs. Harper and Brothers. The Houghton, Mifflin Company offer a book of Oriental fables, *The Tortoise and the Geese.* They are the fables of the old Indian sage, Bidpai, retold for the children of to-day. *The Flaming Sword and Other Legends of the Earth and Sky,* published by Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company, is made up of fairy tales in which have been embodied all the beautiful things of the universe, the stars, the birds, the flowers, etc. *The Rescue of the Princess Winsome,* brought out by Messrs. L. C. Page and Company, described as "a fairy play for old and young," is by Annie Fellowes Johnston and the fifth volume in the Johnston Jewel Series.

In the Realm of Myths and Traditions

No doubt there is an overabundance of juvenile books and no doubt it would be better to restore some of the old dusty volumes—crowded out by the newcomers—to their accustomed places. But, as in the world of adult literature, so in the juvenile, the cry heard above all others is for something new. In response to this call each year comes a host of new friends almost too numerous for mention. To this endless chain Messrs. D. Appleton and Company contribute a few volumes which will endear themselves to the vigorous youth. *Butt Chandler, Freshman,* as the title would imply, is a story dealing with schoolboy life, the chief interest in which is centred in the athletic sports. Another is *Williams of West Point,* by Hugh S. Johnson, a lieutenant in the United States Army. This portrays the life of the cadets at West Point under the old code. *The Forest Runners* is a story of the great war trail in early Kentucky, and relates the further adventures of the two boys in Joseph A. Altsheler's volume which appeared last year, *The Young Trailers.* From the Century press comes *Three Years Behind the Guns,* described as "the true chronicles of a 'diddy-box.'" The hero is a lad who left his home in San Francisco and enlisted in the navy. He crossed the Pacific Ocean on the *Olympia* and shared in the battle of Manila Bay on the flagship with Admiral Dewey. Also, *Famous Indian Chiefs I Have Known,* by Major-General O. O. Howard, U. S. A., who tells here of his adventures and experiences, both in war and peace, during his many years of work among these Indian braves; and *Harry's Island,* by Ralph Henry Barbour, which is a story the boys and girls have been reading in *St. Nicholas.* It tells of the fun and adventures Tom, Dick, Harriet and Roy have one summer while camping on an island in the Hudson River. These are the same lively children who appeared in *The Crimson Sweater. The Minute Boys of Long Island,* by James Otis, author of *Minute Boys of South Carolina* and *Minute Boys of the Green Mountains,* is published by Messrs. Dana Estes and Company. It is a story of New York in 1776, and tells of some of the important and exciting events of the Revolution. Mr. Crittenden Marriott, with the purpose of bringing to the mind of the young American a realisation of the work in which the Government engages in behalf of the people, has written a book, *Uncle Sam's Business,* which tells how he meets the demands of the

Among the Boys and Girls

people not only in the realm of politics, but in the general activities which lend to their comfort and convenience. This is from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers. From the same house is a story of out-door life for boys. *The Kidnapped Campers* is about two little boys who are carried off into the woods, where they learn to fish and hunt, and are initiated into all the joys of camp life. Messrs. Henry Holt and Company have issued *The Adopting of Rosa Marie*, by Mrs. Carroll W. Rankin. This is a sequel to *Dandelion Cottage* and is concerned chiefly with the fortunes of a little Indian papoose. Also *Roy and Ray in Canada*. These are the jolly twins that Mary Wright Plummer wrote about last year while they were travelling through Mexico. They are just as keen this year about learning all they can in regard to the history of Canada and the manners and customs of its people. The book is illustrated with many photographs and a map. Among the books of history and adventure which the Houghton, Mifflin Company has added to their juvenile list this fall are *Letters from Colonial Children*, purporting to be letters from children in Plymouth, Quebec, New York, Jamestown and other American colonies, and showing the pioneer life as it would have appeared to the child of that day; a Revolutionary story from Everett T. Tomlinson, entitled *Mad Anthony's Young Scout*, the scene of which is laid in Philadelphia, Valley Forge, and the surrounding country in the winter of 1777-78; *The Story of a Wireless Telegraph Boy*, the hero of which is Alexis, a Russian boy, who is obliged to leave his native land with his father and physics teacher after the discovery of their revolutionary plotting carried on by wireless telegraphy; and *The New Boy*, which is written by Arthur Stanwood Pier, author of *Harding of St. Timothy's* and *Boys of St. Timothy's*, and the hero of which is a boy from the West, who goes to St. Timothy's School, where he comes to the front in athletics and gains the friendship of the other boys and the approval of his teachers. From the house of Messrs. George W. Jacobs and Company we have *Black Bruin*, by Charles Copeland. This is the biography of a bear. In his volume under the title *Daniel Boone, Backwoodsman*, Forbes Lindsay writes an historical narrative woven around the life and adventures of the sturdy pioneer. The book is published by the J. B. Lippincott Company. Messrs. Little, Brown and Company have brought out this year, as usual, a number of new juveniles, among which are *Sidney at College*, which is the fourth volume in Mrs. Anna Chapin Ray's series of Sidney Books and which shows Sidney Stayre enjoying life as a freshman at Smith College, where she and her friends form a group of young people such as girls love to read about; *The Wide Awake Girls*, the first volume in a series of that name by Katherine Ruth Ellis, giving accounts of schoolgirl life in Germany and telling something of a girl's experiences in a Western preparatory school; *Princess Wisla*, the story of the adventures of Peggy Piper, daughter of a Maine ship-builder, who accidentally falls into the river and is rescued by an old Indian squaw; and *Rover, the Farm Dog*, which is the story of two children on a farm whose good comrade is their grandmother, who reads to them in the evenings about the adventures of the Bark and Whine Club, to which society belong dogs from France, Germany, England and Alaska. The Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company have added to their long list of juveniles two books of special interest to the boys and two others which will appeal to girls. *All Among the Loggers* is the story of Norman Carver's winter in a lumber camp. His father feels that a taste of the practical side of life will do more for him than getting into scrapes at school, and therefore sends him to Maine for the winter to work as clerk with the lumber company in which he is interested. The other book for the boys is entitled *Four Boys on the Mississippi*, by Everett T. Tomlinson, and is the third volume in Our Own Land Series. The four boys in this volume are the same that their admirers followed in the previous volumes on their Southern tour and on their trip through the Yellowstone Park. It tells where they went, what they did and what they saw. The two girls' books are *The Browns at Mt. Hermon*, by Pansy, a California

story, the principal character in which is a wealthy young lady who through a mistake caused by her not uncommon name of "Mary Brown" accepts for the summer a position intended for one in a different station of life. Here she is able to do a great deal for others, and her conclusion is that it has been in many ways the best and most profitable summer she has known; and *Brave Little Peggy*, a new volume in the Brick House Series, by Marie Rhoades, telling of Peggy's life after she leaves California and goes to New Jersey to live with a brother and sister whom she has not known since her early childhood. A new juvenile which will receive a ready welcome is *Uncle Tom Andy Bill*, by Charles Major. Here the quaint and lovable old man, Uncle Tom Andy Bill, tells many tales of adventure dealing principally with bears and Indian treasure. James Morgan, the author of *Theodore Roosevelt, the Boy and the Man*, has now written *Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man*. He tells a story, simple and straightforward—one that will interest and inspire the young American reader—of the life and character of Abraham Lincoln. The volume has some unfamiliar portraits of Lincoln and views of scenes associated with his life. In *Red Cap Adventures* S. R. Crockett has written another series of Red Cap Tales for which he has selected portions of the Waverley Novels and retold them in a plain simple manner, which will be sure to hold his young readers. These three volumes are from the Macmillan press. The first in a series of three volumes contemplated by the McClure Company and dealing with the experiences of two boys who catch the spirit of the day and join in the mad rush to California in the days of '49, when gold was discovered in that State, is *The Boy Forty-Niners*. This book tells how they travelled down the Ohio River, up the Mississippi and the Missouri, and then across the deserts and the mountains in a prairie-schooner until they came in sight of the gold fields, toward which they had been working their way. In their juvenile department Messrs. A. C. McClurg and Company offer a story by Marguerite Bouvet, which will be of special interest to girls. *Clotilde* is about a little French girl and her life in the gay capital of the Old Louisiana province. Also four historical romances translated from the German by George P. Upton and included in their series of Life Stories for Young People. These additions for 1908 are *Marie Antoinette's Youth*, by Heinrich von Lenk; *The Duke of Brittany*, by Henriette Jeaurenaud; *Arnold of Winkelried*, by Gustav Hocker, and *Undine*, by Baron de la Motte Fouque. Charles H. L. Johnston in his new book for boys, *Famous Cavalry Leaders*, goes back to the time of Attila the Hun and of Genghis Khan, the Tartan chieftain, and tells of the lives of the heroes who were leaders of cavalry down through the days of battle to our own generals of the Revolution. This is published by Messrs. L. C. Page and Company. From the same house comes *Jack Lorimer's Holidays, or Millvale High School*, in which Jack Lorimer, the hero of this volume as well as of the previous books of the series, and his friends spend a jolly summer in camp. Among other books for young people brought out by Messrs. L. C. Page and Company are *Jack Harvey's Adventures*, the scenes of which are laid on the shores of the Chesapeake Bay and which deals with the oyster pirates of that section, some of whom kidnap Jack Harvey, who is later rescued by his friends; *Carlota*, by Frances Margaret Fox, a story of the old San Gabriel Mission in the days of the Spanish pioneer before California was a part of the United States; and *The Christmas-Makers' Club*, by Edith A. Sawyer, telling of the adventures of three young girls and their friends and how they learn the art of bringing good cheer to others. From the press of the Fleming H. Revell Company we have *Tan and Teckle*, by Charles Lee Bryson, which is all about the lives of two little field mice. The Vir Publishing Company issue a volume entitled *Talks to the King's Children*, by Dr. Sylvanus Stall. This is the second series of "Object Sermons to Children."

For the young people whose interest in life carries them beyond their own country there are books which give them peeps into foreign countries, telling them something of their history, and their inhabi-

tants. Among the new books of this character are *Journeys of the Kit-Cat Club,* published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company. The Kit-Cat Club is made up of four boys who are members of a military school. Through the kindness and generosity of the father of one of the boys, the four, under the guardianship of the Major, who is at the head of the school, leave New York on a tour of indefinite length. It is to be a trip of pleasure and study combined and the Major sees to it that the boys learn much of the history of the country while travelling through England. Then there is the Little Cousin Series, to which three new volumes have been added, making thirty-seven in all. These are entitled *Our Little Egyptian Cousin, Our Little Grecian Cousin* and *Our Little Australian Cousin.* The authors tell of the daily life of the little cousins, how they dress, all about their work and play, and describe the quaint customs of their people. The series is published by Messrs. L. C. Page and Company.

In Foreign Lands

Some Old Friends

Of the books of pleasure and instruction which reappear at intervals, though in new attire, there are not a few. Each season contributes a new and attractive edition of the famous *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland.* The volume this year is illustrated by Millicent Sowerby and is published by Messrs. Duffield and Company, who have also been preparing a series of what is known as the Lamb Shakespeare for the Young. The latest addition to this is *Cymbeline.* Miss Helen Stratton has illustrated the volumes thus far issued with scenes from the plays, and songs from the plays have been set to music by T. Maskell Hardy. Refusing to be crowded out by the host of new juveniles, the Spinning Wheel Series, by Louisa M. Alcott, appears in a new illustrated edition. This series includes four volumes, *The Spinning Wheel Stories, Silver Pitchers, Proverb Stories* and *A Garland for Girls,* which find their place in the announcement list of Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. The Frederick A. Stokes Company present *The Child's Rip Van Winkle,* adapted from Washington Irving. This is humorously illustrated by Maria Kirk. The Houghton, Mifflin Company has prepared a volume called *The Children's Longfellow,* which is illustrated in colour by popular artists. The selection comprises about eighty poems, all of which have been printed in their entirety with the exception of "Evangeline," "Hiawatha" and "Miles Standish," and in these cases one or two complete divisions have been selected from each. The Macmillan Company has brought out *The Pinafore Picture Book,* telling the story of Sir W. S. Gilbert's famous libretto "H. M. S. Pinafore." The illustrations are in colour by Alice B. Woodward. The same company issue *The Æneid for Boys and Girls,* told from Virgil in simple language by the Rev. Alfred J. Church, M.A.

K. L. M.

MODERN MINOR POETRY

ALTHOUGH it is some time since the British Ambassador declared that there are now no poets, the remark has not been forgotten. It is constantly referred to in the pages of the literary magazines and quoted with bitterness of spirit whenever a publisher tries to convince the world that the book he is about to bring out is the work of that Mrs. Harris of literature, the poet of the future.

Without detracting in the least from the merits of the men and women who nowadays write really good verses, there is no doubt that Mr. Bryce was right. Swinburne is now a man of over seventy years of age, and with him will pass the last of those poets who have made the

age of Victoria glorious. Writers of good verse there are left, but let us accept the fact that this is a mechanical and commercial age, and not seek to replace Tennyson and Lowell by writers plainly unworthy to untie their shoe-latchets.

There is no need to speak disparagingly of the minor poet. Some of the best known and most beautiful of English poetry is his work. Blanco White's sonnet "Night," which was pronounced by Coleridge "the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language," was the work of a man who did absolutely nothing else of any importance. The widespread popularity of "The Burial of Sir John Moore" is only equalled by the obscurity surrounding the other poems of Charles Wolfe, while in our own country that clever satire, "Nothing to Wear," and that delight of children, "The Visit of St. Nicholas," are all that survive of the work of William Allen Butler and Clement Moore. F. W. Bourdillon has published more than one book of verse, but it is by his exquisite "The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes" that he will be remembered; Mrs. Barbauld was a fairly prolific writer both of prose and verse, but she is known to most readers only by her "Life, I Know Not What Thou Art"; and James Aldrich's touching little poem, "The Death Bed," considered by many as more beautiful than Hood's lines on the same subject, is all that we have from his pen.

These are but a few of the writers who have lived by reason of one poem; of those who strike a lesser note, but yet clearly and distinctly, there are several, both in this country and in England. Henry Newbold, in his "Admirals All," has taken for his theme the expansion of England, from the days of Raleigh and Drake down to the present occupation of India, and his is a dull soul who can read "He Fell Among Thieves" without being thrilled through and through. W. E. Henley is another poet characteristic of his day and generation. His set of realistic verses called "In Hospital" are rather a shock to those who believe that poetry should treat of the beautiful rather than the ghastly. His best-known poem, that beginning

Out of the night that covers me,
  Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
  For my unconquerable soul.

strikes many of us as a piece of spiritual buncombe, but much may be forgiven a man who can write such lines as those which end the poem entitled "Margaritæ Scrori."

So be my passing!
My task accomplish'd and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing,
Let me be gather'd to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death.

There is Adelaide Procter, whose poems breathe the spirit and devotion of the Roman Catholic Church, forming a complete antithesis to the hopeless creed of Henley; Scotland gives us Stevenson, who struck a new and original note in his *Child's Garden of Verses,* and from Ireland comes Moira O'Neill, who, chief among many who sing of humble things, has given us such lovely verses as "Corrymeela," the Irish reaper's irrepressible cry for his home, verses which have the true Celtic blend of pathos and simplicity:

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young gossoon but thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela and the low south wind.

In our own country we have had Celia Thaxter, whose verses are pervaded by the salt spray of the Atlantic; H. C. Bunner, with his delicacy of touch and real poetic feeling; the Misses Duer, whose book published ten years ago, and containing some really beautiful verses, never obtained the recognition it merited, and Emily Dickinson, that New England recluse, who, seldom crossing her own door-sill, was yet gifted with the insight into life which enabled her to write such verses as these:

Presentiment is that long shadow on the lawn
Indicative that suns go down;
The notice to the startled grass
That darkness is about to pass.

Poetry has been defined as the best thoughts expressed in the best language. Without insisting that all verse should fulfil such requirements it still does not seem too much to ask that a poem should contain a distinct idea, clearly expressed in language conforming to certain rules of rhyme and metre. Perhaps the difference between these two standards marks the difference between poetry and verse, and was at the bottom of Miss Alcott's advice to young writers that they should stick to prose, because there is only about one poet in a century, and verses are so easy to do.

Granted this distinction between poetry and verse, let us acknowledge that there is little of the former offered to readers nowadays, but that we are by no means bereft of the latter. For conciseness of expression, combined with beauty of idea, Father Tabb's poems are models. Seldom reaching twenty-four lines in length, and oftener containing only four, the shortest of them has its idea as closely packed into those few lines as an egg in its shell, a lesson to those writers whose work is with verbiage clad and to whom a large vocabulary is synonymous with a wealth of ideas. As is natural, considering his profession, Father Tabb's verses are mostly religious or ethical in subject, but this restraint may also be commended to those who consider passion the only subject for poetry. What could be more perfect in its way than Father Tabb's lines on Father Damien?

O God, the cleanest offering
  Of tainted earth below,
Unblushing to Thy feet we bring—
  "A leper white as snow!"

A most confusing theory has been advanced to account for the present scarcity of real poets, which converts the whole question into one of supply and demand. There is no real demand for good poetry, consequently none is produced. This is no doubt a prosaic and inartistic age, but it is reassuring to remember the instant and enthusiastic appreciation that greeted two of the finest of modern lyrics, "The Recessional" and "Crossing the Bar." It is more than ten years since the last of those two poems was written, and no such enthusiasm has been elicited by any of those productions that from time to time have been heralded as the work of the great coming poet.

Why this undue agitation (mostly on the part of publishers to be sure) lest we should miss that personage? Why must we be ever on the watch for him? Does any one really think it would be possible for the work of a great poet to pass unnoticed and perish from the earth? Nothing really good is lost, though its recognition may be delayed, and there need be no apprehension that the new poet, when he comes, will eat his heart out, an unrecognised, unappreciated genius.

And in the meantime, what are publishers and editors offering us to keep alive our taste for poetry until Shiloh come? The most ambitious of the modern verse-writers are those to whom the word minor applies to the quality, rather than to the quantity of their work. Not for them the concentration of writers like Father Tabb. Their labours take rather the form of poems in eight books, generally on some ponderous subject such as "The Indian Maiden," "Iphigenia," or "Sebastopol." These epics often contain some fine lines, are correct in rhyme and metre, and are full of noble sentiments, but are entirely devoid of that glow of imagination which alone can render such long poems readable. They are often written by men of science, who undertake them as a relaxation in their leisure hours, a sort of literary *tour de force.* Their names upon the title-page ensure them a respectful word in the literary reviews, but even the most inveterate readers hardly have the courage to begin these poems or the perseverance to finish them.

Not unlike this epic school in point of length are the writers who mistake fluency for inspiration and with whom verbosity takes the place of ideas. They generally have some skill in the use of words, are fertile in the invention of adjectives, and their work is often pervaded by a certain ardour and "go" that frequently imposes upon the youthful poetry lover and leads him to believe that here is the real thing. But the more

experienced reader is not dazzled by the descriptions of purple twilight, golden dawn, or pulsing noon. He remembers having met those, or similar phrases before, and he recognises the fact that the poem, stripped of its really effective adjectives, has little besides, no central idea.

Often the writer, doubting perhaps the efficacy of fine writing alone to excite interest, unites it with a fierce eroticism, which he calls passion, confident that if he is sufficiently indecent some notice will be taken of him, and in order to clinch the matter, occasionally writes a "foreword" in which he announces that he has modelled his style upon some classic like Tasso (always a foreign writer), claims superiority over such cold and passionless poets as Milton and Spencer, and may even end by asserting that Judas Iscariot is the most commendable character in that beautiful idyl, the New Testament, and the one whose example is most worthy to be followed. Ancient as is this device, it generally succeeds. An indignant public hastens to denounce the poet in the newspapers, some go so far as to ask for his book at the library, he is invited to read selections from his forthcoming epic at a gathering of advanced souls, and he achieves by his impudence a short-lived notoriety which would never have been granted to his merit.

What may be called magazine poetry is fast becoming a species by itself. The requisites of a successful editor do not include a sound judgment of poetry, and this may account for the terrible stuff that can be found in almost every issue of otherwise excellent periodicals. These verses teem with every imaginable fault, the slenderest and most unpoetical of ideas being expressed in lines whose rhythm defies scanning and whose attempts at rhyme are an offence to both eye and ear.

In a recent literary paper a correspondent utters a plaintive note upon this subject. He has been deluded into reading a short poem in one of the magazines, only to find that its central idea is that apple-trees bloom in summer, and that this piece of horticultural misinformation has been conveyed to the public through the medium of such halting rhymes as "summer and rumour," "heaven and even," etc. His condemnation is none too strong. What can be said of a poem which appeared not long ago in one of our best magazines and of which this is the first verse?

> They woke me Sunday, and I looked
>   Out of my bed to see;
> And then the way I felt rebuked
>   Suggested this to me.

It is hard to imagine anything more inelegant than the third line, or more *banal* than this entire verse. Further study of the poem reveals the author's purpose to point out the fact that many excellent people do not go to church, and that much good is wrought by those who belong to no religious body. This truism is stated with a confusion of metaphor and forced phrase that makes it trying to read, and the only praise that can be given the poem is that out of twelve rhymes only two are false.

But bad as such verses are, there is a lower depth still—nonsense poetry. Good nonsense verse has been written, notably in England, for our national tendency to exaggeration, combined with our fear of not being as funny as other people, has led the American followers of Edward Lear and Lewis Carroll into grave mistakes.

The most tiresome form of nonsense poetry, and obviously the easiest to write, is that where a jargon of meaningless words is introduced, the sound of which is supposed to be funny. The authors just named have done this as well as it is possible to be done, with restraint and discrimination, and we ought not to blame them because they have been followed by a host of cheap imitators with such lines as:

> Oh come to the land where the bally-boo
>   grows,
> Where the wimble tuck sits on a tree.

It should be made a penal offence to write such stuff as this.

But there is a form of nonsense verse, peculiar to this country, which deserves the strongest anathema, and of which the

following lines, which actually appeared in a magazine, are a fair sample:

Miss Clara saw a bear. Oh, my!
She stood and gazed, too scared to cry.
And then she climbed a tree, she did.
Oh dear! Oh dear! The tree it slid!
"Such a funny tree, to slide that way,"
I've often heard Miss Clara say.

Possibly the writer of this stuff may have imagined that he was following in Stevenson's footsteps, that the foolishness of his lines was like the simplicity of *A Child's Garden of Verses.* He was not aware that in art the foundation must be laid solidly, be the superstructure heavy or light. It is because Thackeray was a master of English that he could make the bad spelling of the Yellowplush Papers funny; Linley Sambourne's telling illustrations of *The New Sandford and Merton* are the work of a first-rate draughtsman, and Coquelin learned the technique of his art, how to act a straight part, before he reached his present position as the first of modern comedians.

To many people poetry seems rather a matter of ingenuity than of inspiration. To these the rules of construction seem a restriction and they consider prose the natural and best way of expression. But there are those who delight in the harmony of language, to whom the music of words appeals as strongly as does colour to the artist, and whose imagination responds at once to the touch of poetic genius. To such as these, bad poetry seems the profanation of a beautiful thing, a demoralising influence in literature, and in their name and behalf is this protest made.

Mary K. Ford.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Books and Reading. Compiled by Roscoe Crosby Gaige and Alfred Harcourt.

The thoughts of great writers on these subjects. Selections have been made from the writings of such men as Scott, Gissing, Montaigne, Lamb, Ruskin, Milton, Disraeli, Carlyle, and many others.

The Century Company:

The World I Live In. By Helen Keller.

A volume of brief essays by one blind and deaf but whose three remaining senses—touch, taste and smell—are so highly developed that she finds her dark world a marvellous one. She sets down here impressions of this world of hers, describing some of the sensations and emotions of which she is conscious.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

At Large. By Arthur Christopher Benson.

A volume of essays some of which have already been published in *Putnam's Monthly.*

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Great English Letter Writers. With Introductory Essays and Notes. Two Volumes. By William J. Dawson and Coningsby W. Dawson.

The first volumes in a series to be known as the Reader's Library. The authors have selected portions of the correspondence of great personages and arranged them according to the subjects with which they deal. The introduction and notes serve as guides to the various situations and the peculiar art of the correspondent.

VERSE

Richard G. Badger:

Memories of Cuba and Other Poems. By Janan Ewyn.

Containing about twenty short poems. The volume is dedicated to "the beautiful South and to all people and lands who still have time for the beauty and poetry of life."

Broadway Publishing Company:

Bandana Days. By Josephine Merwin Cook.

Short poems written in negro dialect.

Desbarats and Company (Montreal, Canada):

A Romance of the Lost. By Tom McInnes. A collection of short poems.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The Great Fight. By William Henry Drummond, M.D.

Containnig poems and sketches remaining unpublished at the death of Dr. Drummond. The collection has been made by Mrs. Drummond. She makes some comments upon the poems and gives a brief account of Dr. Drummond's life.

ART, DRAMA

Richard G. Badger:

Israel Bruna. By Gotthard Deutsch.

An historical tragedy in five acts.

The Century Company:

The Henry Hutt Picture Book.

A collection of eighty-two drawings by this popular magazine and book illustrator, fifty of which are in colour, some in four printings, and thirty-two in black. Among many others are represented the Ocean Girl, the Hunter Girl, the Horsey Girl and the Motor Girl, the College and Matinee and Gardening Girls. The volume contains a photograph of Mr. Hutt and also a short biography.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

The Taming of the Shrew.

Two Gentlemen of Verona.

Coriolanus.

The "First Folio" Shakespeare. Edited, with Notes, Introduction, Glossary, Lists of Variorum Readings and Selected Criticism, by Charlotte Porter and Helen A. Clarke.

This edition goes back to, and reproduces, the famous First Folio text of 1623, the one which gives Shakespeare in the original spelling and punctuation.

Duffield and Company:

Stories of the English Artists. Selected and Arranged by Randall Davies and Cecil Hunt.

Volume II. in the Art and Letters Library. The authors have gathered together for these brief biographies of English artists, from Sir Anthony Van Dyke down to J. M. M. Turner, twenty-four in all, many personal details, anecdotes, scraps of gossip, notes of conversations, and such other information as will enable the reader to form some idea of the life and character of each artist considered.

Stories of the Flemish and Dutch Artists. Selected and Arranged by Victor Reynolds.

Volume III. in the Art and Letters Library. Giving brief sketches of the lives of the artists in these two schools from the time of the Van Eycks to the end of the seventeenth century.

Henry Holt and Company:

Hero and Leander. By Martin Schultze.

A poetic drama in five acts.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

A Short History of Engraving and Etching. For the use of Collectors and Students. With Full Bibliography, Classified List and Index of Engravers. By A. M. Hind, of the Department of Prints and Drawings, British Museum.

The author tells the story of the development of engraving from the earliest times to the present, giving brief summaries and characterisations of the work of all the important engravers, and traces the development of the art. The book is illustrated with 109 text illustrations from famous engravings of all ages.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Tragedy of Richard the Third. Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr.

Another volume in the new variorum edition of Shakespeare, making the total number of volumes issued thus far sixteen. The text of this edition follows the text of the First Folio, and in addition there are textual notes showing the readings and variations from other folios and quartos. The appendix contains the stage history of the play.

L. C. Page and Company:

The Art of the Netherland Galleries. Being a History of the Dutch School of Painting. Illuminated and Demonstrated by Critical Descriptions of the Great Paintings in the Many Galleries. By David C. Preyer.

In the Art Galleries of Europe Series. A history of the Dutch school of painting, including the works of Rubens, Rembrandt, Van Dyck, Hals, Memling, the Van Eycks, Teniers, and others.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The House of Rimmon. By Henry Van Dyke.

A drama in four acts founded on the biblical story of Naaman the Syrian.

G. E. Stechert and Company:

The Problem of Form in Painting and Sculpture. By Adolf Hildebrand. Translated and Revised with the Author's Co-operation by Max Meyer and Robert Morris Ogden.

The third edition. The work was first published in 1893.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

The Century Company:

The Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill. By Mrs. George Cornwallis-West.

The reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill give an insight into the English social and political life of the last thirty years. The volume is rich in anecdotes of prominent people. There are portraits of interesting men and women whom the author has known, including many of the royalties of Europe.

Ginn and Company:

Carla Wenckebach. Pioneer. By Margarethe Muller.

An account of the life of Fräulein Wenckebach from her childhood and girlhood days in Germany, through her years of travel in various countries, to her final settling down in America, where she became an educational leader and a professor in Wellesley College.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

John Keats. A Literary Biography. By Albert Elmer Hancock.

Some special features of this biography are its informing study of the progressive development of Keats's genius; the filling in of the background of his life with new, authentic and specific details; the interpretation of his poems by his letters, and an account of the posthumous growth of his reputation.

The McClure Company:

Anatole France. By George Brandes.

A short essay touching upon the life and work of Anatole France. This is a new volume in the Contemporary Men of Letters Series. Writers treated in previous volumes of this series are Swinburne, Bret Harte, Walter Porter, William Butler Yeats and Charles Dudley Warner.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Madame De Pompadour. By H. Noel Williams.

A new, revised and cheaper edition of this work on the famous Frenchwoman. It gives an interesting account not only of the career of this remarkable woman, but of the Court life of her time and of the contemporary history.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

D. Appleton and Company:

Problems of City Government. By L. S. Rowe, Ph.D., LL.D.

The purpose of this volume is to present an analysis of the general principles involved in city growth. In his preface the author says: "The rapid development of our large cities has a far deeper significance than the administrative problems which they present. Profound changes in our social structure are directly traceable to this increasing aggregation of population, and in this volume an attempt has been made to ascertain the nature of these changes."

Man in the Light of Evolution. By John M. Tyler, Ph.D.

A work showing the bearing of the theory of evolution on man's history, progress and life.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Instinct and Health. By Woods Hutchinson, A.M., M.D.

Directed not to invalids but to the ordinary normal individual. It describes the physical necessities of the human machine and methods for obtaining the greatest efficiency from it. The following are a few of the chapter headings, which will give some idea of the character of the work: Ancestry and Health; Food as Fuel; Food and Foolishness; Sleep; Baths and Bathing; Eyes and Ears; Heads and Hair; Helping the Baby Grow Up; Diet Delusions.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

Studies in the American Race Problem. By Alfred Holt Stone. With an Introduction and Three Papers by Walter F. Wilcox.

The one aim in these studies is, as the author states, to set forth some of the salient facts of the American race problem and to point out some of the fundamental principles which underlie it and create it. The three papers contributed by Walter F. Wilcox, of Cornell, are "Negro Criminality," "Census Statistics of the Negro" and "The Probable Increase of the Negro Race in the United States."

R. F. Fenno and Company:

The Law of the Rhythmic Breath. By Ella Adelia Fletcher.

Teaching the generation, conservation, and control of vital force. Some of the chapters are: The Master-Key of Creation; How to Gain the Master-Key;

How to Use the Master-Key; The Seven-Fold Constitutions of Humanity; Colour in the Visible and Invisible World.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

Mind, Religion and Health. By Robert MacDonald, minister of the Washington Avenue Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

With an appreciation of the Emmanuel Movement, and showing how its principles can be applied in promoting health and in the enriching of every-day life.

Laird and Lee:

Taber's Pocket Encyclopædic Medical Dictionary. For physicians. Edited by Clarence W. Taber.

The third revised edition. A digest of medical science in dictionary form arranged for the laity. It gives all important diseases, how to detect them from their symptoms, various forms, prognosis, diet, physiology, anatomy, poisons, antidotes and emergencies.

The John Lane Company:

Orthodoxy. By Gilbert K. Chesterton.

It is the purpose of the writer to attempt an explanation, not of whether the Christian Faith can be believed, but how he personally has come to believe it. The book is, therefore, arranged upon the positive principle of riddle and its answer. It deals first with all the writer's own solitary and sincere speculations, and then with the startling style in which they were all suddenly satisfied by the Christian Theology.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Leadership. The William Belden Noble Lectures. Delivered at Sanders Theater, Harvard University, December, 1907. By the Rt. Rev. Charles H. Brent, Bishop of the Philippine Islands.

Containing six essays: "The Metaphysic of Leadership"; "The Power of the Single Motive"; "The Power of the Human Will"; "The Power of the Blameless Life"; "The Power of Fellowship with the Divine"; and "The Representative Leader of Men."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Footsteps in a Parish. An Appreciation of Maltbie Davenport Babcock as a Pastor. By John Timothy Stone, his successor in Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore.

The book is a loving record of the evidences which Mr. Stone has found on every hand of the peculiarly intimate and wonderfully helpful relations which the late Mr. Babcock bore to the members of his flock in Baltimore.

A Theory of Mind. By John Lewis March, A.M., Ph.D.

The author presents a theory which attempts a new solution of the problems of psychology. Invoking the modern views of biology he departs from the current psychological view that the essential element in mental phenomena is thought. He begins his theory with a supposition that the elementary part of mind is the instinct.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

The Century Company:

Egypt and Its Monuments. By Robert Hichens. Illustrated by Jules Guérin and with photographs.

For the material necessary in the preparation of this work both the author and artist made a trip to Egypt, and have told here in text and illustration of the wonderful things to be seen along the Nile, describing the colour, picturesqueness, wonder and mystery which characterises the monuments of Egypt. The volume is rich in reproductions from Jules Guérin's paintings, which convey the immensity and the colour impressions of these wonders of the past, and photographs of the Pyramids, the Sphinx, Sakkara, Abydos, Denderah, Karnak, Luxor, The Colossi of Memnon, etc.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Minnesota. The North Star State. By William Watts Folwell.

In the American Commonwealth Series. Treating of the early French exploration, the English domination, the acquisition by the United States, the troubles connected with the War of 1812, the organisation of the Territory, and its admission to the Union as the thirty-second State.

Little, Brown and Company:

Untrodden English Ways. By Henry C. Shelley.

With but one or two exceptions the chapters treat of such nooks and corners of England as are off the beaten track, yet which, either by reason of their natural beauty or unusual interest, provide attractive objective for the actual or stay-at-home traveller.

The Macmillan Company:

Venetia and Northern Italy. Being the story of Venice, Lombardy and Emilia. By Cecil Headlam. Illustrated by Gordon Home.

In the Old World Travel Series. It deals with the history, architecture, and art of the towns of Northern Italy. The author has, he states, "endeavoured to

show in this book how the history of each town of which it treats is illustrated by its art and architecture, and how the various styles of art and various buildings enumerated are the direct and natural outcome of history and tradition, of despotism or independence, of invasion or commerce, of political, social and geographical environment, or of the dominating, fascinating personalities who guided the destinies of these towns."

The McClure Company:

A Woman's Way Through Unknown Labrador. An account of the exploration of the Nascaupee and George Rivers. By Mrs. Leonidas Hubbard, Jr.

Mrs. Hubbard tells how after her husband's death in the heart of Labrador, where he lost his way and died of starvation, she set out with four companions to complete his unfinished task. She describes their journey through the wilderness with its hardships and privations. The book contains the diary which Mr. Hubbard kept during his expedition.

A. C. McClurg and Company:

Venice. Part III. The Decadence. Vols. I. and II. By Pompeo Molmenti. Translated by Horatio F. Brown.

This completes the set of six volumes in the work on Venice. Part III. treats of its individual growth from the earliest beginnings to the fall of the republic. The previous sections are Part I., "Venice in the Middle Ages," and Part II., "Venice in the Golden Age." The volumes are all illustrated.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Waterloo. By Thomas E. Watson.

An account of the great battle and its results. Mr. Watson analyses the characters of the generals in command; he describes in detail the positions occupied by the various bodies of soldiery, and compares the relative strength and advantage of the several positions; he goes into the motives and strategy of the two opposing generals, and discusses the spirit and character of the two armies.

L. C. Page and Company:

St. Botolph's Town. An Account of Old Boston in Colonial Days. By Mary Caroline Crawford.

The romantic history of old Boston from the time of Blackstone to the outbreak of the American Revolution. Miss Crawford shows the origin of the name and the relation between the Boston of Old England and that of New England. She gives a sketch of St. Botolph and the celebrated church of that name. There are many pen portraits of the men and women who were famous in those early days. The volume contains numerous illustrations from photographs and rare prints.

James Pott and Company:

Old England. Her Story Mirrored in Her Scenes. Text by W. Shaw Sparrow. Pictures by James Orrock, R. I.

In preparing the text for this volume the author's plan has been to show what historic landscapes represent in the progress of England from the coming of Cæsar to the present day. Accompanying the text are eighty illustrations in colour and half-tone, representing historic country scenes, by one of England's famous landscape painters.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Jungle Folk of Africa. By Robert H. Milligan.

Regarding this book the author writes: "A knowledge of the jungle folk of Africa will include some acquaintance with their jungle home, their daily life, their work, their amusements, their social customs, their folk-lore, their religion, and, among the rest, it will include their response to missionary effort. Of these several subjects, those which receive scant treatment in this book will be more fully presented in a second book on Africa, which is now in course of preparation."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Château and Country Life in France. By Mary King Waddington.

An account of the life led by the old families of France on their country places. Madame Waddington describes the daily routine of an old château, the visits paid in the neighbourhood, the numerous ceremonies and festivals, such as weddings, hunts, balls, religious exercises on All Saints' Day, Christmas, the Elections—all that goes to make up the charm of life for the French aristocracy.

Rothenburg on the Tauber. By Hermann Uhde-Bernays. Illustrated by M. Ressel.

An interesting account of this ancient German town, showing the part it played in the important events of the Empire, and giving the history of the little city with the quarrels, the amusements, the sieges and peace-making, the prosperity and adversity of the burghers.

A Motor-Flight Through France. By Edith Wharton.

An account of a trip through the country of France, through the small towns and out-of-the-way places little known and little visited by travellers.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

How the World is Clothed. By Frank George Carpenter.

The second of a series of readers on commerce and industry. It takes the children on a personally conducted tour around the world to investigate the sources of their clothing. The book takes up not only the production of raw material, but also its transportation and the processes of its manufacture.

A Punctuation Primer. With Notes on the Preparation of Manuscript. By Frances M. Perry.

Treating first of the terminal punctuation of sentences, and then of the punctuation of elements within sentences; as well as of paragraphing, quotations, capitalisation, compound words, word divisions, the preparation and correction of manuscript, the correction of themes, and several other related topics of importance.

Standard Algebra. By William J. Milne, Ph.D., LL.D.

This new algebra follows the inductive method of presentation, using declarative statements and observations instead of questions. The problems are fresh in character, and are classified according to the nature of the equations involved. The statement of necessary definitions and of principles is clear and concise, and they are fully illustrated.

The Human Body and Health. An Elementary Text-Book of Essential Anatomy, Applied Physiology, and Practical Hygiene for Schools. By Alvin Davison, M.S., A.M., Ph.D.

Intended for grammar grades, it aims to teach boys and girls that health is desirable and attainable, and further that health concerns not only the individual, but also the community. Thus, it deals largely with the topic of public health.

A. S. Barnes and Company:

Some Living Things. Primary Lessons in Physiology. By Ella B. Hallock. Edited by C. B. Gilbert.

The subject is presented in such a way as to gain the interest of the child. His attention is directed to the life which everywhere surrounds him. From observation of it he is led to deduce for himself a knowledge of the structure of the body and the laws governing its functions.

D. C. Heath and Company:

The Parallel Course Drawing Books. By C. S. Hammock and A. G. Hammock. Books I., II., III. and IV.

These books present parallel courses in pencil and brush drawing. On each page are reproduced examples of rendering with both pencil and brush and sufficient instruction is given to insure intelligent work with either.

Henry Holt and Company:

German Inflections. Arranged in Parallels. By H. C. Bierwirth, Ph.D.

In defining the plan followed in this text-book, the author states that most of the material is grouped according to types of inflection and not according to parts of speech. Lists of verbs, nouns and adjectives are given.

Principles of Physiology and Hygiene. By George Wells Fitz, M.D.

A text-book on physiology and hygiene with many illustrations and diagrams. The author states that wherever possible technical terms and names have been omitted for the sake of relieving overburdened memories and of leaving them receptive for the important practical aspects of the subject.

A First German Book. By George M. Howe, Ph.D.

An introductory study of the German language according to what is known as the Reform Method. With exercises and vocabulary.

English Composition. By Franklin T. Baker and Herbert Vaughan Abbott.

A guide to pupils in the first two years' work in English in the High School.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Laboratory Arts. By George H. Woollatt, Ph.D., F.I.C.

A teacher's handbook; dealing with materials and tools used in the construction, adjustment, and repair of scientific instruments.

The Macmillan Company:

The Administration of Public Education in the United States. By Samuel Train Dutton, A.M., and David Snedden, Ph.D, With an introduction by Nicholas Murray Butler, Ph.D., LL.D.

Treating of the problems involved in the control, maintenance, and management of American schools. Among the many subjects taken up are: The Scope and Ideas of American Education; The National Government and Education; School Management and Government; Social, Economic and Civic Aspects of Education and the Relation of School and Society.

Charles E. Merrill Company:

Silas Marner. The Weaver of Raveloe. By George Eliot. Edited with an introduction and notes by Cornelia Beare, instructor

in English, Erasmus Hall High School, New York.

In the series of Merrill's English Texts. Accompanying the text there is a critical and historical introduction, including a sketch of the life of the author and her relation to the thought of her time; there is also given an outline of the development of the novel to George Eliot, besides remarks on the structure of the novel, and various critical opinions.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

The Emotionalist. The Romance of an Awakening to Temperament. By Stanley Olmsted.

Victoria Furman is an American girl with marked musical talent and a strong desire to become an operatic singer. She goes to Germany to pursue her studies and sacrifices all for the sake of an ambition the height of which she never attains.

Cy Whittaker's Place. By Joseph C. Lincoln.

After forty years Cy Whittaker, who had run away as a boy and gone to sea, returns to his native Cape Cod village, repairs the old homestead and becomes a centre of interest among his searfaring neighbours. He is an old bachelor and adopts a little girl. An amusing part of the story is the difficulty Cy and two of his cronies experience in the education of the child.

The Whispering Man. By Henry Kitchell Webster.

A detective story in which the "Whispering Man," so called on account of a nervous trouble which affects his voice, while being the real criminal, takes such an active part in unravelling the mystery that suspicion is diverted from him. A prominent physician is murdered in his office within ear-shot of a number of patients. Suspicion falls upon his assistant, upon a girl who has visited his office on the morning of the murder and who is known to be engaged to his son, and even upon his wife before the mystery is finally solved.

The Suspicions of Mrs. Allonby. By Maxwell Gray.

Piqued by her husband's avowed disapproval of her extravagance in the matter of dress and by an unwarranted jealousy Mrs. Allonby suddenly deems it necessary for the benefit of her health to spend the winter in Italy. Here she makes many new acquaintances and her affairs become so complicated that she finds it a relief when her husband, whom she was anxious to get away from, suddenly appears on the scene after having followed her in disguise.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Silver Butterfly. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. With illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy.

A story of love and mystery. The heroine is Marcia Oldham, who mystifies her friends by her ability to live in their social world while it is known that she and her mother had been left almost penniless. The fact is that she designs, though in secret, the many silver butterflies with which the women in society adorn themselves. The hero, Robert Hayden, a mining engineer in South America, discovers a long-lost gold mine and returns to New York in the hope of locating the owners, in which he finds grêat difficulty. He meets Marcia Oldham and they fall in love at first sight. Through a visit to a fortune teller he finds that Marcia is one of the owners of the mine in South America, called the Veiled Mariposa, or the Silver Butterfly.

Colonel Greatheart. By H. C. Bailey. With illustrations by Lester Ralph.

An historical romance the scenes of which are laid in England in the time of Charles I. and Cromwell. Captain Jeremiah Stow is the "Colonel Greatheart," a courageous young officer. Through his love for Lucinda Weston he is led to rash actions, but rather than aid her further in some of her intriguing he gives up the girl. She marries his friend Colonel Royston, whom she incites to an act of treason with the result that the lives of both Stow and Royston are threatened.

The Courage of Captain Plum. By James Oliver Curwood.

Captain Plum, owner of a trading craft on Lake Michigan, in the days of 1856, after suffering at the hands of pirates from Beaver Island, inhabited by Mormons at whose head is a powerful man by the name of Strang, who calls himself "King" of the colony, goes to the island to regain his rights. Here, for a time, Strang gets the better of the captain, but in the end, after many hardships, Captain Plum conquers, wins the girl whom Strang wanted for a wife, and succeeds in breaking up the Mormon colony.

Broadway Publishing Company:

What I Do Not Know of Farming. By John Tracy Mygatt.

An amusing account of a man's unsuccessful attempt to run a small farm after having worked for twelve years in a city banking house.

The Black Hand. By Wilbert C. Balkeman.

The scenes of this story dealing with the workings of a secret order are laid in France.

The Century Company:

The Red City. A Novel of the Second Administration of President Washington. By S. Weir Mitchell, M.D., LL.D. With illustrations by Arthur I. Keller.

In his new book Dr. Mitchell follows the fortunes of Hugh Wynne and introduces some of the other characters in his historical novel of that name. The hero of the present volume is a young Frenchman who, after his father has been killed by the revolutionists, comes to America with his widowed mother. He settles in Philadelphia and enters the employ of Hugh Wynne. He loses his heart to a pretty little Quakeress.

Amabel Channice. By Anne Douglas Sedgwick.

Dealing with English society life. Lady Channice is a young woman who has married early in life and discovers that her husband is not a man that she can love. A young artist comes into her lonely life and her mad infatuation for him paves the way for the years of sorrow which follow.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

The Altar Stairs. By G. B. Lancaster.

A romance of the South Seas.

The Forewarners. By Giovanni Cena. Translated from the Italian by Olivia Agresti Rossetti. With a preface by Mrs. Humphry Ward.

Written in the form of an autobiography. An Italian workingman discusses the labour problem, and tells of his life among his fellow-workers, whose suffering he endeavours to relieve.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

A Damaged Reputation. By Harold Bindloss.

A young Englishman, after quarrelling with a relative upon whom he is dependent for a living, leaves his country and goes to Canada, where he hopes to make a fortune for himself. He succeeds to a certain extent, but when he acts the spy in a business matter Fate works against him, and when the girl to whom he is engaged discovers the treacherous part he has played she is led to despise him. The story goes on to tell how he endeavours to repair his damaged reputation.

Harper and Brothers:

Davie and Elizabeth. By Muriel Campbell Dyar.

Davie and Elizabeth are an elderly couple who live on a New England farm. While not blessed with an overabundance of this world's goods, they find happiness and contentment in each other's love and in the little things which go to make up their every-day life.

The Witching Hour. By Augustus Thomas.

Novelised from the drama of that name which was played so successfully in New York a year ago. The book is illustrated with scenes from the play.

The Bachelor and the Baby. By Margaret Cameron.

A lonely bachelor expecting to spend Christmas day at a club in New York, is invited over the telephone to take dinner out in Jersey with some people who seem to know him, but whom he does not remember. Before he reaches his destination he sees a woman, with an infant in her arms, about to jump from a moving train. His remonstrances seeming to fail, he jumps and takes the baby, and by then the train is moving so rapidly that the woman is left on the train and the bachelor finds himself on the platform with the screaming baby. Almost in desperation he finds his way to the house to which he has been invited, where he proves to be a stranger, and the insinuation is that he is a lunatic. This situation is relieved, however, by the appearance of the mother demanding her lost baby, and after the excitement is over they all sit down to a genial meal.

The Genial Idiot. His Views and Reviews. By John Kendrick Bangs.

In which the "Genial Idiot" discusses innumerable topics, among which may be mentioned campaign methods, high finance, cure by music, how and where to find the ideal husband, and other themes, in which the average man has a real concern.

The Whole Family. A Novel by Twelve Authors.

Short stories by William Dean Howells, Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Mary Heaton Vorse, Mary Stewart Cutting, Elizabeth Jordan, John Kendrick Bangs, Henry James, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, Edith Wyatt, Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews, Alice Brown and Henry Van Dyke.

Gilbert Neal. By Will N. Harben.

As in previous books by this author, the scene is laid in Georgia. The story deals with the marriage problem. The minister in the village, who is a married man, falls in love with a young girl and gradually neglects his duties in the church. Gilbert Neal is the girl's brother. He makes a great sacrifice for her, not knowing of the affair with the minister and believing her to be in love with a young man whom he thinks will make her a fine husband.

Henry Holt and Company:

A Holiday Touch, and Other Tales of Undaunted Americans. By Charles Battell Loomis.

Containing fifteen short stories all of which have previously appeared in magazine form.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Marjorie Daw. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

A new holiday edition of the masterpiece of the late Thomas Bailey Aldrich. It is illustrated and decorated in tint by Mr. John Cecil Clay.

Though Life Us Do Part. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The unhappy married life of Dr. Chanceford and Carolyn Sterling, daughter of a wealthy resident of a little New England coast town in which the action of the story takes place. The young doctor is socially his wife's inferior, and a tendency on his part to drink heavily and to take undue interest in a certain Mrs. Marriot gradually strains the family relations almost to the breaking point.

The Lighted Lamp. By C. Hanford Henderson.

The principal character is Robert Pendexter, a young American, who inherits a large fortune. This enables him to gratify his desire to travel. The story follows him in his travels abroad and shows the development of his faculties and sensibilities through his friendships with cultivated people. It tells of two love affairs with two girls of very different types.

The Fair Mississippian. By Charles Egbert Craddock.

The author paints the feudal life in the great house on a cotton plantation, with its interesting accompaniments of danger from the rough characters that abound along the Mississippi River and from periodic floods. The loneliness of the house is enhanced by nocturnal noises and night walkers.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Long Arm of Mannister. By E. Phillips Oppenheim.

The victim of the cruel plot of eight conspirators to rob him of fortune and wife, Mannister, as soon as he recovers from the shock, starts out to seek his revenge. The task he has set for himself takes him to many parts of the world, but he never wavers until his purpose is accomplished and each conspirator has received his deserts. He deals with each in a different manner, meeting out the special punishment which he deems suitable to the individuals who shared in the plot.

Three of a Kind. By Richard Burton.

The story of a musician, a newsboy and a dog. Ludovic Heffner, a German violinist, takes the part of a newsboy in a street fight among other boys like himself, after which he invites the lad to his humble abode, a room on the top floor of a tenement, where the two, joined by a stray dog, share in each other's joys and sorrows and become very dear to one another. Phil, the boy, proves to be the son of the woman Ludovic had loved in his youth, a fact which makes sure the little waif's place in the heart of the violinist.

The Macmillan Company:

Over Bemerton's. An Easy-Going Chronicle. By E. V. Lucas.

Kent Falconer, a middle-aged bachelor, returns to London, after spending thirty years in Buenos Ayres. Here he engages rooms over Bemerton's second-hand bookshop and takes a lively interest in the doings of those about him. Some of the people who enter into his daily life are Mr. Bemerton himself and his practical young lady assistant; Mrs. Duckie, the landlady, her husband and her two remarkable children; his step-sister and her family, including Drusilla, who is a suffragette.

Helianthus. By Ouida.

An historical romance of the present time. Helianthus is an imaginary kingdom, presumably in Italy, and the principal characters are the King of Helianthus and his immediate family—the Crown Prince and his Princess, and the younger brother, Prince Elim, the idol of the people.

The McClure Company:

Lynch's Daughter. By Leonard Merrick.

Betty Lynch, the daughter of a multimillionaire, marries a poor English artist, and owing to his high ideas on the subject, she refuses her father's money and goes with her husband to England, where they lead a life of comparative poverty. Only when their child is very ill does she appeal to her father, and this causes an estrangement between the young couple. She returns to New York and goes back for a time to her old life. She finds, however, that this is not what she wants, and decides to go to England and learn how to live on a mere pittance. At her father's death she inherits a large fortune, all of which she distributes among the poor. Her husband learns of this and it leads to their reunion. In the meantime he has found a market for his pictures and is no longer the poor artist of their early married life.

The Point of Honour. A Military Tale. By Joseph Conrad.

The theme of the story is a point of honour in the French military code. The time is that of the Napoleonic Wars. One officer feeling that a brother officer has been guilty of an offence, insists upon a duel, although the other realises how trifling the matter is and endeavours to prevent a quarrel. They go through battles together, save one another's lives, but still the challenger feels that a point of honour should not go unsettled and seeks every possible occasion for a duel with the man he regards as his enemy. It becomes a lifelong feud.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Robin Aroon. A Comedy of Manners. By Armistead C. Gordon.

The story is set in the days before the Revolution and is concerned principally with the social life of the old Colonial families on their vast estates in Virginia and North Carolina.

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Tent Dwellers. By Albert Bigelow Paine. With illustrations by Hy. Watson.

The author, his friend "Eddie" and two guides spend a few weeks exploring the rivers, lakes and woods of Nova Scotia. Trout-fishing is one of their chief joys. They are a jolly, good-natured party and even the rainy weather and numerous inconveniences of tent life do not greatly affect their gay spirits.

L. C. Page and Company:

Travels of a Lady's Maid. By A. B.

A lady's maid gives a humorous account of her trip with the Earl, the Countess, and their daughter, Lady Emily, to New York and their return to Europe by way of San Francisco, Hawaii, Japan, India, Egypt, Greece and Italy. She tells of the love affair of Lady Emily and finishes the story with her own marriage.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Judith of the Cumberlands. By Alice MacGowan.

A story of life among the mountain people of Tennessee. Judith, an orphan living with her uncle and his family of boys, is a great favourite for miles around and is courted by many. She marries Creed Bonbright, a young fellow who, after a long absence, returns to his home in the mountains with the idea of leading his people to see their wrongdoing in continuing their unlawful distilling of whiskey.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

A Soldier of the Future. By William J. Dawson.

The theme of the story is a religious one. It treats of the relationship that should exist between the minister and the church of to-day.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Salthaven. By W. W. Jacobs.

The hero, who comes to the English seaport town where his father carries on a business, falls in love with Joan Hartley, the daughter of the oldest clerk in his father's employ. He has many obstacles to overcome before he wins the girl, one of which is his father's disapproval. An amusing part of the story is the intriguing on the part of the young man and in which a number of the old sea captains become involved.

Small, Maynard and Company:

I and My True Love. By H. A. Mitchell Keays.

The main characters are Mrs. Dicky Warder, a wealthy society widow, who, some twenty years before the story opens, had divorced her husband, Iliel Sargent, a playwright, because she grew tired of struggling along on his small income, and had married his wealthy friend, Dicky Warder. When Christina, the child she had left with its father, grew to womanhood he sent her to her mother, who prevents the girl from making a foolish marriage. The wealthy widow, or "Madam Kitty," realises that the years of separation from her husband, though ones of luxury and ease, have not been happy ones, and that the once poor, though now successful playwright, Iliel Sargent, is the man she truly loves. The daughter is happily married and the parents reunited.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Great God Success. By John Graham. A new edition.

MISCLLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

Unofficial Letters of an Official's Wife. By Edith Moses.

A series of letters written from the Philippines by the wife of an official to her relatives here in the United States. They are grouped under the following chapter headings: "First Impressions"; "Beginning of Housekeeping in Manila"; "A Visit in Apalit"; "The Routine"; "The Southern Trip"; "Manila Society"; "A Winter in Manila"; "In the Wilds of Benguet"; "The Return from the Mountains"; "An Outing in

Batangas"; "Characteristics of the Filipinos."

Broadway Publishing Company:

Rooseveltian Fact and Fable. By Mrs. Annie Riley Hale.

Following the course of President Roosevelt through his public career. Some of the chapters are: "His Public Beginnings"; "Roosevelt and the Press"; "Roosevelt and the Negro"; "The 'Ananias Club,' 'Undesirable Citizens' and the 'Rich Man's Conspiracy'"; "The Big Stick"; "'My Policies,'" and "Cæsar Puts by the Crown."

The Century Company:

The Book of the Pearl. The History, Art, Science and Industry of the Queen of Gems. By George Frederick Kunz, A.M., Ph.D., and Charles High Stevenson, LL.M., D.C.L.

Showing the use of pearls as objects of art and ornament, and giving the many theories and facts concerning their origin, growth and structure. It sets forth their values, artistically and commercially, and shows how these are determined. It describes the proper treatment and care of the pearl, gives the history and methods of various fisheries throughout the world, and directs attention to the importance of conserving the resources and the possibilities of cultivating the pearl-oyster. There are one hundred full-page plates among which are portraits of famous women wearing superb pearl ornaments, pictures of the crown jewels and other notable gems.

Power, Success and Greatness. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. With an introduction by Richard Watson Gilder.

Odes, Sonnets and Lyrics. By John Keats. With a preface by Edmund Clarence Stedman and a note by George Watson Gilder.

The 1908 additions to the Thumb-Nail Series, in which there are now thirty-six volumes. The covers are in rich brown leather embossed with appropriate designs by Blanche McMannus Mansfield.

The American College. A Criticism. By Abraham Flexner.

A study in contemporary education. Mr. Flexner analyses the educational procedure of our colleges from the secondary school to the day when the bachelor's degree indicates that the entire process is finished. The chapters are: "The Problem Defined"; "The Development of the College"; "The Functions of the Modern College"; "The College and Secondary Education"; "The Elective System"; "Graduate and Undergraduate"; and "The Way Out."

Duffield and Company:

The Little Flowers of St. Francis of Assisi. Translated from the Italian by T. W. Arnold, M.A.

Volume IV. in the Art and Letters Library. Dr. Guido Biagi, of the Royal Medicean and Laurentian Library in Florence, has written an historical introduction dealing with both the text and the illustrations. The volume contains many half-tones and eight four-colour plates.

Paul Elder and Company:

The Perfectly Good Cynic's Calendar. With Astronomical Attachment. By E. W. M. Grant, Addison Mizner and Oliver Herford.

According to the publisher's announcement, the Cynic's Calendar for 1908 is "Perfectly Good" and completely new from cover to cover, including a truthful diurnal horoscope and remarkable astronomical designs by Oliver Herford. A perverted proverb is given on each page of the little volume.

Animal Analogues. Verses and illustrations. By Robert Williams Wood.

Humorous verses showing the resemblance of one animal to another. The Ant and the Pheas-ant are compared, the Puss and the Octo-pus, the Doe and the Dodo, the Ray and the Raven, etc. The verses are illustrated with the author's free-hand drawings.

In the Open. Intimate Studies and Appreciations of Nature. By Stanton Davis Kirkham.

A series of nature essays written by one who has spent the better part of his life in the great out-of-doors. They deal with the habits of the birds, insects and the friendly animals of the forest.

R. F. Fenno and Company:

Toasts and Maxims.

A book of humour. Collected from various sources, with illustrations by Meissonier, Calderon, W. L. Wylie, Glendoni, the late Phil May, P. Jerome Campbell, Frank Reynolds, Edmund Dulac, Lawson Wood, etc.

Harper and Brothers:

The Shadow World. By Hamlin Garland.

A narrative dealing with spiritualism. This work appeared serially in *Everybody's Magazine.*

Women, Etc. Some leaves from an editor's diary. By George Harvey.

A volume of essays, some of which have appeared in the department of the "Editor's Diary" in the *North American Review.* The following are the titles of a few of the essays: "Is the American Girl a Bore?"; "Second

Wives and Husbands"; "Why Bachelors Should Not Be Taxed"; "The Ignorance of Women in the Management of Men."

Magazine Writing and the New Literature. By Henry Mills Alden, Litt.D., LL.D.

The author of this work has been for forty years editor of *Harper's Magazine*. In the introduction he writes that he has two objects in view: "First, to show the intimate relations of periodical to general literature, as to authorship and aim; secondly, to present certain characteristic features of a new life and literature, beginning two generations ago, with the emergence, in the natural course of evolution, of the distinctively modern physical era."

Henry Holt and Company:

The Pleasant Thought Year Book. By M. R. J. DuBois.

Pleasant and profitable thoughts taken from a large number of authors and arranged for every day in the year.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

Confessions of a Railroad Signalman. By J. O. Fagan.

The author is a practical railroad man, a towerman of long experience on one of the big American railroads. He sets forth the conditions of safety on American railroads as dependent upon the relations of the men and their managers, upon loyalty and reciprocity, upon discipline and competence. He shows the necessity of an ideal relation between the men and their employers. The work is the result of a series of articles, enlarged and revised, which recently appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Park Street Papers. By Bliss Perry.

These papers all have to do with the *Atlantic Monthly*, of which the author has been editor for ten years. Under the general title of "Atlantic Prologues" he has grouped some of the brief "Toastmaster" addresses with which he has been in the habit of introducing each January number of the magazine. These include "Number 4 Park Street," "Catering for the Public," "The Cheerless Reader," "A Readable Proposition" and "Turning the Old Leaves." Following this group are brief essays on Hawthorne, Longfellow and Whittier, written on the occasion of their centenaries, and a memorial article on Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

The Jewish Publication Society of America:

The American Jewish Year Book. 5669. September 26, 1908, to September 15, 1909. Edited by Herbert Friedenwald.

A volume which is prepared for the purpose of recording and preserving in convenient form facts of importance to Jews in America.

The Macmillan Company:

The Ladies' Pageant. Edited by E. V. Lucas.

A series of pen portraits of women in fiction, in poetry and real life.

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G. P. Putnam's Sons:

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A book growing out of sound architectural knowledge, and based upon taste and a wide range of study and of observation. The text and illustrations combine to bring out the guiding principles that should be in the minds of all who are building houses great or small—the principles that underlie design, arrangement and decoration.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Knack of It. By Charles Battell Loomis.

A volume of optimistic essays. The author believes that all can be popular and rich and handsome and happy if they will only learn "the knack of it."

Charles Scribner's Sons:

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4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
2. The Riverman. White. (Musson.) $1.25.
3. Holy Orders. Corelli. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. The Guest of Quesnay. Tarkington. (Musson.) $1.25.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Briggs.) $1.50.
6. The Firing Line. Chambers. (McLeod & Allen.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.75.
6. The Guest of Quesnay. Tarkington. (McClure.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Cy Whittaker's Place. Lincoln. (Appleton) $1.50.
4. The Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Other Days. Winter. (Moffat, Yard.) $3.00.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

						POINTS
A book	standing	1st	on	any list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"	"	"	8
"	"	3d	"	"	"	7
"	"	4th	"	"	"	6
"	"	5th	"	"	"	5
"	"	6th	"	"	"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50	215
2. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50	214
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50	186
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50	140
5. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50	119
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50	118





MRS. CLARA LOUISE BURNHAM
Author of *The Leaven of Love*



"Its glorious cruciform cathedral, with its fretted stone-work, takes you back to the reign of Philippe Auguste"

THE CATHEDRAL OF NOTRE DAME AT ROUEN

See article *The New Baedeker*

THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

JANUARY, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

A Conserver of Morals

We take off our hat to the *Century Magazine.* In the December issue of that periodical four pages of the advertising section are given over to a prospectus outlining the various good things which are promised for 1909. Among these is a new story of animal life by Ernest Thompson Seton, entitled *Domino Reynard of Goldur Town.* The prospectus goes on:

> The purpose is to show the Man-world how the Fox-world lives—and above all to advertise and emphasise the beautiful monogamy of the better class fox.

Harvard Interference

While we can preface this paragraph by explaining that the past year has been an unusually successful one in Harvard undergraduate athletics, for full appreciation of the point of the story one must have some knowledge of the technical side of American intercollegiate football. It seems that soon after the recent Harvard victory over Yale on the gridiron President-elect William H. Taft, Yale '78, met a Harvard alumnus of prominence. "It seems to have been a Harvard year," said Mr. Taft, "you have beaten us at baseball, rowing and football. In fact," he went on with a twinkle in his eye, "the only thing that Yale has taken has been the Presidency." "Yes," retorted the Harvard alumnus, "Yale has taken the Presidency—aided by good Harvard interference."

Bishop Potter and the Silver Set

The late Bishop Potter had a fund of quiet humour which sometimes cropped out at unexpected moments. An anecdote which has been told of him since his death fairly well illustrates this. During one of his episcopal visitations, he was entertained over night at a small town in the house of a lady who was both flattered and fluttered by the honour of receiving the Bishop as a guest. Everything in the house was done over, and on a dressing table in the Bishop's sleeping room was laid out an elaborate set of silver,—brushes and combs and hand-glasses and the like. Now it happened that the Bishop had brought his own dressing-set, and so he put away the lady's silver and substituted that which he had with him. The next day, after he had preached and confirmed a class, he took his leave. The lady, going about to put things in order, found, to her dismay, that her silver set was missing. She valued it extremely, but at first she was not greatly troubled. Of course the dear Bishop had absent-mindedly carried it away, but of course he would soon discover his mistake and send her back the set. But as time went on and no word came from him, save a polite letter of thanks for her hospitality, she was much perturbed in mind. How could she write him without seeming to give offence? It was a most delicate situation; and yet, after all, she didn't wish to lose her silver. So finally, she composed a long and elabo-

rate letter, full of circumlocutions, and so guarded that she had to write it over three or four times before she actually ventured to put it in the post. When she had done so, her heart misgave her. What would the Bishop think? She had not very long to wait. In the course of half a day a telegram was brought to her. She opened it and read the following:



WALTER PRITCHARD EATON

Mr. Eaton was, until recently, the dramatic critic of the *Sun*. Mr. Metcalfe, in *Life*, charged that Mr. Eaton was forced out of the *Sun* at the instigation of certain theatrical managers who found his plain speaking inimical to their interests

Poor but honest. Look in lower left-hand bureau drawer.

H. C. POTTER.

The editorial page of the New York *Sun* for November 18th contained the following interesting paragraph:

"$151 a Week"

We have instructed our attorney to commence an action for libel at once against Life Publishing Company—of which J. A. Mitchell is president—claiming punitive damages for the publication in yesterday's *Life* of a certain libellous article signed "Metcalf."

We advise all our readers to get a copy of *Life* for the week ending November 21st and read the so-called "libellous article" which has had so remarkable an effect upon the *Sun*. It will not be easy to buy a copy; because within six hours after the *Sun* appeared, the news-stands were swept clean by people who were anxious to see what *Life* had said so poignant and so galling as to make the *Sun* run whimpering to the law courts. The New York *Sun*—just think of it—the New York *Sun*, the *Sun* of Charles A. Dana! For forty years that sheet has reeked with every form of bitter personality. It has been a sort of Bull of Bashan among American journals, snorting up and down with iron lungs and front of brass, bellowing, jeering and trampling with its hoofs upon everything and everybody. There is hardly a public man whom it has not tried to gore. It declared President Grant to be a tyrant and a drunkard. It printed a woodcut of President Hayes with the word "Fraud" upon his forehead. It squirted venom over President Cleveland for ten years, and only after his death discovered that he had been a statesman of high character. It ridiculed McKinley as it is now roaring at Roosevelt. It has scattered nicknames and emitted streams of ridicule upon almost every one who is well enough known to make the ridicule generally intelligible. It printed a picture of Speaker Cannon's mouth and described Mr. Cannon as "Cannon of the Dirty Mouth." A quiet, if not judicious, instructor in the University of Chicago lost his position there because of the *Sun's* gibes and jeers. And all this time the *Sun* went on its way unblushing, unashamed, and apparently impervious to attack. But now, all of a sudden, Mr. Metcalfe in a single page has got in under the *Sun's* fifth rib and has compelled this journalistic bully to whine and whimper and ask to be protected,



JAMES S. METCALFE

Mr. Metcalfe is the dramatic critic of *Life* and has been long widely known for his opposition to the so-called "Theatrical Syndicate." A criticism signed by him in *Life* for November 21st was responsible for a suit for libel instituted by the New York *Sun*

like a baby running to its mamma's apron strings. Goliath of Gath smitten by young David's pebble and tumbling in a weltering heap was an unimpressive figure compared with the *Sun* after Mr. Metcalfe shot his arrow. We must confess that we are rather sorry; since the *Sun* was unique in its own way and perfect in its own kind. Now it has fallen; and however loudly it may roar hereafter, every one will know that it is vulnerable. If you only hit it hard enough, it will begin to yelp.

So far as the substance of Mr. Metcalfe's article is concerned, we have no

opinion to express, not knowing the circumstances with which it has to do. Perhaps Mr. Metcalfe is a little bit obsessed by the Theatrical Trust, and we fancy that every night before retiring he looks under his bed to see whether Mr. Klaw or Mr. Erlanger is hidden there. But this is no concern of ours. In his little article entitled "$151 a Week" he may have been unjust or he may have told the entire truth. This is not the point. What he certainly did do was to



L. M. MONTGOMERY

The author of *Anna of Green Gables*

penetrate the pachydermatous *Sun* and make it howl with anger. It is a great triumph for Mr. Metcalfe. He did the thing up brown and showed himself the master of a style that stings and scorches. He will be remembered as the modern Theseus who slew the Minotaur of belligerent journalism.

We note dispassionately, and merely as a matter of general interest, that the New York *Times* has been discussing Mice-Fear, which it speaks of with a learned air as "luro-phobia." We are inclined to think that the writer in the *Times* has a hazy remembrance of the word "ælurophobia," which we coined some years ago as a scientific term for Cat-Fear, and which Dr. Weir Mitchell quietly conveyed without giving us any acknowledgment whatsoever. We may inform the *Times* that Mice-Fear would be "myophobia." There are perhaps some who have spoken of it as "murophobia." This, however, would be a hybrid word, half Latin and half Greek, and therefore not to be employed by persons of scientific discrimination.

Mice-Fear and Cat-Fear

While we are considering the eccentricities of the daily press, we cannot resist calling attention to a beautiful passage in the *Evening Post* of this city. When Mr. Godkin was alive we used to admire his style, making a mental reservation, however, with regard to his word-order, which was sometimes most peculiar. Mr. Godkin left the impress of his personality upon the *Post,* and we find traces of it even in the syntactical phase just mentioned. Thus, in the issue of that paper for December 1st, there is given a brief account of how the Anglers' Club on Oneida Lake was destroyed by fire. The *Post* concludes its narrative in this way:

Safe but Scratchy

There were fourteen persons in the building, including seven women. All made their escape by means of fire-ladders in their night-clothes.

We wonder whether it is only on the shores of Lake Oneida that night-clothes are fitted out with fire ladders instead of with embroidery or lace. Dwellers by the lakeside would more naturally, we should think, use silk frogs to adorn their *robes de nuit.* But there is no doubt that night-clothes with fire-ladders

in them indicate great prudence. They are safe, even though they must be very scratchy.

Anthony Trollope's Earnings

Mr. Montgomery Schuyler asks why the writer of the article "The Author's Full Dinner Pail" in the December issue forgot to make any mention of Anthony Trollope and his literary earnings of £68,939. 17s. and 5d. That 5d., comments Mr. Schuyler, "always struck me as very delightful, giving verisimilitude to an otherwise bald and unconvincing enumeration."

Two Letters

While it is not our general custom to print letters in this department of the magazine, here are two which are going in, criticism, compliments, names and all:

CONCORD, N. H., December 6, 1908.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN:

Household comments upon your well-nigh convincing editorial upon the much threshed topic of the rejected manuscript, urges me to call your attention to the antidote for the pain of the false hope you seem prone to encourage, which is to be found in another part of THE BOOKMAN (same issue). Your really assuring assertions and Mr. A. B. Maurice's unalterable facts, strike a dissonance such as we have often heard in Herr Reger's strange musical compositions. An assertion may be pretty strong, even convincing; but it can hardly stand up against such breezy realities as cold facts.

The very things of Mr. Kipling's which found no approval among your competent, fair-minded and discriminating publishers, when he was practically unknown, would be considered a grand investment for any first-class publisher to-day.

In another part of THE BOOKMAN is a



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — MARK TWAIN AND ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

Mr. Paine is Mr. Clemens's official biographer, as he was the biographer of the late Thomas Nast. His most recent work in fiction is *The Tent Dwellers*



THE AUTHOR'S FULL DINNER PAIL. STEWART EDWARD WHITE'S HOME, "THE JUMPING-OFF PLACE," AT SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA



DR. WEIR MITCHELL

charming little story by Elizabeth Banks depicting the trials of an unfortunate old gentleman of genius who could not get his good work before the world—you have, of course, read it. The conditions it lays bare are all too solemnly true to admit of any contradiction. What mystifies me is the frequency and certainty with which editors of our several prominent literary magazines declare the opposite condition of things to be true. It is always pleasant to be encouraged, but it is a harsh pleasure when you strike out against the real thing.

We lay the blame for this mild kind of bluff, or whatever you may choose to call it, on your environment. Your convictions are all right, your way of saying things will always relieve us of the tedium of our less congenial realities. And then while you are infallible along your lines, you are willing your contributors should drive you out with their own infallibility. That is as it should be.

Yours most sincerely,
(Signed) MILO E. BENEDICT.

CHURCH OF THE INTERCESSION.
STEVENS POINT, WIS., December 7, 1908.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE BOOKMAN:

I was pleased to see your reference in this month's "Chronicle and Comment" to the marriage service in *Together;* there are other differences besides the one you cite, hence I came to the conclusion that it must have been taken from the Presbyterian form, at any rate you might look up the latter service. It is quite interesting to notice how many of our American writers are ill-informed about the Anglican Church, and make the most curious mistakes, even about those ordinary things which any cultivated reader is supposed to know. I remember when the *House of Mirth* was appearing serially, of being immensely pleased to see the slip made by the infallible Mrs. Wharton, for previous to that time I had stood in great awe of her learned infidels and men of science, but this broke the spell. It is in the second chapter, when speaking of Mrs. Gryce, she says: "Once, however, she had had a special edition of the Sarum *Rule* printed *in Rubric* and presented to every clergyman in the diocese," etc. Now, it may be correct, but I have never heard or read of any one who spoke of the Sarum Use as the Sarum Rule, and certainly no one with the slightest knowledge of Liturgical usage could have made such a mistake. But even this pales before "printed in Rubric," for surely any dictionary would have set her right. It is unmeaning and unpardonable, and it is difficult to see how so clever a writer could have made such a blunder. There are many other such instances in our modern writers. Take one example, which is, I think, to be found in *Richard the Brazen,* of which Mr. Brady, an Anglican clergyman, is one of the authors, where the phrase "without benefit of clergy" is used, apparently without the knowledge of its true historical meaning. Any history of England in the Middle Ages gives it. It would be quite interesting to make a collection of these curious slips, for even when the writer of fiction enters other fields, the same inaccuracy follows him. In that charming *London Films,* Mr. Howells makes some strange misstatements, but as I have not a copy of the book here, I cannot verify them. In conclusion, let me say that the monthly "Chronicle and Comment" is a joy forever, to say nothing of all the other delightful and interesting features of THE BOOKMAN.

Very sincerely yours,
(Signed) EDGAR MORRIS THOMPSON.

The Reverse of the Shield

Last month we printed an article entitled "The Author's Full Dinner Pail," which contained some very glowing figures about the earnings of literary men. We regret to say that there is the reverse of the shield, that all authors are not able to erect stately mansions out of their royalties, and that some, at times, are even in need of ready money. As documentary evidence we offer the ac-

UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS OF AUTHORS



THE WOLF AT THE BAR.

companying crude but genuinely pathetic sketch with its explanation. The perpetrator of the sketch and the central figure therein has written a book. That it is a very unusual book as books go nowadays has, in the words of Pooh Bah, nothing to do with the case. It is enough to say that the book was accepted by a certain publishing house, and that the contract called for a certain sum, "advance on account of royalty," to be paid the author upon delivery of the manuscript. Through an oversight this advance was overlooked for four or five days after the manuscript had been received, so as a gentle intimation of his impoverished condition the author executed this drawing and forwarded it to the publisher in an envelope marked "Respectfully submitted—All rights reserved." The erasures represent the name of the author, the amount of advance, and the name of the publishing house.

❦

The Fiction of 1908

It would be far more amusing, instead of stating the plain facts and insisting upon their comparative respectability, to jot down the details of a fine castle in the air. This would take the form of a January number in which we could approach this summing up of the successful books of the year with real zest and enthusiasm. We should like to begin by pointing out that in the history of the writing and making of books there had never been a twelve months of greater significance. We should like to be able to refer to Mr. So and So's —— —— ——, the "best seller of the year," and, after protesting our conservatism, to say that here at least was a book about which there could be no question, and of which no praise had been too lavish or extravagant; and to speak of —— ——, the book of English authorship which had enjoyed the greatest vogue as recalling the best traditions of the big Victorians. Thackeray, in the "Roundabout Paper" "On Ribbons" writes whimsically of a certain order for the decoration of men and women of letters. This ribbon of the "Order of Minerva" we should wish to be able to distribute conscientiously with a generous hand. This day dream offers infinite possibilities. We do not dare to play with it too far. So *revenons à nos brébis* and the unromantic facts.

❦

Sir Gilbert Parker's *The Weavers*, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett's *The Shuttle* and Mr. George Barr McCutcheon's *The Daughter of Anderson Crow* were the leading books according to the lists in the last issue of 1907. The first month of the new year brought comparatively little change. *The Weavers* was first with two hundred and eighty-nine points with Mrs. Burnett's story of international marriage but nineteen points behind. Second, third, fourth and sixth places in the January lists were held by books written by women, a very early indication of the surprising popularity of feminine authorship which has been a feature of the year. Sir Gilbert Parker and Mr. McCutcheon, whose *Daughter of Anderson Crow* was in fifth place, were the only men represented among the six best selling books of the month. In February *The Weavers* and *The Shuttle* again held respectively first and second positions, although the struggle was not nearly so close, the former holding the advantage by sixty points. *The Lady of the Decoration*, by an astonishing display of vitality, took third place with one hundred and sixty-six points. Dr. Van Dyke's *Days Off* was fourth, *The Old Peabody Pew* fifth and *The Daughter of Anderson Crow* sixth.

❦

In the lists for the March number *The Shuttle* had passed *The Weavers* and held first position by the margin of just one point. *The Lady of the Decoration* was again third, *Three Weeks* fourth, Meredith Nicholson's *Rosalind at Red Gate* fifth and Phillips Oppenheim's *The Great Secret* sixth. The lists for April showed a radical change. The supremacy of *The Shuttle* and *The Weavers* was at an end and these books had to be content with third and fourth

places respectively. The leader was Joseph Vance's *The Black Bag* with two hundred and forty-two points. In second place was another new book, Miss Ellen Glasgow's *The Ancient Law. The Lady of the Decoration* was fifth and Mr. de Morgan's *Somehow Good* sixth. *The Black Bag* again held the lead in May with Mr. Rex Beach's *The Barrier* more than one hundred points behind, yet nevertheless a dangerous contender. *The Shuttle* was third, *Somehow Good* fourth, *The Ancient Law* fifth and *The Weavers* sixth. It was the first time in a year that *The Lady of the Decoration* was not to be found on the monthly lists. With the June issue *The Barrier* was far in the lead with three hundred and forty points, while the second book, *The Black Bag,* had only one hundred and ten points. *The Shuttle* maintained its hold of third position and *The Lady of the Decoration* reappearing on the lists in fifth place. Numbers four and six were new books, David Graham Phillips's *Old Wives for New,* and Elizabeth Ellis's *The Fair Moon of Bath.*

The fact that in the July lists *The Barrier* had dropped to second place was due to no apparent loss of popularity. Only a new Winston Churchill book had entered the field. *Mr. Crewe's Career* with three hundred and one points held the lead by a fair margin. *The Coast of Chance,* by the Chamberlains, was third, Mr. McCutcheon's *The Husbands of Edith* fourth, *Old Wives for New* fifth, while for sixth place two books, Marion Crawford's *The Primadonna* and Alice Brown's *Rose MacLeod,* were tied. In August *Mr. Crewe's Career* held its lead by a margin of nearly one hundred points. *The Barrier* had dropped to third place, while in second position was Harold MacGrath's *The Lure of the Mask. The Coast of Chance* was fourth, *The Chaperon* fifth, and *The Husbands of Edith* sixth. Again it was the Winston Churchill book that led in September with *The Lure of the Mask* again second, *The Barrier* again third, and *The Coast of Chance* again fourth. In the other positions were two new books, Mrs. Cutting's *The Wayfarers* and Mr. Hewlett's *Halfway House.*

Mr. Crewe's Career and *The Lure of the Mask,* in first and second positions, were far ahead of all other books in the October lists. There was, however, a menace to their supremacy in the strong showing of the third book, Mr. Robert W. Chambers's *The Firing Line.* Number four was Mr. Robert Herrick's *Together,* and number five *Halfway House.*—As had been the case in July, two books were tied for the last position in the list. These were Mr. Booth's *The Post Girl* and Mrs. Rinehart's *The Circular Staircase.* In November *Mr. Crewe's Career* was an humble number five, while *The Lure of the Mask* had dropped out completely. *The Firing Line* was in front, with Mr. McCutcheon's *The Man from Brodney's* second. In third place was *Together,* with Mr. F. Hopkinson Smith's *Peter* fourth, and Mr. Meredith Nicholson's *The Little Brown Jug at Kildare* sixth. The leader for November, *The Firing Line,* was not to be found at all in the December lists. The first three places were held by entirely new books. Miss Johnston's *Lewis Rand* and Mrs. Ward's *The Testing of Diana Mallory* were on comparatively even terms, the former leading by the margin of a single point. In third position was Mr. John Fox's *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. The Man from Brodney's* fourth, *The Little Brown Jug at Kildare* fifth, and *Peter* sixth.

JANUARY

	Points
1. The Weavers	289
2. The Shuttle	270
3. The Fruit of the Tree	188
4. Satan Sanderson	102
5. The Daughter of Anderson Crow	80
6. The Lady of the Decoration	69

FEBRUARY

1. The Weavers	315
2. The Shuttle	255
3. The Lady of the Decoration	166
4. Days Off	89
5. The Old Peabody Pew	85
6. The Daughter of Anderson Crow	75

March

		Points
1.	The Shuttle	285
2.	The Weavers	284
3.	The Lady of the Decoration	139
4.	Three Weeks	137
5.	Rosalind at Red Gate	120
6.	The Great Secret	87

April

1.	The Black Bag	242
2.	The Ancient Law	193
3.	The Shuttle	175
4.	The Weavers	136
5.	The Lady of the Decoration	110
6.	Somehow Good	105

May

1.	The Black Bag	250
2.	The Barrier	142
3.	The Shuttle	139
4.	Somehow Good	131
5.	The Ancient Law	108
6.	The Weavers	106

June

1.	The Barrier	340
2.	The Black Bag	110
3.	The Shuttle	71
4.	Old Wives for New	60
5.	The Lady of the Decoration	58
6.	The Fair Moon of Bath	57

July

1.	Mr. Crewe's Career	301
2.	The Barrier	245
3.	The Coast of Chance	139
4.	The Husbands of Edith	125
5.	Old Wives for New	56
6.	The Primadonna / Rose MacLeod	52

August

1.	Mr. Crewe's Career	325
2.	The Lure of the Mask	237
3.	The Barrier	150
4.	The Coast of Chance	99
5.	The Chaperon	78
6.	The Husbands of Edith	55

September

1.	Mr. Crewe's Career	349
2.	The Lure of the Mask	274
3.	The Barrier	146
4.	The Coast of Chance	86
5.	The Wayfarers	70
6.	Halfway House	67

October

		Points
1.	Mr. Crewe's Career	284
2.	The Lure of the Mask	236
3.	The Firing Line	156
4.	Together	105
5.	Halfway House	81
6.	The Post Girl / The Circular Staircase	73

November

1.	The Firing Line	297
2.	The Man from Brodney's	173
3.	Together	166
4.	Peter	131
5.	Mr. Crewe's Career	130
6.	The Little Brown Jug at Kildare	87

December

1.	Lewis Rand	215
2.	The Testing of Diana Mallory	214
3.	The Trail of the Lonesome Pine	186
4.	The Man from Brodney's	140
5.	The Little Brown Jug at Kildare	119
6.	Peter	118

The following is one way of estimating the relative popularity of various novels of 1908:

Six Times Mentioned

The Shuttle.

Five Times Mentioned

The Weavers, The Lady of the Decoration, The Barrier, Mr. Crewe's Career.

Three Times Mentioned

The Black Bag, The Coast of Chance, The Lure of the Mask.

Twice Mentioned

The Daughter of Anderson Crow, The Ancient Law, Somehow Good, Old Wives for New, The Husbands of Edith, Halfway House, The Firing Line, Together, The Man from Brodney's, The Little Brown Jug at Kildare, Peter.

Once Mentioned

The Fruit of the Tree, Satan Sanderson, Days Off, The Old Peabody Pew, Three Weeks, Rosalind at Red Gate, The Great Secret, The Fair Moon of Bath, The Primadonna, Rose MacLeod, The Chaperon, The Wayfarers, The Post Girl, The Circular Staircase, Lewis Rand, The Testing of Diana Mallory, The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.

In the lists for 1908 there were represented a greater number of books than in any other year since we began compiling these tables. There were thirty-six titles as against thirty in 1907, thirty in 1906, twenty-nine in 1905, thirty-one in 1904, thirty-two in 1903, twenty-eight in 1901 and twenty-nine in 1900. On account of two of the books being the result of collaboration the thirty-six titles represent thirty-eight authors. Of these twenty-two are men and sixteen women, a much more even division than in 1907, when the figures were twenty-five to seven. In comparing the American popularity of English and American books we are leaving out entirely Sir Gilbert Parker, Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett and Mrs. Williamson. Of the remaining thirty-five twenty-eight are American and seven English.

Mrs. Wharton's Peril

Mrs. Wharton has been publishing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* something or other which we have not seen but which is described by those who have been so fortunate, as subtle, mystic and epigrammatic. We are informed also that before long she is to do a novel or a critical essay in Italian. Thus she goes on from triumph to triumph, extorting a tribute of wonder for her multilingual qualities. We fancy, however, that we detect a certain peril which may menace her in the future. Of course, she will soon produce a philosophical treatise in German, a romance in Spanish, and a play in one of the Scandinavian tongues. But the awful question is whether she can keep this thing up forever. Readers will cease to care what it is she writes, and will demand only that her productions be polyglot. It is certain that if Mrs. Wharton keeps on, the public will soon expect from her a brochure in Russian and probably a collec-



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. UPTON SINCLAIR AND GEORGE STERLING AT CARMEL



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER

Whose *Reminiscences* will appear in book form in the Spring

In a very widely read story by "O. Henry," published a few months ago, one of the characters, a magazine circulation boomer, is told by the Southern colonel who edits *The Rose of Dixie* of a contribution which is described as the most extraordinary that has ever been sent to a magazine. "Good heavens," exclaims the boomer, "you don't mean to say that you have cornered John D.'s *Reminiscences!*"

Photograph by H. H. Savlor. Copyright 1908, by Doubleday, Page and Co.

tion of short stories representing social and psychological studies conveyed in Chinese, Urdu, Basque, Hawaiian and Chinook. Of course Mrs. Wharton will be able to meet this demand, but we imagine that the thing will grow burdensome. When she gets out the volume of short stories which we have just mentioned, we should like to suggest a title for it. Her titles—witness *The Greater Inclination*—have no especial reference to the contents of the book; and so we propose that her forthcoming linguistic *pot pourri* be styled *That Tired Feeling.* When we come to think of it, this title would after all be not entirely inappropriate or without an esoteric meaning.

The original of "Taffy" Wynne, one of the "Three Musketeers of the Brush," of George du Maurier's *Trilby,* recently died in England. His real name was Joseph Rowley. When a young student in Paris he was a comrade of several distinguished artists, not alone Du Maurier, but Leighton and Whistler, and among the entire Latin Quarter he was noted for his prodigious strength. He was skilled in wrestling and boxing, in cricket and billiards. Taffy was Magistrate for Glintshire and an old and close neighbour of Mr. Gladstone.



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. EUGENE LYLE IN HIS ROOM IN THE LATIN QUARTER OF PARIS

The Real Taffy



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. ANNE WARNER

"The Whole Family"

All properly nurtured children have played a game in which the participants line up while the one at the head of the line whispers a sentence as rapidly as possible to his neighbour. The second player in turn whispers it rapidly to the next, and so it goes down the line. The point appears when the last player repeats aloud what he has heard and the message in its final form is compared with what it was when it started. The literary counterpart of this game is found in the book which has been published



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS. GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER AND HIS SON

with the title *The Whole Family*. Here an author lays out a situation for a story in a single chapter, and then passes it on to another author. Number two weaves a chapter of variations, and the poor innocent plot—innocent to the point of vacuity—is handed over to the tender mercies of number three. And so the tale is bandied about until twelve good men and women have laid their hands on it, and it emerges at *finis* with a word here and there to show its remote descent from that harmless first chapter. This sort of thing has more than once been the amusement of hilarious house-parties and circles of giggling boarding-school girls; never before, we believe, has it enlisted the co-operation of a group of authors every one of whom is known to the public that reads. The book is a monument to its anonymous projector and editor. The man—or woman—who could draw Mr. Howells, and Mr. James, and Mrs. Phelps Ward, and Dr. Van Dyke into such a scheme, and hold them to playing the game with straight faces in public, possesses qualities worthy of this record. His name deserves to be written on brass—than which, in spite of Horace, there is nothing more perdurable.

If this method of composition is to become popular, certain rules for the protection of both author and reader should be formulated at once, and adopted if necessary by an international



THE INSEPARABLES: W. J. LOCKE AND HIS COCKER SPANIEL

conference. The ethics of ordinary sport ought to be sufficient, but it is notorious that authors and that kind of people are wretched sportsmen. The time limit should be strictly enforced. Any author who exceeded by the fraction of a paragraph the allotted five thousand or ten thousand words should at once be outlawed by the governing board. "Slugging" and "holding" should be visited with severe penalties. When the author of chapter seven, let us say, takes a sly fling at the one who wrote chapter three, or lays a trap for the one who has to write chapter eight, then it is time for the referee to act. And all true sportsmen will refuse to compete with the vicious author who deliberately snarls the plot in a tangle which cannot be unravelled without resort to some lame expedient, galling to him on whom the necessity rests. In distributing the prizes it should be remembered that the difficulty of the game—supposing its object is to preserve some semblance of consistency with what has gone before—increases in geometrical ratio with the number of chapters. This might form a convenient basis for a handicapping system. A notoriously skilful unraveller of complications—like Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, for instance—would be scratch man, and always have the last chapter for his portion. Moderately capable and practised men, like Mr. Oppenheim and Mr. Crawford, would receive an allowance; while the hopeless bunglers in the matter of plots, like more than one novelist we might name but won't, should invariably be given a start of several chapters.

The Personal W. J. Locke

It has been some years since any English author has received a more genuine welcome, although this welcome has been of a very quiet nature, than Mr. W. J. Locke, who came to the United States for his first visit early in Novem-

ber, and departed December 9th, bound for Africa, where he intends to spend the remainder of the winter on the Mediterranean coast at work on a new novel. While in Mr. Locke's reception there have been conspicuously lacking the blare of trumpets and the beating of tom-toms which were the accompaniments of the slightest movements of some of our literary visitors in the days of the genial Major Pond and his cleverly exploited lecture bureau, the author of *The Beloved Vagabond* seemed nevertheless to have had a very pleasant time. He did not try to do too much. The only cities that he visited were New York, Boston and Washington; he was taken to Princeton to witness the annual football game with Yale; and he was a guest at a number of country houses. Comparatively speaking his American experiences were probably comfortable and commonplace. There befell him none of the New Arabian Night adventures that some other English men of letters are alleged to have encountered. Certainly he experienced nothing as extraordinary as Conan Doyle's meeting with the Boston cab driver whose practical sagacity in the field of deduction made Sherlock Holmes, by contrast, appear as stolidly stupid as a Scotland Yard official in fiction. Surely the historian of his movements can relate no authentic incident as poignant as the parting of Anthony Hope Hawkins and the chicken wing at Willimantic. Yet Mr. Locke met a great many persons who had reason to admire and like him immensely. In appearance the Englishman is exceedingly tall and slender, with very light hair and clear blue eyes. Where the topic of conversation was anything but his own books he was found to be an easy and fluent talker. A characteristic chance remark reflecting certain moods of his work was "I don't play golf or bridge—therefore I have time to enjoy myself."

La Haye, Mr. Locke's English home, is just below Oxford, and the view from its windows and lawns is a characteristic bit of Thames scenery. The house, of stucco and wood, stands near the road, but half concealed by trees, and with its real frontage on the meadows toward the river where the novelist plays at farming, gathering miniature crops of hay down to the path along the river bank. The Thames at La Haye is a quiet stream with willowy and weedy banks, and its shores dotted with fine old places. Mr. Locke, however, pays but slight attention to his neighbours. In fact he scarcely knows the names of most of them, but contents himself with his work and his household. This household consists of the novelist and his books, a housekeeper, who, by virtue of long service in the family, has become equal parts devoted servant, friend, and tyrant, but who with it all looks upon the author's work with never-ending awe; Pansy, a thoroughbred Cocker spaniel; and a huge and very dignified but unapproachable Angora cat.



SEEKING INSPIRATION

Speaking of his methods of work, Mr. Locke says that every man has his own bent and follows the line of least resistance in getting his work done. He



LA HAYE. THE FRONT PORCH

classes himself a plodder because he goes at it systematically and digs for what he gets, but he is not a furious grubber. He has no fetish of late midnight vigils of work, but writes when the spirit moves, morning, afternoon, or evening, indoors or out of doors; and sometimes, like an ordinary work-a-day mortal, he enjoys a whole day off. He does not take his work in the way of a frenzy, but gets it done by sticking to his desk. He thinks his story out before he begins to write at all, outlining its characters and the main channels in which they move and the theme generally. He says this method relieves him of the necessity of inventing plot development as he writes and it also saves him from the discomfort of being at the mercy of a half-grown idea that may in its onward rush upset his general plan and leave him groping his way out of a sudden maze of difficulties. It has another important effect, too, and one which he utilises to considerable advantage, that is, he is free to choose his vocabulary as he goes and finds less need of rewriting. He does not, like some of his fellow-authors, dash madly through page after page of manuscript in a confusion of ink splashes only to go through it again slashing it to tatters. Mr. Locke's manuscript, when he turns it over to the publisher, may not be spotless but it is fairly clean despite the fact that it is the original and not a corrected copy. Moreover, it is legible. He writes on an average two hundred and fifty to three hundred words an hour when undisturbed and has time to hunt for refractory words which, he admits, sometimes prove very elusive.

Mr. Locke's first book, *In the Gates of Samaria*, was written about fourteen years ago. It was by no means his first literary venture, however, for he had written numerous short stories, most of them promptly consigned to his desk for years, and much literary criticism in the form of book reviews and magazine comment on current authors. This first



LA HAYE

La Haye is just below Oxford, and the view from its windows is a characteristic bit of Thames scenery

novel, he admits, did not meet with an especially flattering reception, but neither was it to be considered a failure, as it met ready recognition among the reviewers who hailed him as a promising new author, although their verdict never gave the book any extensive circulation. His publisher, at any rate, lost nothing in the venture, as he paid a struggling author's price for it and no royalties and more than recouped his outlay. The result did not discourage Locke, whose expectations were modest, and soon he was again at work, more for the interest it gave him than for any large hoped-for profits. With the successive novels, until the advent of *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne,* it was a repetition of the same story, appreciation by a discriminating minority rather than the applause of the crowd. *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne,* however, gripped a far wider reading public both in England and in America and concentrated attention upon his earlier, neglected work. The success of *The Beloved Vagabond* and the serial popularity of *Simple Septimus* are too recent and widespread to require comment.

Nowadays to write a successful novel is to become also a dramatic author, it seems, and Locke has not escaped the contagion. He takes a keen interest in the theatre, naturally, now that he has as many as four live productions on the boards, three of them entirely the work of his own hands. When *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* made a hit he was approached for dramatic rights and sat down to remake the book into a play, his first serious attempt at the drama, although his long interest in the stage had kept him in fairly close touch with things dramatic. His version, completed in a very short time, was played in London more than two hundred nights, with Alexandra Carlisle as leading woman and an old Cambridge chum of the au-



LA HAYE. A BIT OF THE LAWN

thor, Aubrey Smith, in the title rôle. The play did not have so great a success in this country, owing largely to the fact that it was much mutilated in the attempt to provide a "star" part for a young American actress regardless of the author's intentions.

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A reader of The Bookman in Clifton Springs, New York, very kindly calls our attention to the fact that Mr. William de Morgan probably took the title of his book *Somehow Good* from the first stanza of Canto fifty-four of Tennyson's *In Memoriam.*

Good"
"Somehow

Oh, yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt and taints of blood.

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM

Here, where to pinching penury the gloom
Of Death was wedded, came Immortal Love,
And Genius, with all the pomp thereof,
To consecrate a temple and a tomb.

John B. Tabb.

THE MUSICIAN AS A MONEY-MAKER

LESS than a century ago, Franz Schubert sold half a dozen of his best songs for twenty cents apiece, after which profitable transaction he wrote to his friend Jenger: "It's all over with my journey to Gratz for this year, for my pecuniary prospects, like those of the weather, are downright gloomy and unfavourable." To-day, the tales of royalties paid composers make the profits of a Wall Street broker seem small by comparison. And if it is not strictly true that George Cohan makes $5,000 a week or Victor Herbert $500,000 a year out of his music, the actual figures are big enough to give colour to the story. It has only just been announced that the Rome, Turin and Milan opera houses have each paid Richard Strauss $4,000 for the bare right to produce his opera *Elektra*, a work not even yet completed, and of the success of which there cannot be any present assurance whatsoever. Oscar Hammerstein is reported to have paid the composer $10,000 to secure the American rights of performance. The privilege of giving the first presentation of the work has fallen to Dresden, where it is advertised for the 25th of this month. The amount paid for the privilege is not known; but the composer has himself stated that he awarded the honour to Dresden because there his earlier operas had been given—thus conveying the impression that the distinction was unpurchasable and priceless. Strauss is certainly taking revenge for the treatment accorded musicians of the past.

HÄNDEL THE FIRST PAID COMPOSER

There is no record of the fact of payment to musicians for their compositions before the time of Händel; but he was regularly paid for the right to publish his works. For at least eleven of his operas he received 25 guineas, or about $125 apiece, while the largest sum he ever obtained was £125, paid for a setting of Dryden's Ode, *Alexander's Feast*. On hearing that Walsh, his publisher, had netted over $6,000 from the proceeds of one of his operas, Händel said, "Well, *you* shall compose the next opera and I'll publish it."

The history of music is filled with authentic stories of poverty-stricken genius and its struggles against starvation, with only too many instances of a tragic ending. While it would be unfair to saddle the music publishers of a century or so ago with the entire responsibility, the rôles they played were not enviable ones. The names of some of them are embalmed in the pathetic letters of the poor composers, begging them to accept and pay for their compositions. Appeals to generosity often fell on deaf ears. The publisher at times seemed only too willing to wait for the opportunity when hunger should drive the composer into a corner, where he must of necessity accept the pittance offered.

Thus we find the publishing house of Schott and Son objecting to paying Schubert the 60 florins he demanded for his great *Forelle* quintet as "a too extravagant price," and finally getting the work for half that sum, or about $12. His magnificent trio in E flat he sells to Probst for 20 florins, 60 kreutzers ($8.24)—which sounds like a depart-bargain. Small wonder that Schubert's total effects at the time of his death brought only about $10, not enough to pay for a decent burial.

BEETHOVEN AND MOZART

Beethoven was while living recognised as one of the greatest composers; and yet his music never earned him a fair competency. His estate all told amounted to little over 10,000 florins, or about $4,500. His musical effects were sold at auction, after his death, for 1,193 florins. They included a large number of autographs of published and unpublished works as well as invaluable sketch-books. Only to-day a Leipzig bookseller asks $10,500 for the manuscript of his Diabelle *Variations*—about twenty times as much as the entire lot at auction. A number of Beethoven's letters to his publishers are preserved and show the mighty genius, who was too proud to accept aid from his friends, and scorned the patronage of princes, waiting on these men, and

anxiously offering his wares at reasonable prices. He writes to Probst offering a string quartet for 80 gold ducats, adding apologetically: "I assure you, upon my honour, that the same sum has been remitted to me for several quarters." And he continues, "I have also the following trifles ready, with which I can supply you—A Serenade—congratulatory—Minuet and an Entr'act, both for full orchestra, the two for 20 gold ducats. In the hope of a speedy answer, I am, sir, Your Obedient Beethoven." From the London Philharmonic Society Beethoven received £50 for his Ninth Symphony, to be the exclusive property of the Society for eighteen months; and the leading musical paper stated that it was "a liberal price." So, too, did it seem to Beethoven, who was, at that time, sadly in need of money. The same Society paid him 75 guineas for the overtures *Ruins of Athens* and *King Stephen*.

The prices paid to Mozart for his works are almost incredible, especially when it is remembered that they were even during his lifetime generally popular and successful. *Don Giovanni* brought him less than $100, and the *Magic Flute*, his last opera, written to oblige a brother Mason, a broken-down theatre manager, made the latter's fortune, but netted the composer $100 only. Shortly before his death he wrote exultantly to his wife from Prague, "I went to see Guardassoni (the local impressario), who almost agreed to give 200 ducats next autumn for an opera and 50 ducats for travelling expenses." Guardassoni was not required to fulfil his half promise. Mozart never wrote another opera. For his immortal *Requiem* he was paid 100 ducats (some say only 50). He died in abject poverty, leaving debts far in excess of his assets.

THE CASE OF THE MUSIC PUBLISHER

There is, of course, something to be said on the side of the publisher. It is only with the modern development of the copyright laws that he himself has been protected in the publication rights to musical compositions. Formerly, without remedy against the pirates in the trade, he was liable to lose the entire benefits of his purchase. This protection has also enured to the benefit of the composer, whose property rights in his music are thus secured and made commercially valuable.

There is yet another aspect of the case to be remembered, and this has especial reference to modern times. It is the publisher's efforts in the first instance that have created and fostered a demand for the composer's works, his advertising, his stores, his salespeople, the whole machinery of his establishment placed at the service of the composer. So that even if Sousa, for example, did sell his *Washington Post* and *High School Cadets* marches for $50 apiece, making only a name, while his publishers made a fortune (the recollection of which doubtless evokes a sigh as Mr. Sousa passes the door of the great publishing house reared on the profits of these pieces), he must realise as he looks at the cheque for $42,000, representing a year's royalties on some later compositions, that he has in fact ultimately received substantial profits on the marches that made his reputation, even though they did not reach him in time to relieve the pressing necessities of his earlier days.

There is this difference between modern times and the days of Mozart and Schubert: that while the unknown composer to-day may fare as badly as they did, the composer whose work is known and liked always secures a publisher. Sometimes even the unknown musician is lucky enough to find a publisher willing to bring out his music on a royalty basis. There is encouragement in the story that Ethelbert Nevin hawked his *Water Scenes* all over the country in the vain endeavour to place them, until at last one publisher, out of friendship, took them on a personal equation basis, with the result that the proceeds from the sales of a single one, *Narcissus*, still support the widow of the composer in comfort.

BACH AND HIS INCOME

Unlike most of the professional composers, Johann Sebastian Bach was not dependent for his income upon royalties from his compositions. In point of fact

he probably never directly received a cent from the sale or performance of any of them. But whether or not this was an enviable distinction may well be a matter of opinion when all the facts are considered. As cantor of the Thomas Schule at Leipzig, a position he filled during the last and most fruitful years of his life, Bach received a home rent free, a fixed salary of 87 thalers, and 13 thalers extra for wood and lights. Added to this there were a few thalers as the cantor's share in certain school income and an annual payment in kind of 16 bushels of corn, 2 cords of fire logs and 2 measures of wine. The only extras he could look for came from incidental fees for weddings, funerals, etc. And there was the rub. For, as Bach writes: "When the air of Leipzig is wholesome, there are fewer funerals"; and as his biographer, Spitta, comments, "On this theory, the comfort of the cantor would naturally increase with the mortality of his neighbours." There is, too, something unpleasantly familiar in the complaint against the well-to-do couples who went away to the country to get married in order to escape the cantor's fees. But Bach was at least enabled to support his large family decently and to accomplish a vast amount of work unharassed by the worries of the indigent.

PEGASUS IN LIVERY

In the earlier days of music, the composer not infrequently solved the financial question by entering the employment of some nobleman. Not only pleased to act as a patron of art, but also glad to have his musicians at hand to furnish refreshment as desired—for in those days there were no public concerts—he would regularly maintain one or a number of musicians, paying them wages comparable usually to those paid to his butler or other retainers and furnishing them with the livery of his house. Some of the princes maintained orchestras as an integral part of their entourage. Thus, Haydn held the position of chef d'orchestre with two of the princes of the Austrian house of Esterhazy, who were particularly fond of music. He received an annual salary, which, commencing at 600 florins, was increased to 2,300 florins, or about $1,000, besides his doctor's bills. On this amount (the purchasing power of money was then greater than now) Haydn was able to live comfortably; and he seems to have made little use of the perquisites of the place. He was treated liberally and allowed great freedom of time. When the *Creation* was performed, the expenses were defrayed by several noblemen, and the entire proceeds, almost $1,600, were turned over to the composer. (Haydn gave the scores of the *Creation* and the *Seasons* to the Vienna Tonkunstler Societat, which derived considerable income from the sale of these works for many years.)

OPERAS THE GREAT MONEY-MAKERS

Naturally, the greater the public, the greater the demand to be supplied. For many reasons that are perfectly explicable, the opera is and always has been more popular than other forms of musical entertainment; and accordingly, operatic works have always produced bigger returns to the composer than symphonies, oratorios or other musical compositions. In the case of opera, too, the composer has the benefit of *tantiemes* from the performance as well as royalties on the sales of the music; and sometimes the proceeds from the sale of a single song in the opera are in themselves a fortune. So that it may be readily appreciated that the profits from operatic successes oftentimes mount up rapidly to totals far beyond all expectation. (Händel lost money in his operas and recouped from his oratorios. But there were particular causes at work to make his case an apparent exception.)

Weber, whose fame rests almost entirely on his operas, never made a fortune out of them, but he managed to live on the proceeds. *Der Freishütz* brought him $4,000, and from five other operas together he made twice that amount. *The Bohemian Girl*, the popularity of which has only just begun to wane after sixty-five years, brought $7,500 to Balfe. The publishers, however, made over twice that amount from the sale of a single ballad from the opera, "I Dreamed I Dwelt in Marble Halls."

Gounod's *Faust* was at first a failure, and he sold the English rights for $200. After it had become popular he was able to command high prices for his music, *The Redemption* alone bringing him $20,000. Rossini fared well at the hands of his publishers, but they do not seem to have lost money on his music. He sold his *Stabat Mater* for $1,200; the purchaser at once sold the rights to performance in Paris alone for $1,600; and his purchaser in turn resold them for $4,000. *The Barber of Seville* brought only $400, *Semiramide,* a far less successful work, $1,000, and *William Tell,* his last opera, 24,000 francs. At his death his widow disposed of a number of pianoforte pieces in bulk for $20,000, which contrasts strangely with the prices paid for the manuscript works of Mozart, Schubert and Beethoven, at their deaths.

Coming down to more recent days, Mascagni's one-act opera, *Cavalleria Rusticana,* brought the composer $90,000, besides winning the Sonzogno prize, and made his reputation at a time when he was ready to give up the fight of earning his bread by music. The ever popular *Intermezzo* alone must have earned him a fortune. *Hänsel und Gretel,* the most successful German opera of recent years, brought Humperdinck $50,000 in a single twelfth-month; while Puccini's earnings from his operas, while difficult to estimate, accumulating as they do from so many sources, must be conservatively $50,000 a year.

THE EARNING CAPACITY OF RICHARD WAGNER

While Wagner's letters contain countless and bitter references to his poverty and the never-ceasing money stringency, his financial condition was more often than not due to his impracticable handling of his affairs. In comparison with the money earned by contemporary composers of far smaller powers, Wagner was poorly paid for his works. Nevertheless, for some years before his death he received substantial sums by the sale of publication and performing rights, royalties, etc. *Rienzi,* the first of his operas to be performed, was a money-maker; but unfortunately the composer had omitted to secure a profitable arrangement and he received $225 for his share in its first performances. The earlier operas were published on Wagner's own responsibility, and saddled a heavy and irksome debt on him. The publisher Meser had the sympathy of the wits of the day. He lived in the first story before printing *Rienzi,* they said; *The Flying Dutchman* and *Tannhäuser* took him up to the second and third, and *Lohengrin* was sure to send him to the garret. In later years, as the music dramas gained momentum, the returns increased. The Intendant of the Berlin Opera House who refused to pay $750 for the rights to *Tannhäuser* was compelled to pay the composer $1,300 in *tantiemes* the first year alone. The publishing rights of the *Nibelungen Ring* tetralogy were purchased by Schott and Son for $10,000, and for *Parsifal* they paid the composer $15,000. According to Mr. Henry T. Finck estimates them to have been at least of his life (1882) was $25,000. The annual profits from his operas have, of course, steadily increased. In 1892 Mr. Finck estimates them to have been at least $50,000; and without a doubt twice that amount is well within the figures for the last few years. The Bayreuth Festivals alone have been a veritable gold mine for the heirs of Wagner. The quickest and most easily earned money that Wagner ever received was the $5,000 paid by a group of rich Americans for the *Centennial March* which he wrote to order for the Philadelphia Exposition of 1876. The immense interest in Wagner after his death is illustrated by the fact that his widow received $12,000 for the concert rights for a year, for a youthful symphony which had never been published and which the composer himself never wished given to the world. In a letter to Theodore Thomas, quoted by Mr. Finck in his *Life of Wagner,* the composer justifies his price for the *Centennial March* by the statement that Verdi received $100,000 for his *Manzoni Requiem*—certainly the record price for a work of this kind. The advance over the amount paid by Ricordi for his first opera, $330, is rather note-

worthy. Verdi was the most popular composer of Italy during the second half of the last century and he made for himself and his publishers large fortunes out of his operas. Indeed, Italian opera has been a paying thing for the publishers for many generations. The firm of Sonzogno is reputed to have cleared $5,000,000 out of the business.

FORTUNES IN COMIC OPERAS

The public for light opera is very much larger than that for heavier works and the remuneration of the composers of these works is correspondingly greater. Sir Arthur Sullivan, who in conjunction with W. S. Gilbert wrote the world-famous operettas, including *Pinafore, Pirates of Penzance* and *The Mikado,* made enormous sums of money from his music. He is said to have drawn $150,000 a year from his operas alone. The unparallelled success in America of *Pinafore* brought little or no financial gain to the authors. It was pirated and performed without the compulsion of copyright recognition and the producers paid no royalties. In order to prevent a repetition of what was really highway robbery, Gilbert and Sullivan themselves came to America with their next opera, *The Pirates of Penzance,* and produced it here, before it was brought out in England. *The Mikado,* the greatest success of the series, paid the authors handsomely, for by the time it was performed international copyright laws were in force. All told, the Savoy Operas, as they were called from their English home, were some of the greatest money-winners in the history of music. *The Merry Widow* bids fair to equal if not even to exceed the earnings of any single one of Sullivan's operas. It is estimated that composer and librettists have already cleared half a million dollars out of it.

The most successful American light opera was *Robin Hood,* but it was disposed of by Mr. DeKoven before he had made his name—which, in fact, was really established by that opera. Yet the earnings of "Oh Promise Me" must still be very large. Victor Herbert, the most prolific as well as the most popular of light opera writers on this side of the Atlantic, has acquired great wealth from the royalties of his operas. Common report has it that his income is as much as $10,000 a week for extended periods. His operas are played throughout the country for years after they have filled their metropolitan engagements, and the accumulation of royalties from so many sources must be enormous. Mr. Herbert himself modestly refuses to divulge the figures.

PROFITS OF THE SONG

Sullivan's "Lost Chord" is one of the most popular songs ever written. Despite the lack of copyright protection, he made more than $50,000 out of it. In his earlier days he sold his beautiful "Hush Thee, my Baby" for $25, and he made scarcely anything out of the hymn tune "Onward, Christian Soldiers." But for his later songs he commanded as high as $3,500. Henry Russell's "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," that made the rounds of the English-speaking races a generation or so ago, was sold by him for £11, but brought the publisher a handsome figure. "Kathleen Mavourneen" was sold for £5. Over a million copies of the "Stein" song by Frederick Field Bullard have been sold and the demand for it is still active. Probably the greatest winnings recorded for a single song were the $3,000,000 said to have been gained by the publisher of "Listen to the Mocking Bird." This would certainly be hard to duplicate. The fact that the composer sold it for $35 makes the transaction the more remarkable. Three modern songs with exceptional records are "Forgotten," by Eugene Cowles, of which 315,000 copies have been printed, "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," of which 286,000 copies have been printed, and "A Dream," of which 256,000 copies have been printed. With royalties of five cents a copy, the composers have netted handsome returns. These figures are authentic and are valuable, too, as showing that the profits of the composer of a popular song, while substantial, are not apt to reach the fabulous figures so often imagined. As one publisher put it in answer to the writer's inquiry, "There are thousands of people scattered over this country who have read in Sunday newspapers

and cheap periodicals that fortunes are made by the writing of a few measures of music. Untutored tyros all over the country are nursing vain hopes of doing this very thing and are making the lives of publishers more or less miserable by their frantic efforts."

The writers of vaudeville songs, while not composers in the best sense of the word, are literally earners of money in the world of music and therefore deserve passing mention. So too, the writers of musical farces and other degenerate types of operetta. They are rather mechanics who adapt tunes and melodic ideas to the market they supply. And when they strike the popular ear, they make large profits, beside which the earnings of the legitimate composer often seem insignificant.

THE COMPOSER'S PROFESSION

While the statistics of the earnings of composers are necessarily largely guess work, and oftentimes inaccurate, they prove a great deal. In the first place, they certainly show that the earning powers of the artist in the world of tones are practically limitless. They show that the pecuniary returns are not, as often assumed, in inverse ratio to the artistic quality of the work and that the great composer may hope to earn more than a mere competency without lowering his ideals. It is almost entirely a question of the size of his public. Edward MacDowell, the American composer who died a year ago, never made any considerable sum from his compositions until his last illness drew the public's attention to them and the royalties began slowly to increase, reaching the figure perhaps of $1,200 or $1,300 a year at the time of his death. This fact proves only that the public for his compositions was not reached earlier, and necessarily it takes a great deal longer to appeal to the public with sober works of art of the kind he wrote than with the essentially popular songs and pieces of some of his contemporaries.

This article has purposely not dealt with the earnings of the interpretive or performing musical artist as distinguished from the creative; but it may not be amiss to state that he has always been among the greatest money-getters in the world of music. And even in the days when the great composers struggled and starved, the singers, the popular idols, were gathering in vast fortunes. There is a story told of a famous singer, Gabrielli, who demanded a fee of 5,000 ducats for singing before the Empress Catherine II. of Russia. "Far too much," said the empress, amazed. "Why it is more than I pay my field marshals." "Then let your field marshals sing for you," replied Gabrielli.

Lewis M. Isaacs.

CASEY AT THE BAT

(The Authorised Version.)

[This poem is a classic in the baseball world, and is known by heart to almost every enthusiastic frequenter of the diamond. It was originally published in the *San Francisco Examiner,* and was written by Mr. Ernest L. Thayer, at that time a member of the *Examiner's* staff, but now a well-known resident of Worcester, Massachusetts. It appeared in 1888, and was immediately copied by the newspapers all over the country, and publicly recited, most conspicuously by Mr. De Wolf Hopper. In the course of time, various inaccuracies crept into the different versions, some of them marring the admirable ballad-metre. We give here by permission of Mr. Thayer the authorised text.—Editors of The Bookman.]

The outlook wasn't brilliant for the Mudville nine that day:
The score stood four to two, with but one inning more to play,
And then when Cooney died at first, and Barrows did the same,
A pall-like silence fell upon the patrons of the game.

A straggling few got up to go in deep despair. The rest
Clung to that hope which springs eternal in the human breast;
They thought "If only Casey could but get a whack at that—
We'd put up even money now, with Casey at the bat."

But Flynn preceded Casey, as did also Jimmy Blake,
And the former was a hoodoo, while the latter was a cake;
So upon that stricken multitude grim melancholy sat,
For there seemed but little chance of Casey getting to the bat.

But Flynn let drive a single, to the wonderment of all,
And Blake, the much despisèd, tore the cover off the ball;
And when the dust had lifted, and men saw what had occurred,
There was Jimmy safe at second and Flynn a-hugging third.

Then from five thousand throats and more there rose a lusty yell;
It rumbled through the valley, it rattled in the dell;
It pounded on the mountain and recoiled upon the flat,
For Casey, mighty Casey, was advancing to the bat.

There was ease in Casey's manner as he stepped into his place;
There was pride in Casey's bearing and a smile lit Casey's face.
And when, responding to the cheers, he lightly doffed his hat,
No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Casey at the bat.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt;
Five thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.
Then while the writhing pitcher ground the ball into his hip,
Defiance flashed in Casey's eye, a sneer curled Casey's lip.

And now the leather-covered sphere came hurtling through the air,
And Casey stood a-watching it in haughty grandeur there.
Close by the sturdy batsman the ball unheeded sped—
"That ain't my style," said Casey; "Strike one!" the umpire said.

From the benches, black with people, there went up a muffled roar,
Like the beating of the storm-waves on a stern and distant shore;
"Kill him! Kill the umpire!!" shouted some one on the stand;
And it's likely they'd have killed him had not Casey raised his hand.

With a smile of Christian charity great Casey's visage shone;
He stilled the rising tumult; he bade the game go on;
He signalled to the pitcher, and once more the dun sphere flew;
But Casey still ignored it, and the umpire said, "Strike two!"

"Fraud!" cried the maddened thousands, and echo answered "Fraud!"
But one scornful look from Casey and the audience was awed.
They saw his face grow stern and cold, they saw his muscles strain
And they knew that Casey wouldn't let that ball go by again.

The sneer has fled from Casey's lip, his teeth are clinched in hate;
He pounds with cruel violence his bat upon the plate.
And now the pitcher holds the ball, and now he lets it go,
And now the air is shattered by the force of Casey's blow.

O, somewhere in this favoured land the sun is shining bright;
The band is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light,
And somewhere men are laughing, and little children shout;
But there is no joy in Mudville—great Casey has struck out.

Ernest L. Thayer.

THEODOR MOMMSEN AND GUGLIELMO FERRERO

IN 1852, Dr. Theodor Mommsen was Professor of Roman Law in the Swiss University of Zürich. He was then a young man of thirty-five, who had already had a varied and most thorough training. At Kiel he had studied with intense activity both history and law. He was, moreover, interested in classical literature, and had shown himself to be something of a poet. These studies and researches he had further carried on for three years in Italy and France; and before he went to Zürich he had been appointed Professor Extraordinarius of Law at the University of Leipzig. For a short time, also, he had edited a newspaper. In this capacity he had become deeply interested in the political condition of his native country. In fact, he let his strong political feeling become so thoroughly well known at Leipzig that he was practically forced to give up his professorship there and to accept a like one on the neutral ground of Zürich.

Already Mommsen was saturated with classical archæology. His mind was the acute mind of an accomplished lawyer; and besides he was an ardent patriot who deplored the wretched morass into which Germany had fallen—split, as it was, into a score of petty States, each jealous of the other, and each attaching itself more or less closely to the fortunes of either Austria or Prussia. Austria was then the cock of the walk in all things German. Prussia, after the disgrace at Olmütz, had become feebly subservient to the Hapsburgs. Even Bismarck was only just beginning to feel conscious of his own genius, while very few of his countrymen as yet knew anything about him. The only thing which he had done to attract attention was found in the famous smoking episode at Frankfort. In the Frankfort Diet, the Austrian envoy who presided had arrogated to himself alone the right to smoke during the sittings. The representatives of all the other German States sat, pipeless and cigarless, and watched the Hapsburg delegate loll in his official chair, puffing in isolated superiority. It was then that Bismarck one day shocked the somnolent assembly by drawing from his waistcoat pocket a long and black cigar, and lounging up to the complacent Austrian asked him nonchalently for a light. Then he went back to his own seat and, stretching out his powerful, lanky form, filled the air with smoke-clouds that symbolised the cannon-smoke which afterward rolled over the beaten hosts of Austria at Königgrätz.

At about this time Mommsen happened to be in the company of his wife's father, who was a publisher. "Why don't you write a Roman history?" asked the latter, who, like all good publishers, had an eye ever open to business—"a popular history of Rome, one that would be widely read." The suggestion appealed to Mommsen, and presently he set to work. He was familiar with the Greek and Roman historians; but, unlike other writers upon Roman history, he was even more familiar with those sources which are not wholly literary. He had read thousands of inscriptions. He was a trained numismatist. He had studied and carefully compared the Roman laws, and from their dry phraseology had drawn many accurate inferences as to the causes which led to their enactment. He was an expert in the Italic dialects. In his old age, he was to be the most learned man whom the modern world has ever seen,—more learned even than Joseph Justus Scaliger, or the patient Casaubon, or the omnivorous student Lipsius, who knew the whole of Tacitus by heart. If Varro was rightly called *doctissimus Romanorum,* Mommsen in the prime of his life could rightly be styled without exaggeration *doctissimus recentiorum.*

Even in 1852, it is not likely that any scholar then living was his match—not



THEODOR MOMMSEN

even Madvig, not even Corssen. And to his learning, he brought the knowledge of a man of affairs, one who was in touch with active life, and whose intellect glowed with a tempered imagination which fused all his learning, as it were, chemically, into a complete, well-rounded whole. He wrote his history of Rome in what he supposed was a purely popular style. But when we read it, we think of a giant at play. It is, in fact, unlike any other history of Rome that has yet been written. Its author does not lean wholly upon the ancient historians, but summons to his aid the researches of the philologist and the investigations of the archæologist. The narrative is not continuous. It is broken up by disquisitions upon points of Roman law and of civic organisation. In fact, the book is more a constitutional history than a mere record of picturesque events. Nevertheless, it is suffused throughout by a lambent flame of historic imagination, and toward the last, it rises to a superb strain of manly eloquence. For, like all great historians, Mommsen gradually came to see in the events of which he wrote a parallel to the events which were taking place in his own time. In the conditions of ancient Rome, he saw the conditions of his own Germany. Just as Germany, sundered and divided as it was by petty intrigues, petty jealousies, and petty men, needed the cohesive pressure of some great compelling statesman, so to Mommsen's mind the same thing had been true of Rome. It, likewise, was divided and degraded. It wanted the strong hand, the unflinching courage of a powerful leader, who would not quail in the face of fearful responsibility, but who would frankly recognise that monarchy was the only logical conclusion and solution. And so it happened that when Mommsen painted Julius Cæsar—great warrior and consummate statesman—he was really uttering a cry for a great warrior and consummate statesman to come and hammer Germany together. His Cæsar is unconsciously a prophecy of Bismarck.

Because Mommsen thought that he was writing only a popular history, he did not deem it wise to stud his pages with innumerable foot-notes, giving his authority for this and that. He wrote straight on, telling his story, expounding his theories, and making all things plain out of the abundance of his knowledge. Later, when to his surprise he found that he had really written a scholar's history of Rome, he was forced to meet some criticism because of this omission. Therefore it was that presently he published his *Römische Forschungen,* which in a sense may be regarded as supplementing his history by a citation of authorities.

But most readers are content to take his work just as it came from his hand, and it does not greatly trouble them to hear it criticised as "partisan." There is no history that is not partisan—at least, no history which has lived long. Thirlwall's history of Greece is a Tory history. Grote's history of Greece is a Whig history, and Macaulay's history of England is Whiggish to the last degree. So Hildreth wrote the history of the United States as a Democrat would write it. So Rhodes has written much as a Republican would write, strive though he may to be impartial.

But Mommsen's book is partisan only in a great and splendid sense. It tells the truth. It throws light into hundreds of dark nooks and corners. It remains and probably will remain for decades the greatest history of Rome that has been written. For it must be remembered that its four volumes (we may exclude the fifth as being purely institutional history) covers the development of the Roman State from its very genesis, and continues its narrative to the triumph of Julius Cæsar. Who can forget the noble passage which shows us the new monarchy—a passage which sums up the character of Cæsar and even in the English version stirs the blood? A bit of it may be quoted here.

> Such was this unique man, whom it seems so easy and yet is so infinitely difficult to describe. His whole nature is transparent clearness; and tradition preserves more copious and more vivid information regarding him than regarding any of his peers in the ancient world. Of such a personage our conceptions may well vary in point of shallowness or

depth, but they cannot be, strictly speaking, different; to every not utterly perverted inquirer, the grand figure has exhibited the same essential features, and yet no one has ever succeeded in reproducing it to the life. The secret lies in its perfection. In his character as a man as well as in his place in history, Cæsar occupies a position where the great contrasts of existence meet and balance one another. Of the mightiest creative power and yet at the same time of the most penetrating judgment; no longer a youth and not yet an old man; of the highest energy of will and the highest capacity of execution; filled with republican ideals and at the same time born to be a king,—a Roman in the deepest essence of his nature, and yet called to reconcile and combine in himself as well as in the outer world the entire and perfect man.

Mommsen's masterpiece was first given to the world in 1856. In 1901, an Italian scholar, Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, published at Turin the first two volumes of a book entitled in the original, *Grandezza e Decadenza di Roma*. A brief preface explains that it is to be a history beginning with the death of Sulla, and ultimately to extend to the break-up of the Roman Empire. At first these volumes attracted little notice. Then they were read and reviewed in France. They were commented upon. They excited sharp discussion, and when they were followed by other volumes, Signor Ferrero awoke to find himself justly famous. At the present time, we have before us an English version of the first four volumes,* in which the narrative ends substantially with the constitutional reforms of Augustus Cæsar, that gave to Rome a monarchy under the forms of the earlier Republic. Some passages from Signor Ferrero's preface deserve quotation, since they express in his own language his conception of the work which he has undertaken. He says:

Human history, like all other phenomena of life and motion, is the unconscious product of an infinity of small and unnoticed efforts. Its work is done, spasmodically and in disorder, by single individuals or groups of individuals, acting generally from immediate motives, with results which always transcend the knowledge and intentions of contemporaries, and are but seldom revealed, darkly and for a moment, to succeeding generations. To find a clue to the immediate, accidental, and transitory motives which have pricked on the men of the past to their labours; to describe vividly and wholeheartedly their vicissitudes and anxieties, their struggles and illusions, as they pursued their work, the men of one generation have often not satisfied the passions which spurred them to action, but effected some lasting transformation in the life of their society—this should be, in my opinion, the unfailing inspiration of the historian's task.

And Signor Ferrero says that the evolution of Rome from a small and isolated republic into a world-empire was the sort of transformation which is continually going on in the history of other human societies—"the growth of a nationalist and industrial democracy on the ruins of a federation of agricultural aristocracies." It is the plan of Signor Ferrero's book and his conception of history, added to a vivid style and vast reading which have given him the fame that he now enjoys. Somewhat unfortunately there has been thrust upon him a species of journalistic notoriety which he himself must sincerely deprecate. He is praised for things which he has not done. The newspapers have discovered in his book sensational features which are not there. Thus, while the scholar and the statesman reads with the deepest interest the development of the theme, drawing mental parallels between the conditions of ancient Rome and those of the American Republic, the daily press prints interviews and synopses which would make it appear that Ferrero has superseded Mommsen, that he has upset entirely the traditional structure of Roman historical research, that we must now cast aside all the ancient authorities and rest wholly upon the chapters of Ferrero. "Ferrero says that Cæsar was a demagogue!" "Ferrero proves that Antony never made a funeral speech at the death of Cæsar!" "Ferrero has discovered that Cleopatra was not beautiful, but only a wrinkled hag, with whom Antony consorted from motives of policy alone!"

*The Greatness and Decline of Rome. By Guglielmo Ferrero. Vols. I-IV. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $10.

These and a dozen other scrappy and distorted notions appear as scare-heads in the newspapers. They give to Signor Ferrero, as we said, a certain notoriety, but in the long run they will tend to injure the standing of his book among those who are aware of what it actually contains and of its actual nature. In the first place, Signor Ferrero has discovered no new authorities. While his foot-notes are exceedingly voluminous and are therefore likely to impress the non-classical reader, they merely cite the old authorities whom the author is wrongly supposed to have overthrown and rendered obsolete. He has, to be sure, the advantage of the many monographs which have been written since Mommsen's time. Note, for example, his indebtedness to Bouché-Leclercq, whose *Histoire des Lagides* has provided Signor Ferrero with a predigested account of the Greek dynasty in Egypt. Note also that, so far as Ferrero differs from Mommsen, it is not in cutting loose from the historical literature of the past, but rather in adhering much more closely to it than did Mommsen, who rested his case perhaps too much upon philological and archæological investigation. Again, it must be said, if we are to compare the two historians, that the Italian is quite as prone as the German to give us imaginative inferences. When you come to sift the matter down, it all ends in this: that both men have looked at the same facts and consulted the same authorities, and that the difference lies wholly in the point of view. Mommsen throws a low light upon Pompey and Cicero, for example, and a high light upon Cæsar, while with Ferrero this process is reversed. Essentially, however, there is little difference between the two.

Take, for instance, the assertion that Cæsar was a "demagogue." To read the newspaper notices, one would fancy that this characterisation was original with Ferrero. As a matter of fact, Mommsen in his fourth volume specifically declares that Cæsar was a demagogue. Cæsar had to be a demagogue for a time in order to keep his hold upon the people as against the aristocracy. But he was not the sort of demagogue whose sole aim is to please the people. He uses them and controls them as a statesman must, but only in order to accomplish a statesman's purpose. History is full of demagogues in this high sense, which is, indeed, the etymological sense. There have been many of these "leaders of the people," and every one of them stands out in clear and telling contrast with the man who is only a *politicastro*. Some statesmen have been so happily circumstanced or so austere by nature as to dominate the people without using any demagogic arts. Such was Washington, and the two Pitts, and such was Bismarck; but men like these are very rare. Cæsar, during a certain portion of his career, was a demagogue, as were Palmerston and Beaconsfield and Gladstone in England, and as were Jefferson and Jackson and Roosevelt in the United States. Even Lincoln in the stress of the Civil War sometimes held a candle to the devil. But the demagogue of this type is always the man who has a definite end to reach and who employs such necessary instruments as are at hand. It is in this sense that Cæsar was a demagogue, as Mommsen long ago pointed out, and as Ferrero now repeats, —not really as a new discovery of his own, but as a truism of Roman history.

Lack of space forbids us from setting down here many things that have occurred to us in the perusal of these volumes. But it is worth noting that Signor Ferrero is often willing to suppress undoubted facts. He would have us think that Cæsar was hesitating and even timid, so that he was afraid of his own soldiers. Therefore he omits that splendid, stirring, thoroughly attested account of how Cæsar on his return from Pontus went out alone to meet the mutinous legions, and dominated them into abject submission by his tremendous personality, just as Napoleon dominated the veterans at Grenoble on his return from Elba. As for the legend of Cleopatra's beauty, that never had any good authority, but sprang up in the Middle Ages. Plutarch expressly says that the Egyptian queen was not beautiful above other women. She was not even one who would at first be noticed. Her power over men sprang from her extraordinary



GUGLIELMO FERRERO

charm, her exquisite accomplishments, and the wonderful fascination which was due to her sympathetic adaptability. As a matter of fact, Signor Ferrero by no means calls her a wrinkled hag, but rather "a splendid queen"; and as she died when under forty years of age, the alleged description would have been absurd. As to Antony and his famous *oratio funebris,* this rests upon the authority of Plutarch, who lived less than a century after Cæsar's death. It cannot be refuted, as Ferrero would refute it, by the negative fact that Suetonius speaks of it as a small matter,—Suetonius, whose life of Julius Cæsar is only a sort of scrap-book almost as juiceless as old Cato's notes on practical farming.

We must not, however, be considered as denying the undoubted interest and freshness of Ferrero's volumes. They are full of notions which are at least suggestive. They are written with the repressed vivacity of an Italian, who is

also a scholar. They do not, however, supersede the work of Mommsen for that portion of Roman history which Mommsen's volumes cover. At the most, they may be viewed as a corrective. The comparison may seem to be a little singular, but in many ways we regard Signor Ferrero as temperamentally belonging to the same category as Max Nordau as the latter appears in the pages of his *Entartung*. Both men have read omnivorously. Both bring to bear, in support of their favourite theses, a wealth of illustration. And yet we are not quite convinced. They seek, perhaps to prove too much; and a certain facile brilliancy does not give us the impression of that bed-rock earnestness and devotion to the eternal verities which, with all his partisanship, we recognise in Mommsen.

The first two volumes of this history are translated by Mr. Alfred Zimmern, a Fellow of New College, Oxford; and the other two by the Rev. H. J. Chaytor, also an Englishman. Both of them show the archaic touches which linger about the classical scholarship of Great Britain, though Mr. Chaytor is the more censurable in this respect. Mr. Zimmern has learned that "Sulla" is the proper form, while Mr. Chaytor still writes "Sylla." Both of the translators cling to "Caius" and "Cnæus," and do other things in Roman orthography which are certain to make the judicious reader grieve.

Harry Thurston Peck.

SOME RARE GLIMPSES OF STEVENSON

BRAVE old Balboa discovered the Pacific, but he did not discover the poetry of that Homeric deep. It remained for Herman Melville, Charles Warren Stoddard and Robert Louis Stevenson, each in his own turn and in his own way, to do that. Being a Californian and naturally holding all other countries cheap by comparison, I love to think of Stevenson, my particular literary hero, in his dingy emigrant train, topping the high divide of the Sierras and rushing down toward the Pacific to greet it as his good friend and to remain with it, save for a brief interval, for the rest of his natural life. His first impressions on being shot out of the snowsheds into California are of the catchfire sort so captivating in the man's writing:

"I had one glimpse of a huge pine-forested ravine upon my left, a foaming river and a sky already coloured with the fires of dawn. I am usually very calm over the displays of nature; but you will scarce believe how my heart leaped at this. It was like meeting one's wife. I had come home again."

This was, in a sense, prophetic, for it was in San Francisco that he was to meet his wife, who had been known to her Californian friends as Miss Fanny de Grift and afterward as Mrs. Osbourne. Stevenson's rhapsodies over his first views of San Francisco Bay and the Golden Gate were also rare attempts to convey "the incommunicable thrill of things," and on the beach at Monterey he fairly revelled in marine delights.

In this brief chapter, which will probably prove scrappy enough, it is not my intention, as would seem by the first dip of the pen, to attempt even an outline of Stevenson's Pacific voyagings. Balfour and other biographers have already done that; but as to this part of the life of the immortal "R. L. S." there are some obscure phases and some rare photographs which I know and can reveal, and it is upon these and upon a few inter-



MRS. STRONG LLOYD OSBOURNE ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON MRS. STEVENSON ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S MOTHER

esting facts of his career that have been merely hinted at that I shall dwell, thus adding my mite to the rolling and growing ball of Stevensoniana.

When he reached Monterey Stevenson was almost a physical wreck, broken down by disease and the long emigrant journey.

"In such a condition did he come to me," said Père Jules Simoneau, an old Frenchman, who was in those days the father of the Bohemians — artists, painters, writers—who made Monterey their happy hunting grounds. Simoneau kept a wine room and restaurant and was a friend of the friendless. "He came to me for food and drink with the other Bohemians, and it was not long before I felt the soul of genius in the poor emigrant and I loved him."

Stevenson took lodgings in the old Spence adobe house in Monterey, which has since been torn down. He rented his one little room from Dr. J. P. E. Heintz, who lived there. Mr. Robert H. Willey, a lawyer of Monterey, knew Stevenson well, as he had rooms in the same house. "Never did a kinder, more lovable man live," says Mr. Willey. "He was of such fascinating personality that one who once knew him, no matter how slightly, could never forget the kind, simple-mannered man. His mode of dress and his queer walk, or rather stride, made him seem at once picturesque and eccentric. He roamed all over the hills of the peninsula and loved to take long walks along the beach. He was fond, too, of the Spanish garden in the rear of the old adobe, and he would sit for hours amid its vari-hued and heavy-scented blossoms, writing, writing, writing. He told me that he had graduated in law in the old country, but that he hated it as a profession. 'I would rather starve in literature,' he once remarked to me, 'than live in affluence as a lawyer;' and again he said: 'Although literature is a profession that involves labour, to me it is a labour of love, and one which carries its own reward in itself,' adding jocosely, 'not a very great one, to be sure, in my own instance;' for the poor fellow was struggling along with a little money that came perhaps from some chance magazine article."

When his Monterey friends used to ask him what he was writing, he would say, with a shy look, as though that were something not to be divulged, "Oh, things! If they're ever put into print you may see them; but I doubt if any publisher will care to take even half of my foolishness."

For his kindness to "Louis," as he always called him, his friend Simoneau was never forgotten by Stevenson, even after he had become famous. It was to the old Frenchman's care that he credits his recovery of health during his stay at Monterey. Several years afterward, when he sent Simoneau a set of his published works, he wrote on a fly-leaf of his *Child's Garden of Verse*, "A mon bon vieux Jules Simoneau — Robert Louis Stevenson." This collection of his works, which comprises twelve volumes bound in red cloth, is said to be the only set that he ever gave away. In each one he wrote some little line either in French or English to "good old Simoneau."

In Monterey Stevenson lived a life of desperate shifts. So low did his finances run that he went to San Francisco and undertook to do newspaper work, while living in a hall bedroom in a cheap little house in Bush Street and not expending more than seventy-five cents a day upon his meals. There was a restaurant in Geary Street, near Kearny, called the Popular—a place that newspaper men often patronised because of its wonderful "two-bit" dinners; and it was here that Stevenson often resorted. The restaurant had an expansive, showy front, with piles of fruit in the windows and many pies and cakes, and inside in the great, clean, airy room you could actually get a good plate of soup, a tender steak, a piece of roast, a salad and a dessert, with coffee, tea or wine—not bad wine either—for twenty-five cents, and no tip whatever to pay. How I wish now that I had known the gaunt, keen-eyed, Scotch-looking young fellow over there at that table in the corner as Robert Louis Stevenson! Would not that have been something! And to think that he was lonely, immersed in the terrible solitude of a large city, and wanted a companion!

"For four days," he writes at this



R. L. STEVENSON ENJOYING A SOCIAL CHAT WITH A SCOTCH VISITOR IN THE COTTAGE AT HONOLULU. LLOYD OSBOURNE IS IN THE FOREGROUND

period, "I have spoken to no one but my landlady or landlord or to the restaurant waiters. Not a gay way to pass Christmas, is it?"

He made but few friends, and none that I know of among the newspaper folk, although he laid siege to the offices daily in the heart-breaking task of trying to sell impossible manuscripts. From what the editors tell me, these were chiefly literary reviews and impressions of travel. They were painstakingly written and some of them were in Stevenson's best vein, but alack—they were not available.

Only two of these articles did he dispose of while in San Francisco. These he carried down to the dingy old *Bulletin* office, in Clay Street, and sold, after some haggling, to Mr. George K. Fitch, the editor, at the "usual rates," which were five dollars a column for the longest column a despairing writer ever tried to fill. The *Bulletin* was then one of the old-fashioned blanket-sheets. Stevenson demurred stoutly to the price, which was about one-third of a cent a word, but that was all Mr. Fitch thought he could afford to pay. When he had sold the two articles, and received a little over twenty dollars for them, he made a careful calculation and decided that unless he could give up his fastidious deliberation and gain sufficient facility to enable him to compete with the pen-scurrying scholars of the staff, he could not make money enough to keep himself alive. Still he had the heart to write to Mr. Charles Baxter, "I have great fun trying to be economical, which I find as good a game of play as any."

But in April the clouds cleared away. A telegram came from his father that thereafter he would send him two hundred and fifty pounds a year. In May he married Mrs. Osbourne and went to the mountains near Calistoga, fifty miles north of San Francisco. Here, in a little cabin that had once been the home of some miners, he lived and wrote. Out of this experience came *The Silverado Squatters,* which contains his wonderful prose poem on "The Sea Fogs." A curious fallacy of Stevenson's, as shown in this book, is that while he twirled his Indian clubs just outside the cabin, "the rattlesnakes played castanets" all about him. If for "rattlesnakes" one reads "heat bugs" one will arrive nearer to the truth of this statement; but it must be remembered that Stevenson was a tenderfoot impressionist. This was further shown in *The Wrecker,* where Mr. Dodd's parties had their weekly picnics under the pines along the shores of San Francisco Bay, though as a matter of physical fact no pines ever grew there. But the dear, rambling, backward-told *Wrecker* is so good that its author is easily forgiven such little slips. In fact, since the adorable Robert Louis planted those pines on the bay shore they have, by virtue of his power of mental suggestion—like that of a Hindoo Yoghi—always existed for me.

It was known among the yachtsmen of San Francisco that after Stevenson, through a friend of his, had hired for his South Sea Cruise the yacht *Casco* from old Dr. Merritt, a man of much wealth but little appreciation for literature and literary folk, that astute individual repudiated the bargain on the ground that he had heard Stevenson was "one of those cranks who wrote books," adding further that "there is no telling what would become of the yacht if he went out in it." It was in vain that various persons argued with the good doctor. He had settled it in his mind that Stevenson was irresponsible and untrustworthy. Not until Robert Louis went to see him and talked with him would he consent to let the boat go. Stevenson's magnetism did the business.

The author of *Treasure Island* had been longing to breast forth upon a Pacific voyage. His walks always led him down to the sea. The sight of the great Pacific kindled his imagination and he declared that once afloat, he would roam forever upon its liquid level. "I will never leave the sea, I think," he wrote in a letter at that time; "it is only there that a Briton lives; my poor grandfather, it is from him that I inherit the taste, I fancy, and he was around many islands in his day; but I, please God, shall beat him at that before the recall is sounded. . . . Life is far better fun than people dream who fall asleep among the chimney-stacks and telegraph wires."



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON MRS. STEVENSON ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S MOTHER
MRS. STRONG LLOYD OSBOURNE



ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON PLAYING THE CLARINET IN HIS COTTAGE AT HONOLULU

To fare forth thus fervid upon his odyssey of the Pacific was a good thing for our gentle pirate. He was always broad, but the great expanse of ocean made him broader:

What is it but to widen man stretches the sea?

asks Lanier in one of his rhapsodies; and Stevenson was certainly one to echo the words.

But there was disenchantment awaiting him here and there, as when, after cruising about the Marquesas and the Society Islands, he sailed to Honolulu. He afterward planned and partly penned a series of letters on his Pacific wanderings, but would write nothing about his visit to the Hawaiian capital.

"As for telling where I went or when or anything about Honolulu, I would rather die," he wrote in one of his moods of vagary. But it is known for one thing that it was there that he and Mr. Lloyd Osbourne began *Ebb Tide,* the younger writer astonishing the elder by his magnificent first draft of the opening chapters. The revision and collaboration of the first half of *Ebb Tide* were done, I am told, in a little cottage lined with old newspapers. I have a photograph of Stevenson sitting in bed playing a clarinet in a corner of this cottage, and another pose with Lloyd Osbourne and a casual visitor. These photographs together with others taken in another island house, showing two family groupings, fell into my hands some years after the death of Stevenson. I found them in an old newspaper desk in San Francisco, to which battered piece of furniture I fell heir in one of my various editorial shifts. Where the pictures came from or who made them I could never find out and have not the vaguest idea; but they are to my mind the most interesting of all the photographs of "R. L. S.," who despite Mr. Henley's flings as to his vanity, was rarely caught by the camera.

Though he himself had some morbid aversion to relating his experiences in Honolulu, it is known that while at Waikiki, four miles from the Hawaiian capital, he not only collaborated with Mr. Osborne in the writing of the better part of *Ebb Tide,* but also finished *The Master of Ballantrae,* already running in *Scribner's Magazine.* Also he went about in a social way, one of his entertainers being King Kalakaua, who though a much dissipated monarch, was a man of real learning. Stevenson and the king genuinely liked each other from the start, and Kalakaua exhausted all his powers of argument in trying to induce his distinguished visitor to make Hawaii his permanent residence. But without giving to the king or to any one else his reasons for not caring to remain there, he decided to go farther in quest of a home, finally sailing for Samoa.

Any one who has visited Honolulu can understand why a man of Stevenson's artistic temperament, full of the illusion of Stoddard's *South Sea Idylls,* would not care to remain long there. Years ago the place was spoiled by Americanisation, and to-day, after something like a decade of Yankee rule, it is in no sense attractive to the idealist. It is a good place to sell Chicago beef and pork, but it is, and was in Stevenson's time, a poor place for one of the poetic instinct, as the native costume and native grace have given away to civilised dress and stiffness of manner. If Stevenson when he sailed into Honolulu Bay expected to find the place picturesquely savage and exotic he was disappointed, and it was no wonder that he soon turned his back upon it.

But there was a world of poetry in the Pacific, and, as I have said, he found it. One has but to read the prologue to *The Wrecker* fully to realise that. And if there were prosy spots in his life at Vailima—politics and pig-killings, there were also delectable passages—cruises amid the palm-fringed atolls, views of new islands peeping out of the morning, crystal lagoons, coral reefs and the wonderful liquid blue of the bright Pacific. "The whole tale of it," as he declared, "was better to me than any poem." He has probably conveyed to each impressionable mind of us better than has any other poet that ever lived, his own heart's love of it all; and he has evoked from every wander-lusting soul of us the promise to ourselves that some day we shall sail forth into the south and thrill to see his blessed isles.

Bailey Millard.



THE FRAME HOUSE (NOW DESTROYED) IN EIGHTY-FOURTH STREET, NEW YORK, WHERE POE WROTE "THE RAVEN," "THE OBLONG BOX," AND "THE FACTS IN THE CASE OF M. VLADEMAR"

POE AND SECRET WRITING

A CURIOUS and half forgotten chapter in the life of Edgar Allan Poe is that which deals with his researches in the field of "Secret Writing," and his extraordinary ability in inventing and analysing ciphers.

In "The Gold Bug" he gave a singularly clear description of the method of translating a cipher message. At first sight the cipher in the story, with its mingling of letters, figures and symbols, appears bafflingly formidable; but after Poe has started the scent by pointing out that which should have been at once perfectly obvious, one is ready and eager to carry out the reading of the message for himself. But Poe was not merely able to invent and analyse systems of secret writing; he stood ready to decipher those which others would submit to him. He even went so far as to assert, in a Philadelphia weekly paper on which he was employed, that no cipher could be sent to him that he would not be able to resolve. This challenge excited a lively interest among the readers of the paper, and letters were sent to him from all parts of the country. In many cases the writers were not strictly scrupulous in observing the conditions of the challenge. Foreign languages were used. Words and sentences were run together without interval. Several alphabets were employed in the same cipher. And yet out of, perhaps, one hundred ciphers received there was but one which Poe did not succeed immediately in solving, and that one was proved to be an imposition, a jargon of random characters having no meaning whatever.

But by the public at large, Poe's feat was looked upon in the light of a gigantic humbug. Some averred that the mysterious characters were inserted for the purpose of giving an odd look and thereby advertising the paper. Others fancied that Poe not only solved the ciphers, but put them together for solution. In fact, very few, with the exception of those who had written the ciphers, really believed in the authenticity of the answers. And it was with the hope of dispelling these ideas of deception that Poe afterward wrote his papers on "Secret Writing" in the pages of *Graham's Magazine*. The first method of cryptography which Poe attacked and riddled was that of the *scytalæ* of the Spartans, long considered impossible of solution. The *scytalæ* were two wooden cylinders, precisely similar in all respects. The general of an army, starting on an expedition, received one of these cylinders, while the other remained in Sparta. To communicate, a narrow strip of

parchment was so wrapped round the *scytala* that the edges of the skin fitted accurately each to each. The writing was then inscribed longitudinally, and the letter unrolled and dispatched. The general addressed had only to wrap the second cylinder in the strip to read the message. But as Poe pointed out, certain solution was easy enough. The strip intercepted, let there be prepared a cone of great length. Let the strip be rolled on the cone near the base, edge to edge; then still keeping edge to edge, and holding the parchment close to the cone, let it be slipped gradually toward the apex. In this way some of the letters whose connection is intended will come together at that point of the cone where its diameter equals that of the *scytala* on which the cipher was written; a similar cylinder can be obtained and the message read.

In *Graham's Magazine* for July, 1841, Poe wrote:

> A very common and somewhat too obvious mode of secret correspondence is the following. A card is interspersed, at irregular intervals, with oblong spaces, about the length of ordinary words of three syllables in a bourgeois type. Another card is made exactly coinciding. One is in possession of each party. When a letter is to be written, the key-card is placed upon the paper and words conveying the true meaning inscribed in the spaces. The card is then removed and the blanks filled up, so as to make out a signification different from the real one. When the person addressed receives the cipher, he has merely to apply to it his own card, when the superfluous words are concealed, and the significant ones alone appear. The chief objection to this cryptograph is the difficulty of so filling the blanks as not to give a forced appearance to the sentences. Differences, also, in the hand writing between the words written in the spaces, and those inscribed upon removal of the card, will always be detected by a close observer.
>
> A pack of cards is sometimes made the vehicle of a cipher, in this manner. The parties determine, in the first place, upon certain arrangements of the pack. For example: it is agreed that, when a writing is to be commenced, a natural sequence of the spots shall be made; with spades at top, hearts next, diamonds next, and clubs last. This order being obtained, the writer proceeds to inscribe upon the top card the first letter of his epistle, upon the next the second, upon the next the third, and so on until the pack is exhausted, when, of course, he will have written fifty-two letters. He now shuffles the pack according to a preconcerted plan. For example: he takes three cards from the bottom and places them at top, then one from top, placing it at bottom, and so on, for a given number of times. This done, he again inscribes fifty-two characters as before, proceeding thus until his epistle is written. The pack being received by the correspondent, he has only to place the cards in the order agreed upon for commencement, to read, letter by letter, the first fifty-two characters as intended. He has then only to shuffle in the manner prearranged for the second perusal, to decipher the series of the next fifty-two letters —and so on to the end. The objection to this cryptograph lies in the nature of the missive. *A pack of cards*, sent from one party to another, would scarcely fail to excite suspicion, and it cannot be doubted that it is far better to secure ciphers from being considered as such, than to waste time in attempts at rendering them scrutiny-proof when intercepted. Experience shows that the most cunningly constructed cryptograph, if suspected, can and will be unriddled.

One of the principal means of devising a cipher, as Poe pointed out, is to take as the key some phrase or name or title containing just the number of letters of the alphabet, and then for "a" to use the first letter of the phrase, for "b" the second, for "e" the fifth, etc. But the cryptograms in which Poe most delighted were not of this simple nature, and in his second challenge to readers, through the pages of *Graham's Magazine*, he invited ciphers of which the key-phrase might be in English, French, Italian, Spanish, German, Latin, or Greek, or in any of the dialects of these languages. Although there were but few responses to this challenge, the complex and intricate nature of these responses, and the swift and unerring manner in which Poe solved them, served to bear out in no doubtful way Poe's contention that undecipherable cryptogram had never yet been found.

Firmin Dredd.

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S LOST POEM "THE BEAUTIFUL PHYSICIAN"

IT was toward the close of 1846. Through the medium of the daily papers particulars of Edgar Poe's illness and poverty and news of the approaching death of his young wife were made public. One redeeming feature of all this misery was the fact that the paragraphs obtained for him new friends and the advantage of their aid. Mrs. Nichols, wife of Dr. Nichols (inventor of "The Food of Health"), was acquainted with the Poes and aware of their straitened circumstances, but having no spare time herself to devote to the invalids, made their case known to her friend, Mrs. Shew.

Mrs. Shew, the daughter and granddaughter of well-known physicians, was a doctor herself, and accustomed to devote a great portion of her time and money to the poor and necessitous. Introduced to the Poe household, she watched over the poet's wife in the last few months of her existence with the most affectionate care, and not only provided her, but also the other two members of the family, with the necessaries of life. In the words of Mrs. Nichols, Mrs. Shew "was most kind and tender, and always went to them with her heart and hands full of blessing." "She was so good to my daughter," said Mrs. Clemm. "She tended her while she lived as if she had been her dear sister, and when she was dead she dressed her for the grave in beautiful linen." On January 30, 1847, Poe's young wife died, but Mrs. Shew, in fulfilment of her promise to the dying woman, continued to befriend the desolate husband and minister to his wants, so that it is not to be wondered at, as Mrs. Nichols remarks, "that he regarded Marie Louise Shew as an angel."

After the loss of his young wife Edgar Poe fell into an apathetic state and for some time was nearly unconscious of what was going on about him. His illness was severe; indeed, during the remainder of his life he never seemed to thoroughly regain a healthy tone of body or mind. During the earlier period of his illness Mrs. Shew continued her watchful care of the poet, and how invaluable and needed was her aid the following letter to her from Mrs. Clemm will show:

My dear sweet Friend: I write to say that the medicines arrived the next train after you left to-day, and a kind friend brought them up to us that same hour. The cooling application was very grateful to my poor Eddie's head, and the flowers were lovely, not frozen as you feared they would be. I very much fear this illness is to be a serious one. The fever came on at the *same time* to-day (as you said it would), and I am giving the sedative mixture. . . . Eddie desires me to return the last box of wine you sent my sweet Virginia. . . . The wine was a great blessing to us while *she needed* it, and by its cheering and tonic influence we were enabled to keep her a few days longer with us. The little darling always took it smiling, even when difficult to get it down. But for your timely aid, we should have had no last words—no loving messages—no *sweet farewells,* for she ceased to speak (from weakness) but with her beautiful eyes. . . . Eddie has quite set his heart upon the wine *going back to you,* thinking and hoping you may find it useful for the *sick artist* you mentioned as convalescent and in need of delicacies. . . . We look for you in an early train to-morrow, and hope you will stay as long as possible. What we should do without you now is fearful to think. Eddie says you promised Virginia to come every other day for a long time, or until he was able to go to work again. . . .

Maria Clemm.

During a short interval of healthier body and mind Poe tried to express his intense gratitude to Mrs. Shew for her kindness to his deceased wife, as well as to himself, by addressing some glowing lines to "*M. L. S.,*" to her to whom he owed

The resurrection of deep-buried faith
In Truth—in Virtue—in Humanity.

These lines were published in the *Home Journal* (New York) in March, but they contained expressions of such vehement and impassioned feeling that it was not deemed suitable for their recipient to allow them to be publicly addressed to her by name; the poem was, therefore, issued under the thin veil of her initials. Subsequently, the lines were misleadingly included in Poe's Works amongst the *Poems of Early Life.*

Edgar Poe's illness was of a lengthy and intermittent character. During the whole period Mrs. Shew continued not only to attend to him medically but alternatively with Mrs. Clemm, to nurse him day and night and by such attentions, as she informed us, "I saved Mr. Poe's life at this time." In order to have her diagnosis of the patient's case confirmed, she took him to Dr. Mott, a famous New York physician of that period, and, as she records in her diary, "I told the doctor that at the best, when Mr. Poe was well, his pulse beat only ten regular beats, after which it suspended, or intermitted (as doctors say). I decided that in his best health he had lesion of one side of the brain, and as he could not bear stimulants or tonics without producing insanity I did not feel much hope that he could be raised up from brain fever brought on by extreme suffering of mind and body—actual want and hunger and cold having been borne by this heroic husband in order to supply food, medicine and comforts to his dying wife—until exhaustion and lifelessness were so near at every reaction of the fever, that even sedatives had to be administered with extreme caution."

"From the time the fever came on," continued Mrs. Shew, "until I could reduce his pulse to eighty beats, he talked to me, and often begged me to write his fancies for him." Amongst the pencilled memoranda which Mrs. Shew took down from the poet's rambling chatter was the skeleton, or rough verbal draft, of a poem intended to commemorate the care and kindness of his lady doctor, which he entitled "The Beautiful Physician."

When he recovered his health, as far, indeed, as he did ever regain it, Mrs. Shew gave him the jottings she had made of the poem, and these he eventually revised and prepared for publication. He showed the completed poem to Mrs. Shew and told her that a publisher had offered him twenty dollars for it. The lady was startled, as the lines were so personal and flattering, and as she feared it would be recognised whom they were intended for, she begged Poe to let her have them and defer their publication for a time. Upon receiving the poem Mrs. Shew gave their author twenty-five dollars for his manuscript. She dreaded the ordeal of "The Beautiful Physician's" publication at that time because, as she explained to us, "I was about to be married again, and to a man who had old-fashioned notions of woman and her sphere."

"If this poem, 'The Beautiful Physician,' could be found complete now it would greatly delight you," she remarked. "The poem was written in a singular strain: a verse (*i. e.,* stanza) describing the doctor watching the pulse, etc., etc., and ending with a refrain of two lines, describing the nurse. It was very curious, as it was a picture of a highly wrought brain in an over-excited state. In every verse (*i. e.,* stanza) was the line:

"The pulse beats ten and intermits;

and in the refrain of the last verse, where he describes me holding my watch and counting, were the words

"So tired, so weary,

and after I had brought the pulse to the desired 80 beats (as low as I dared give sedatives) I rested, and he did also, trying his best to sleep for my sake. In the refrain, as I said before, he adds:

"The soft head bows, the sweet eyes close,
The faithful heart yields to repose.

You may imagine it was perfect as he revised it afterward.

"My impression is," says Mrs. Shew, "that 'The Beautiful Physician' was given to Griswold," but if that had been

the case we may be sure that it would have seen the daylight long before now.

In subsequent correspondence Mrs. Shew informed us that her son Henry had furnished her with a clue as to where the poem might be found, adding: "He says you shall have the poem and a letter of Poe's referring to it, which I had forgotten. He thinks it is safe in a desk," which desk was believed to be at Pierrepont Manor, the residence of Mrs. Shew's father.

Mrs. Shew's son Henry was very fond of the poem of "The Beloved Physician," and was accustomed to repeat parts of it from memory. She states: "Sometimes when I arrived home at nights, after a long walk in the rain, a voice up the stairway would repeat from it the lines:

> "The pulse beats ten and intermits:
> God nerve the soul that ne'er forgets
> In calm or storm, by night or day,
> Its steady toil, its loyalty.

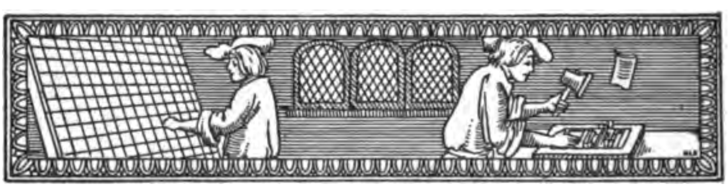
And often in the early morning," adds Mrs. Shew, "I have found upon my table or desk fresh flowers with 'for the Beautiful Physician,' pinned on by a young lady friend, as she passed by to her morning lessons at the parish school, where she taught a class of little girls to write. She thought it would suit for my epitaph, and said it should be upon my tomb."

When revised and ready for publication "The Beautiful Physician" consisted of nine stanzas. In lines of the refrain the word "nerve" was varied with "shield, guide," and so forth.

Alas, neither the poem nor the letter concerning it could be found, and now our kind correspondent and friend has passed away! Of all the many noble women who esteemed Edgar Poe and sorrowed for him, none was so thoroughly disinterested as was Marie Louise Shew. "I was to him a friend in need and a friend indeed, but he was so eccentric and so unlike others, that I had to define a position. It hurt his feelings, and after he was dead I deeply regretted my last letter to him."

Our readers may fail to discover any trace of Poe's genius in the few lines recovered and herein printed from memory of "The Beautiful Physician," but could the revised and completed poem be discovered, something worthy of their author would doubtless be the result. Of Mrs. Shew's *bona fides* no doubt may be entertained. Not only did Poe inscribe to her the "Lines to M. L. S.," already referred to, and a further poem in the following year of still higher calibre, in which he speaks of "thy dear name as text," and also write to her many long letters full of expressions of the most devoted gratitude, but he also wrote at her house the first draft of his poem of "The Bells," and as she had suggested the theme and the opening lines of each stanza, he styled it her poem and headed the manuscript, "The Bells, by Mrs. M. L. Shew."

John H. Ingram.



EDGAR ALLAN POE IN SOCIETY

ALTHOUGH more than a dozen lives of Edgar Allan Poe have been published, as well as innumerable magazine and newspaper articles, very little has been said of one of the most charming and interesting phases of his life. I refer to the subject of this article—Poe in society. Sixty-five years ago, fashionable American society was not frequented by poets any more than it is at present, but Poe was a welcome guest in the most cultured circles which New York could then boast. After the publication of "The Raven," in the *American Review,* in February, 1845, Poe became, not only the talk of the town, but the talk of the nation. His presence was much sought in the best society of the metropolis, where he was the object of universal attention, as Lord Byron had been in the most exclusive London society after the publication of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

It is admitted, even by Poe's worst enemies, that he possessed all the qualifications that make a man shine in society. His manners were graceful and refined, his voice was low, musical and exquisitely modulated, his eyes were large, dark, luminous and wonderfully expressive, and there was about him that air of unmistakable distinction which ordinary men cannot assume, and which few men ever have. Friends and foes agree as to the singular fascination of Poe's conversation. It was my privilege to receive many letters from Mrs. Sarah Helen Whitman in the last years of her life. During her brief engagement to the poet she had the best opportunity to form an opinion of his conversational powers. She said she had heard Walter Savage Landor, who was pronounced the best talker in England; had listened to George William Curtis talk of the gardens of Damascus till the air seemed purpled and perfumed with its roses; had heard the Autocrat's trenchant and vivid talk; had heard the racy talk of Dr. O. A. Brownson in the old days of his freedom and power; had listened to the brilliant and exhaustless colloquial resources of John Neal and Margaret Fuller, and the serene wisdom of Alcott; but, unlike the conversational power of any of these was the earnest, opulent, unpremeditated speech of Edgar Allan Poe. The charm of his conversation was in its genuineness—its wonderful directness and sincerity. What added to the charm of his presence in society was his simple, natural, unconventional courtesy and the perfectly sincere grace of his manner. Mrs. Whitman said that his proud reserve, his profound melancholy, and his entire unworldliness added to the fascination of his personal presence in society.

Poe, unlike his distinguished contemporary, Hawthorne, really enjoyed society, and in whatever city he lived he was a favourite in the most cultivated circles. In his boyhood he was early introduced to the most exclusive society of Virginia's capital. When just emerging from obscurity he made the acquaintance of John P. Kennedy, the Baltimore author, whose novels, *Horse-shoe Robinson, Swallow Barn* and so forth, were very popular in the first half of the nineteenth century. Mr. Kennedy was a lawyer as well as a writer, and was a member of Congress and Secretary of the Navy under the administration of President Fillmore. His social position was the best in Baltimore at the time when the society of the Monumental City was the most exclusive in America. It was at that time N. P. Willis pronounced Baltimore "The Social Athens of America." Mr. Kennedy invited Poe to his table, gave him a horse to ride, and did everything, as the poet always gratefully remembered, to raise him from the depths of despair.

There are few persons now living who knew Poe, but when I first became interested in the poet, I had the good fortune to meet several who were acquainted with him at the most interesting period of his life. The first of these was his aunt and mother-in-law—"more than mother" he said she was to him—

Mrs. Maria Clemm. I visited her at the Church Home in Baltimore, where she spent the last years of her life, and where she died on February 16, 1871, it being the same building where Poe died on October 7, 1849. Mrs. Clemm never tired of talking about her "darling Eddie," as she always called the poet. She was fond of speaking of his beautiful manners, of his exquisite taste in dress, and above all things, she loved to tell of the many ladies who admired him. Their friendship was the chief comfort and solace of a life of sorrow, suffering and song. Poe was a worshipper of beauty, and of all beauty, he thought a beautiful woman was the supremest. His sentimental feeling for woman was the delicate, poetical Greek worship of an ideal beauty, so exquisitely personified by Nausicaa in the Odyssey. Proud, solitary and ambitious, he found in his female friends the sympathy which his mind and heart longed for.

In the winter of 1845-46, Poe was the most distinguished visitor in the circles that gathered at the houses of the Honourable John R. Bartlett, Dr. Dewey, Miss Anne C. Lynch, afterward Mrs. Botta, and others who held weekly receptions of the best intellectual society of New York. Mrs. Whitman, in speaking of Poe's social prestige, relates an anecdote showing his habitual courtesy and good nature, which was noticeable to all who best knew him in domestic and social life. The incident occurred at one of the soirées above mentioned. A lady who prided herself on her knowledge of languages, ancient and modern, wished to expose the ignorance of a pretender to classical knowledge, and proposed inviting him to translate a difficult passage in a Greek author, of which language he was profoundly ignorant, although in his writings he was in the habit of sprinkling Greek quotations very profusely. Poe was present upon the occasion, and when he heard of the lady's malicious intention, he remonstrated with her so earnestly that she was induced to forego the embarrassing test.

Another evening Poe engaged in an intellectual controversy with the aggressive and self-opinionated Margaret Fuller. This lady, in her usual "lofty and autocratic style," was annihilating a young author with merciless scorn. Poe came to the rescue of the vanquished author, and in a few sharp, trenchant remarks destroyed all the effect of the learned lady's eloquence, and completely discomfited her. This was accomplished by Poe in the most polished manner. Some one present whispered, "The Raven has perched upon the casque of Pallas, and pulled all of her feathers out of her cap."

Sometimes, but not often, his child wife, Virginia, accompanied her husband to these weekly assemblages. She took little or no part in the evening's conversation, but her pride in the poet's brilliant social success illuminated her sweet, girlish face. Mrs. Clemm told me that Virginia, Eddie and herself formed an ideal family, and that the poet and his young wife were perfectly devoted to each other. In spite of this, it has been cruelly and recklessly asserted that Poe neglected his lovely wife and caused her early death. A shallow English writer, Gilfillan, even went so far as to say that Poe caused the death of his wife that he might have a fitting theme for "The Raven." Mrs. Whitman, commenting upon this horrible and wicked assertion, sarcastically says that a serious objection to this ingenious theory may perhaps be found in the "refractory fact" that the poem was published more than a year before the event which it is assumed it was intended to commemorate.

Another of Poe's friends, Mrs. E. Oakes-Smith, who met him during this time of his greatest social success, at the houses mentioned above, says his manners at these reunions were pleasing and refined, and his style and scope of conversation that of a gentleman and scholar; that he delighted in the society of superior women, and had an exquisite perception of all the graces of manner and shades of expression; and that he was an admiring listener and an unobtrusive observer.

So much abuse has been heaped on Poe's head by ignorant or malicious persons that it is not only a pleasure but a duty to let the world know how he was

regarded by those who had the best opportunity of seeing him. There was only one woman in all his social experience who disliked him, and she disliked him because he, very naturally, resented her attempt to destroy his friendship with Mrs. Frances Sargent Osgood, who was one of the loveliest and most accomplished women of her time, and the object of the poet's enthusiastic admiration. In her society he found a never-failing nepenthe for his sorrows and troubles. The poet and poetess were congenial spirits, and celebrated their devoted friendship in lines worthy of the most exalted affection. Mrs. Osgood wrote an interesting description of her first meeting with Poe, which was at the Astor House, soon after "The Raven" was published:

"I shall never forget the morning I was summoned to the drawing-room to receive him," says Mrs. Osgood. "With his proud and beautiful head erect, his dark eyes flashing with the electric light of feeling and thought, a peculiar, an inimitable blending of sweetness and hauteur in his expression and manner, he greeted me calmly, gravely, almost coldly; yet with so marked an earnestness that I could not help feeling deeply impressed by it. From that moment until his death we were friends. . . . For hours I have listened to him, entranced by strains of pure and almost celestial eloquence such as I have never read or heard elsewhere."



EDGAR ALLAN POE AT THIRTY-FIVE

From an engraving of the original picture by J. Sartain

Mrs. Osgood addressed the following lines to Poe:

I cannot tell the *world* how thrills my heart
  To every touch that flies thy lyre along;
How the wild Nature and the wondrous Art
  Blend into Beauty in thy passionate song—

But this *I know*—in thine enchanted slumbers,
  Heaven's poet, Israfel,—with minstrel fire—
Taught the music of his own sweet numbers,
  And tuned—to chord with his—thy glorious lyre!

So with the world thy gentle ways,
  Thy grace—thy more than beauty—
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
  And love—a simple duty.

Poe possessed that best of all social qualities—he was a good listener. When he took his pen in hand he was sometimes fierce and aggressive, but in society he was conspicuous for his quiet dignity, his unobtrusive manner, his elegant reserve. He was more impressive and infinitely more agreeable than the tiresome, loquacious, so-called good talkers who often eclipse the gaiety of drawing-rooms, and make listeners long for a "few brilliant flashes of silence."



MRS. MARIA CLEMM, THE "MORE THAN MOTHER" OF POE

Reproduced from a daguerreotype taken in 1850, by permission of Mr. Walter Leon Sawyer of Boston

These verses inspired the following delicate response:

To F——s S. O——d

Thou wouldst be loved?—then let thy *heart*
  From its present pathway part not,
Being everything which now thou art,
  Be nothing which thou art not.

Poe was extremely fortunate in the "lonesome latter years" which followed the death of his wife to be admitted to the intimate society of Mrs. Annie L. Richmond, of Lowell, Massachusetts. It was this lady to whom the poet addressed his well-known poem, "For Annie," beginning:

> Thank Heaven! the crisis,
>   The danger, is past,
> And the lingering illness
>   Is over at last,
> And the fever called "Living"
>   Is conquered at last.

At Mrs. Richmond's house he met the best society of Lowell, and a gentleman, Mr. Heywood, who was a member of the family, spoke with great enthusiasm of the poet's demeanour and the grace of his conversation. "I have never seen it equalled," he said. A lady who was present at Mrs. Richmond's one evening when Poe was there differed from the poet upon some subject that was under discussion and expressed her opinions very strongly. He listened to her objection with the most perfect deference, and replied to her with the utmost politeness. His conversational tone was low but distinct; he never showed the least excitement even when discussing the most animated subject.



VIRGINIA, MRS. CLEMM'S DAUGHTER, THE CHILD WIFE OF POE

Reproduced from a photograph of a water-colour sketch belonging to Amelia Poe of Baltimore, Maryland

It is the consensus of all who met Poe in society that while he was gentle and refined and seldom attacked any person's opinion, and maintained his own with modest confidence, he took every opportunity to defend any person who was

attacked, especially when such person was dead or absent, protecting him or her with the tender grace of charity—that charity which has so seldom been exercised in his behalf, either during life or since his early death.

On rare occasions Poe was persuaded to recite "The Raven" when attending social gatherings in New York, especially when his wife added her request to the entreaties of his host or hostess. It was the opinion of those who heard him that it was a thrilling, an enthralling, an overpowering exhibition of fervid frenzy and mental exaltation. Once heard it was never forgotten.



MRS. SARAH HELEN WHITMAN

Reproduced by permission from a portrait in the Athenæum, Providence, R. I. Photographed by Anderström, Bristol, R. I.

In the last months of the last year of Poe's unhappy life, a gleam of light like that which cheered Sindbad in the Cave of Death, brightened the poet's gloomy existence. This was his return to his early home in Richmond, reviving dead memories, and resuming his place in that fine old Virginia society which threw open its hospitable doors to welcome back its most gifted son. But it was the last flicker of life's candle, soon to be extinguished forever by the mournful tragedy of his mysterious death in Baltimore on that fatal autumn morning of October 7, 1849.

Eugene L. Didier.



ROUEN. THE PONT BOIËLDIEU

THE NEW BAEDEKER

CASUAL NOTES OF AN IRRESPONSIBLE TRAVELLER

VI—Rouen

"PARIS is France." This is one of those sayings which are oftentimes repeated, but which long ago have ceased to have a particle of truth in them. Paris is no longer France. It is only a huge caravanserai, maintained, to be sure, by cynical and greedy French, both male and female, but for the benefit or the detriment of all the world save France itself. The Second Empire, with Baron Haussmann as its instrument, shattered the older Paris which belonged to history, and substituted in its place a glittering and somewhat gaudy creation, meretricious, unsubstantial and unmeaning. Compared with any of the old French cities, Paris then became what a brand-new garish modern hotel is, when compared with a quiet, restful, well-appointed home. And since the Empire fell, its gilt has slowly worn away. A certain cheapness pervades the whole. It is the *bouge* of all the world.

What do you see in Paris? Swarms of half-educated and nasal-voiced Americans, commercial travellers or millionaires, Cook's tourists and queer Englishwomen, Greeks, Turks, negroes, Russians,—some of them bent on purchasing *articles de Paris,* others wallowing in the mire of a studied and cold-blooded lubricity. Nothing is so disheartening or so depressing, so pathetic, as a lengthy stay in Paris. It is like watching day by day a sluggish snake unwind its fetid coils; for, like a snake, its grace makes it only the more disgustful. No; Paris is not France; but fortunately the old France still survives elsewhere, the France of industry and honest wealth, the France of wit and wisdom, the France of constancy and courage, the France that so long dominated Europe and put the last touch upon

the achievements of our modern civilisation without letting go the fine traditions of the past.

If you wish to see the France that once was and the France that is to-day outside of Paris, come with me to Rouen, that beautiful old city on the Seine. It is only a few hours from Paris on the south and from Le Hâvre on the north. Do not, like most travellers, break your journey there for only half a day; but come and settle down for some weeks in a quiet hostelry on the Rue des Carmes. The place is rather



"IN THE HUGE ROUND TOWER, POOR JEANNE DARC WAS TRIED"

dingy and uninviting when you view it from the street; but after you pass through its broad archway and cross a courtyard laid with flagstones in the good old fashion, you will enter a lovely green garden lying in the very heart of the hotel, with turf-like velvet having a sweet repose about it worth not merely a cycle of Cathay, but infinite cycles of the raucous, harlot-city, Paris. Your room will look out upon this stretch of turf. You will hear no noises in the morning. You can have your déjeûner brought to you there at any hour that you please; and when you like, you can sally forth to *flâner* in the sunshine which filters softly down upon the mediæval streets of Rouen itself.

The city has something of the early nineteenth century about it. It has much more of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Its glorious cruciform cathedral with its fretted stone-work, dark with time, takes you back to the reign of Philippe Auguste, who expelled the half-hearted troops of King John of England about the time when the English barons forced that king to set his seal to Magna Carta and then to hasten away from Runnimede with livid face, gnawing his nails to the quick and snarling blasphemies. What a wonderful blend of history and fiction is linked with this old city! Here the Burgundians and the French contended; here the French and English fought; here Jeanne Darc was tried, condemned, and burned after suffering indescribable indignity and outrage. Here, too, in our own time the tramp of German soldiery has been heard along the streets while the people looked through their closed shutters at the stolid Teutons, whose helmets streamed up the Rue Jeanne Darc to disperse in little splashes of steel among the houses whose owners were compelled to shelter them. How well has Guy de Maupassant in *Boule de Suif* set that picture vividly before the eye!

The advance guard of three corps met at precisely the same moment in the Place de l'Hôtel de Ville; and through all the neighbouring streets came the German army, spreading out their ranks and making the pavement echo with their heavy, rhythmic tread. Orders shouted in an unknown guttural tongue rose before houses which seemed dead and empty, though behind the closed shutters watchful eyes peered out upon these victors who were masters of the city, of its people's fortunes, and of their very lives according to the law of war.

The inhabitants in their darkened chambers were filled with that excitement which springs from any cataclysm, from those tremendous, murderous heavings of the earth against which all foresight and all resistance are of no avail. The same sensation revives each time when the established order is reversed, and there is no more security, but when all that upholds



"SOME PIQUANT-LOOKING GIRL WHO DOES NOT BY ANY MEANS APPEAR TO BE A PILGRIM."

the laws of men and of nature lies at the mercy of an ignorant and brutal force. An earthquake crushing under wreckage an entire people; an overflowing river rolling drowned peasants along with bodies of cattle and with beams torn from the roofs of dwelling houses; or an exultant army slaughtering those who would defend themselves, carrying away prisoners, pillaging in the name of the sword, and thanking God to the roaring accompaniment of cannon—these are among the awful scourges which test our faith in everlasting justice.

But to-day there is nothing to remind one that Rouen ever felt the heavy hand of Germany. It is a pleasant, genial city and very rich withal. Along its quays lie ships which have been floated inward up the Seine, together with those little *bateaux-mouches* on which one may slowly make his way from Le Hâvre to Rouen in perhaps a dozen hours, lazily watching the fertile countryside and the tortuous windings of the river, while regaling himself upon the good things of the land. These little craft remind me of the somewhat mythical canal-boats which delighted the good Jos Sedley in Belgium, plying between Bruges and Ghent, and of which Thackeray wrote: "So prodigiously good was the eating and drinking on board these sluggish but most comfortable vessels, that there are legends extant of an English traveller, who, coming to Belgium for a week, and travelling in one of these boats, was so delighted with the fare that he went backwards and forwards from Ghent to Bruges perpetually, until the railroads were invented, when he drowned himself on the last trip of the passage boat."

Fortunately, the railways have not interfered with the little vessels which lazily make their way from Le Hâvre to Rouen and even to Paris. A traveller on any one of them is a personage of great importance. He is served with deference. He is a sort of monarch *incognito* upon



"THESE SONGS MAY BE PURCHASED FOR A FEW SOUS IN THE STREET FROM A PRETTY GIRL"



"THE VIEW OF THE SEINE AND THE RICH GREEN HILLS OF NORMANDY DRAW YOUR EYES AWAY FROM YOUR IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS."



"THE STARTLINGLY REALISTIC FIGURE OF THE SAVIOUR REARED UPWARD, LIFE-SIZE, UPON A CROSS."

his travels. All he needs is to forget that time has any value, and to let his soul expand under the influence of the sunshine, the glimpses of green fields, the dainty dishes which are set before him, and the delicately cobwebbed bottle of Pontet Canet that makes him feel as though he were surrounded by blossoming vineyards in an everlasting summer.

When I come to write down just what it is that fascinates me most in Rouen, I find that there are many things. In the first place, this is the France of royalty and not of the wretched Republican régime which has converted Paris into a vulgar shop. In Rouen, men and women still fear God and have some regard for man. The courtesy—the old Gallic *courtoisie*—still prevails. The people have not yet learned from foreigners to be brusque and rude. Even the market-women bow and smile if you purchase an *oeillet* for your buttonhole, instead of grunting at you as they do in Paris when you decline to spend fifty francs for a bunch of orchids. Every one who enters a shop deferentially removes his hat. Everybody seems glad to see everybody else. The whole population, in fact, resembles a good-natured, well-fed family who are on the best of terms with one another and with the world at large. Round about the city, peeping out of thick clusters of greenery, are the chateaus of the old *noblesse*, Catholic and royalist to the very core. They have wealth to spare, and this is why the shops of Rouen are peculiarly attractive. Down by the Grosse Horloge with its double dial spanning a narrow street, and built and carved four or five hundred years ago, there are windows full of *confections* which must delight the hearts of the ladies who rightfully prefix the noble *de* to their historic names. I am sure that they would equally delight the judicious American girl if any American girl were sufficiently judicious to pass by Paris and do her shopping in Rouen. And such quaint bits of gold and silver work as you can see displayed by all the jewellers with every sort of variation on the *fleur de lys*, that symbol of Old France!

Then, of course, there are the memories with which the city teems. I have already spoken of them, and yet I have merely hinted where I might have written fifty pages. For, when Philippe Auguste drove out King John in the year of grace 1204, the town was already very ancient. The Romans knew of it as Rotomagus, and their later emperors made it a second capital. Rollo with his Norsemen settled here before the year 900. It was the capital of William the Conqueror before he crossed the Channel and possessed himself of Saxon England.



THE CHURCH OF ST. ROMAIN

Here the child-prince Arthur was murdered by King John. In the hugh round tower which still stands as the donjon of a castle now destroyed, poor Jeanne Darc was tried and was also foully slandered by the ruffian who had been placed within her cell. Rouen beat off the troops of Henry of Navarre until he had abjured the Protestant faith. Here were born the two Corneilles, and here died in exile the famous Earl of Clarendon in 1674.

I love to stroll along the leafy boulevards which circle the city with their verdure, supplanting the ancient ramparts that have long been levelled. I love also the quaint old houses in the crooked, narrow streets. They overhang it with their mouldering gables of carved oak, and in a moment a few steps will take you from the twentieth century into the fourteenth. It must be confessed that some of these dark lanes have an evil reputation, and it is hardly safe to wander through them after nightfall. In the daytime, if you look up as you pass, you will see wicked painted faces through the casement windows. When the dusk comes on, strange sounds are heard within these dimly lighted homes of vice; and not infrequently some stranger, usually a sailor, is found in the morning lying prone upon the well-worn cobblestones, with a long knife in his back. There is one particularly evil street or rather passage which runs along the old cathedral and connects the broad and spacious Rue de la République with the Rue des Carmes. For some reason it is not lighted in the evening, and nothing could be more sinister. Once upon a time, being in a hurry, I passed through it in order to reach my hotel more quickly than by taking another route. It was black as ink and as still as death, and it reminded me of nothing so strikingly as of a sort of wolf-trap set for men. You may be sure that I lost no time, yet as I neared the other end I heard a pattering of feet behind me, and you may take my word for it that I had sensations.

If I were writing only to please a very special public, I should have much to say about Madame Bovary; for readers of Flaubert will not forget the strange things that befell her in Rouen. There is her meeting with Léon in the old cathedral when he was half innocent and she was wholly bold. And there is her drive with him in a closed cab from the Rue Grant-Pont, along the river, to the cemetery, and through nearly every street. "From time to time the coachman on his box cast despairing eyes at the cafés": but when he wished to stop, the voice of Léon sounded sharply from within the cab: "Continuez! Continuez toujours!" I will not, however, dwell on this, for it seems out of place; but I will quote a bit from Flaubert—an exquisite passage which shows you Rouen as you see it when you stroll out into it after breakfasting:

> It was a lovely summer morning. Silver sparkled in the jewellers' windows; and the light falling obliquely on the cathedral made mirrors of the corners of the ancient stone. A flock of birds fluttered in the blue sky around the trefoiled terrace. The public square, echoing with cries, was fragrant with the flowers that were massed along its pavement—roses, jasmines, pinks, narcissi, and forget-me-nots, nestling between moist grasses and mint and watercress. The fountains plashed in the centre; and beneath immense umbrellas, amid heaps of melons, the flower women, bareheaded, were twisting paper around clusters of fresh violets.

So much for Flaubert, that epileptic genius who was himself almost a possession of Rouen, since he was born not far away, in the delightful little hamlet of Les Andelys. I could also make some remarks about the theatre which Emma Bovary attended with her husband; for the building still stands, a monument of ugly architecture which was probably thought to be impressive in the year 1822. And not only does Flaubert have a share in Rouen, but so has his disciple, Guy de Maupassant. Apart from the fact that the story of *Boule de Suif* opens in this city, there is in its suburbs the village of Canteleu, where, as will be remembered by all readers of *Bel Ami*, Georges Duroy, that sublimated type of *maquereau*, took his bride, who had been Madeleine Forestier, to see his parents, the old country people who kept a little cabaret—"a small house composed of a ground floor and a garret. A branch of pine nailed over the door indicated in the old style that the thirsty might find refreshment." Madeleine was not pleased with her peasant hosts, the coarse old man who lived amid the stale smell of pipes and cheap cigars, nor the horny-handed old woman who looked at Madeleine with suspicion because of her "frills and musk." Yet it was Madeleine's cleverness which turned Canteleu to some account. You will remember how she afterwards suggested that her

husband should begin calling himself Georges Du Roy de Cantel, and that he should have his visiting cards engraved thus with his name surmounted by a baron's coronet.

All these places are full of interest. They fascinate because they crowd the mind with so many reminiscences. But I wish that some one had worked into a novel or any other bit of writing an account of that extraordinary mountain which overlooks Rouen and which is known as Bonsecours. You can ascend it, I believe, by some sort of a funicular railway, but it is much better to hail some lazy, lounging *cocher* and get him to drive you thither in a ramshackle *fiacre*. He will not overcharge you, and you can lie back as you wind around and around the mountain, very much as though you were ascending it in a very leisurely balloon. Little by little the city of Rouen seems to sink beneath you, and you look down upon it with its shining river, its heaven-piercing spires, its gabled roofs and bustling quays, while directly beneath you is a great slanting slope of chalky hillside rising at an angle of almost forty-five degrees, and up which you yourself are toiling. At last you reach the summit and look out over what seems to be half of France spread out like a panorama at your feet. It is very wonderful, and no less so is Bonsecours itself,—the broad mountain-top with its richly decorated church, its monument of Jeanne Darc, and the startlingly realistic figure of the Saviour reared upward life-size upon a cross. There are very pretty Renaissance buildings enclosing the statue; but after all, it is the view of the Seine and of the rich green hills of Normandy that draws your eyes away from your immediate surroundings. The place would not be France if there were not also a perfectly appointed little restaurant on the very summit, where you can sit and view the world beneath you, and have at the same time a most delightful luncheon. Here and there at a little table you will see a devout pilgrim enjoying a *consommation,* or it may be some piquant-looking girl who does not by any means appear to be a pilgrim. Tell the garçon to provide your driver with some bread and cheese, a *bock,* and a ten centime cigar, and you can linger there for hours without having to pay an additional *sou* of cab hire. When you get ready to depart, you will find the *cocher* snugly curled up in his vehicle and fast asleep. Wake him, and he will grin cheerfully and say, "Merci, M'sieu," and away you go at an accelerated pace down the dusty, winding road which leads you back to Rouen.

It is rather hard to get into the confidence of the Rouennais, as is, indeed, the case with all French people in whose daily life you have no share. But I should say that upon this city there are left deep marks of the two great wars which it has seen—the long war of a hundred years with England, and the brief war of a few months with Germany. In the minds of the educated, the traditions of hostility to England are very deeply rooted. In the minds of the uneducated, who do not go far back for what they know of history, it is the hatred of Germany that is most intense. France and England may arrange *ententes*. Their governments may work together in harmony. Yet the born Frenchman who knows his country's annals will always think of England as the historic foe of France. I took a walk one day with a Frenchman who had lived long abroad and who had even been naturalised as an American citizen. We strolled upon the boulevards where once the ramparts used to stand, and we talked of many things. He was now, he thought, a real cosmopolite. He looked at all things with a purely philosophic air of absolute detachment. One nation to him was the same as any other nation. Germany? Ah, yes, there was some ill-feeling with regard to Germany; but that was only a temporary affair. Some adjustment would be made, some diplomatic arrangement by which a part at least of Alsace or Lorraine would be given back to France. The topic did not greatly interest him, though in 1871, when a very young man, he had been one of the Gardes Mobiles, and had served during the siege of Paris under General Trochu. I scarcely knew whether to admire or to deplore his indifference. But presently, I happened to speak of the capture of Rouen by the English in 1449.

That was more than four hundred years ago, and you would hardly think that it would greatly trouble the mind of a man who could remember the Franco-Prussian War with calm philosophy. Yet at the very mention of the English, his eyes began to snap and his beard to bristle.

"Ah!" cried he; "those sacred pigs! Those English! We shall be even with them yet!"

And then he poured forth a flood of tumultuous language about the burning of poor Jeanne Darc. His English dropped from him like a garment, and the *r's* of his French rolled like a drum that calls to battle. He stamped his feet and clenched his fists. His indifferentism had vanished into air. It was an interesting exhibition. When he stopped for breath I ventured to put in a word, having some regard for the facts of history.

"But," said I, "although the English were in a way responsible for Jeanne Darc's death, it was the Duc de Bourgogne who betrayed her into their hands. It was a Frenchman, the Bishop of Beauvais, who presided at her trial. Those who condemned her were theologians from the University of Paris. She was actually burned at the stake by Frenchmen."

B-r-r-r-r-r-r! The atmosphere grew thick with consonants and vowels; and a vision of pointed whiskers whirling in the air made me fairly dizzy. I thought it best to say no more, and soon afterwards we parted. That is the way in which educated Frenchmen feel about the English..

But when you get down to the common people, the peasants, the small tradesmen, and the like, they seem to have forgotten the perfidious English. and to be cherishing a sullen, latent flame of anger against Germany. They can remember the German occupation of Rouen; or if they cannot, they remember what their fathers tell them. I do not know any better way of testing the feeling of the French than by studying the songs which are most popular with them at any given time. To visit a French *café chantant* in the provinces is as illuminating as to spend an evening at the Oxford in London and listen while the audience take up or hiss the political songs which are sung upon the stage. In France they have small sheets of music which give the words and the air of the *chansonettes* that are heard nightly in the little *cafés chantants.* These songs are sold for a few sous by girls in the poorer streets. They are bought by the thousands, and when they are sung in the *cafés* the refrain is taken up by every one and sung, not casually, but, as the French themselves would sav *avec intention.* Judging from a careful study of these songs I should imagine that the masses of the French still entertain a violent dislike to Germany, and that they still believe Russia to be a friend, not only powerful but loyal to her ally. The French in Paris know better, but not so the French in the smaller cities.

There is a very popular song, for instance, entitled "L'Enfant Chantait la Marseillaise." On the outer cover is depicted a burlv German threatening with his sword a little Alsatian girl. The words of the song are rather interesting. The first stanza runs as follows:

Dans un village de l'Alsace
Parmi les soldats du vainqueur,
Une blonde fillette passe
En murmurant un air vengeur.
En l'entendant ainsi chanter
Notre ancien hymne de guerre,
"Tais-toi!" lui crie un officier;
Mais répondant d'une voix fière
L'enfant lui dit: "Je suis Française
Et malgré tous vos soldats,
Vous ne m'empêcherez pas
De chanter la Marseillaise.
Allemand! je suis Française!"

Then the lines go on to tell how the brutal German, "un héros de Bazeille," incensed by the girl's audacity, took his sword and struck her with it. Bleeding, she staggered back, and then:

Épongeant le sang de son front,
Elle dit: "À l'autre campagne,
Les canons français s'en iront
Vous la chanter en Allemagne."

REFRAIN

L'enfant redit: "Je suis Française;
Un jour, vous n'empêcherez pas
Que nos clairons et nos soldats
Chez vous chantent la Marseillaise.
Allemand! Je meurs Française!"

It would be difficult to underestimate

L'ENFANT CHANTAIT LA MARSEILLAISE

Chanson



Paroles de **VILLEMER**

Musique de **LUCIEN COLLIN**

AUX CLOCHES DE CORNEVILLE, Paris. L. BATHLOT & JOUBERT. Éditeurs. 39. Rue de l'Échiquier

the real influence which such songs as these possess to nourish and deepen the feelings of the populace. Sophisticated persons may laugh and look at them as trivial affairs; or more likely they may never hear of them at all. But there must be millions of Frenchmen who, through the agency of songs like these, are led to think that even little children in the lost provinces are treated with brutality because they are proud of their French blood and because they cling to everything which reminds them of their beloved France.

Only a little less striking is another popular song entitled "Je Bois à la Rus-



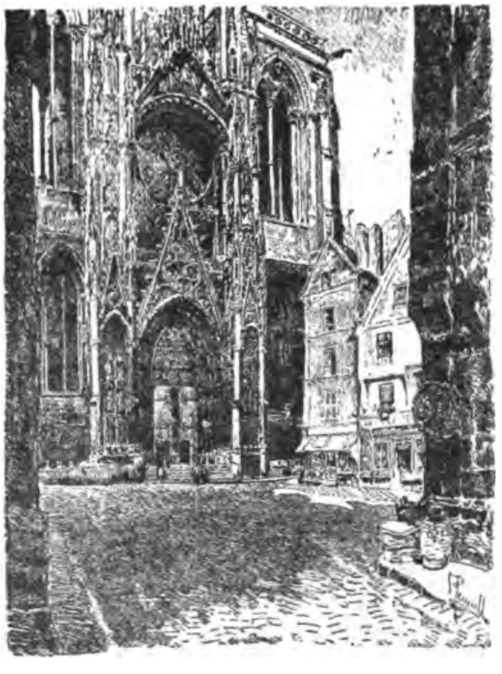
sie." One stanza, with its refrain, as I heard it thundered out in a large café near the Place Saint Marc, will sufficiently illustrate the ominous undertone of warlike feeling which makes such songs well known throughout the length and breadth of France. I wish that all my readers could have heard it sung as I did.

On verra dans les deux puissances,
Symbole la fraternité
Nos drapeaux mêlant leurs nuances
Sur les murs de chaque cité.
Mais viennent les jours de bataille
Planant au dessus de nos rangs
À travers le feu, la mitraille
Ils nous conduiront triomphants!

REFRAIN

Pour fêter la sainte harmonie
Qui règne entre les deux pays,
Levant ma coupe, mes amis,
Levant ma coupe, mes amis,
Je bois, je bois, je bois a la Russie!

You would not hear such a song as this roared fiercely in Paris as you may hear it in Rouen or Amiens or Orléans, or any of the other smaller cities. You would not see in Paris the kindling eyes and the flushed faces, nor would you hear the deep tones thrilling with emotions which are all a commentary upon the songs themselves. In Paris, men are too sophisticated, too cynical, too pessimistic; but, fortunately, you may go outside of Paris and find both men and women who believe in something, who have hope and energy and vitality, who love *la patrie* with all their hearts and who devoutly hate its enemies. And this is why, as I said at the beginning, Paris is by no means France. Look beyond it, and there you will find still beating the great chivalrous heart of that gallant nation which with, all its faults, has stood for centuries at the summit of art and literature and intellectual activity of every sort, while around the achievements of the mind and the imagination there has gleamed the splendid aura of overwhelming martial glory.



PORTE DE LA CALENDE

THE GIFT OF VERSATILITY AND SOME RECENT NOVELS*

A FEW years ago an item of news went the rounds of the literary journals, to the effect that a certain Hungarian novelist, Sandor Brody by name, was successfully issuing, month by month, a full-sized magazine written entirely by himself and containing, in addition to fiction, a political, musical and dramatic review, literary essays and poems,—and all this without interrupting his journalistic work on one of the Budapest dailies. This, of course, is an extreme case of versatility, in which literary quality was inevitably sacrificed for that cheaper and more ephemeral renown that comes from a rather sensational *tour de force*. At the same time, it raises the question whether the power of doing many different things fairly well is not always something of a menace to an author's reputation,—whether, in short, the gift of versatility is not one that the greater wisdom will rather sternly repress. The attempt to be a literary Admirable Crichton is only too apt to result in a journalistic jack-of-all-trades. And the true way to make a lasting name is not by trying to find out how many different things we can do fairly well, but what one thing we can do best of all. Versatility as a potential quality is of course a valuable asset. The ability to meet emergencies, to adapt new methods, to do easily and quickly something not quite in your own line, rather than stand idle, waiting for the other man to do it, is as much of an advantage to the man of letters as to the mechanic. The trick of verse-making, the knack of driving a nail, hurts no one, whether novelist or plumber; but it does not follow that the plumber should become a carpenter or the novelist a tragic poet. Or to put the matter more specifically, the only way in which to leave a lasting mark upon the literature of your own time is to work patiently, persistently, unyieldingly along a single line, strong in the conviction that it is the only true line to follow, and sustained by the faith that month by month, year by year, you are drawing nearer to your ideal.

If we briefly run over the great names in the world's literature, it is rather significant to find how very few there are who have made a show of versatility. Homer is forever synonymous with heroic verse; Æschylus and Sophocles are tragic poets and nothing else; who could conceive of Pindar or Sappho writing epics, Herodotus or Xenophon composing lyrics? Horace, it is true, wrote satires as well as odes; Vergil was not exclusively an epic poet; Shakespeare once wrote a sonnet sequence; Milton gave the world some minor poems; Dante's *Vita Nuova* might have made him a reputation, though he had never written a line of the *Divine Comedy*. Yet these are not cases of versatility; they are intermediate stages of development; the progressive steps of genius on its onward and upward way. One must come down to Voltaire in order to find a conspicuous example of a great mind in letters that tried deliberately to be all things to all readers,—who dared to think that he could successfully compete in epic, in tragedy, in fiction, in history, in philosophy, even in the universality of an encyclopedia. And because Voltaire spread his gifts with such prodigality over so vast a field, although the thoughts that he expressed will live and continue to influence the thought of the world, yet his influence upon the different literary forms of to-day is slighter

*The Gentleman. A Romance of the Sea. By Alfred Ollivant. New York: The Macmillan Company.
The Red City. By S. Weir Mitchell. New York: The Century Company.
The Gorgeous Isle. By Gertrude Atherton. New York: Doubleday, Page and Company.
Sappho in Boston. Anonymous. New York: Moffat, Yard and Company.
The Countess Diane. By Henry C. Rowland. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.
Friendship Village. By Zona Gale. New York: The Macmillan Company.
Heartbreak Hill. By Herman Knickerbocker Viele. New York: Duffield and Company.
The Silver Butterfly. By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Company.

than that of many a lesser mind. It would be difficult to show that modern drama is materially different from what it would have been without Zaïre, that the novel of to-day has followed another course of development from what it would have followed if *Candide* had never been written.

And the same laws that apply to literature in general also hold good within the limits of a single branch. The novelist who leaves a lasting mark upon fiction of his time is not the one who follows the changing fashions from year to year, deliberately catering to the popular thirst for novelty. He is, on the contrary, the writer with strong convictions, artistic ideals that he has developed into a creed, to follow with unwavering faith, whether the world ever reads his books or not. Sometimes it happens that a novelist may be true to his creed and yet while sacrificing nothing touch the popular note. Dickens and Thackeray could always be wholly, consistently, delightfully themselves, and yet hold their public. It is a question whether either of them could have kept bravely, steadfastly onward, satisfied only with the consciousness of faithful work, had they met with the indifference meted out to Henri Beyle in France, to Jane Austen in England. And in these days of poster art and flamboyant self-advertisement, the temptation is greater than ever before to do fantastic things in fiction, to startle the world into a brief day of attention, even though you be guilty of blaspheming your ideals. *The War of the Worlds, The Man Who Was Thursday*, gather an audience as easily as the chalk pictures of the sidewalk artist. And all the while, in plain sight, in the adjacent shop window there may be hanging a priceless canvas from the brush of a master,—and the gathered crowd never even sees it.

What your particular creed may be is of minor import. Naturalism, symbolism, romanticism,—the particular faith that you follow matters so vastly less than the question whether or not you have a faith. Are you an idealist? Then do not worship in the temple of realism, for to you it is a pagan shrine. Are you a follower of Zola? Then turn aside from Gautier and Hugo, for to you they will be false gods and graven images. And if you have a faith, serve it faithfully. There is many an author of a single novel, strikingly original, deservedly admired. Johnson's *Rasselas,* Walpole's *Castle of Otranto,*—it would be easy to stretch out the list of sporadic growths of fiction that have lived, and yet have not been vital factors in the evolution of the modern novel. There have been more readers of *Ben Hur* or of *Trilby* than of any volume by Henry James or George Meredith,—one is half tempted to add, of all their volumes put together. Yet it is not Lew Wallace or George du Maurier who have helped to build the novel of the future. It is devoted, conscientious artists such as Mr. James and Mr. Meredith in England, Maupassant and Zola and Bourget in France, to whom we are indebted for a technique in fiction that is mainly the development of the last quarter-century,—a technique so subtly and wonderfully developed that already it makes the masterpieces of a generation ago curiously clumsy and out of date. Two of the most striking and widely praised novels of the past decade, Mr. Kipling's *Kim* and Owen Wister's *Virginian,* admirable as they both are, the one as an almost epic embodiment of modern India, the other as a summing up of the spirit of the West, fail to add anything permanent to the art they represent. And the reason is that neither of these authors had served the necessary long and laborious apprenticeship. Each in his way had studied the technique of the short story; but the sustained effort of the full grown novel was unfamiliar to them. In other words, each took the technique of the novel as he found it, and applied it as best he could. But neither was yet ripe to strike out new paths for himself, to invent better ways in which to make the modern novel fulfil its appointed task of pronouncing a criticism on contemporary life.

"The Gentleman"

A book that not only serves to illustrate the main points raised in the foregoing discussion, but as a matter of fact largely suggested them, is *The Gentleman,* by Alfred Ollivant. Among the few noteworthy cases of versatility in

writers of the present generation, we must turn to *Soldiers Three, The Just-So Stories,* and *Puck of Pook's Hill* in order to find a fitting parallel to three such volumes as *Bob, Son of Battle, Redcoat Captain* and *The Gentleman.* It is fully a decade since Mr. Ollivant first came into fame for his strong and tender prose epic of a Scotch collie; and when some years later his second attempt in the same line, *Danny,* was voluntarily withdrawn, it seemed likely that the writer would remain among the number of authors of one book. Accordingly, last season, when *Redcoat Captain* appeared, the discerning few who appreciated the astounding cleverness of that unique bit of literary shorthand were quite excusable for hailing it with jubilant acclaim. Of course, it was not a child's story and therefore not literally a parallel to Mr. Kipling's *Just-so Stories.* It was, rather, a sort of concentrated recipe for the joy of living, put up in the simplified form of an Æsop's fable, and therefore quite likely to be misunderstood and unappreciated by those of us who have outgrown the clear-eyed simplicity of childhood. Now, once more this year, Mr. Ollivant furnished us with a genuine and very welcome surprise. It is always unjust to assign relative values to works so utterly dissimilar as *The Gentleman* and the volumes that preceded it. And yet, although each of the three bears the stamp of that indefinable quality which for lack of a better term we are content to call genius there is small likelihood of meeting with contradiction in proclaiming the new volume a work of bigger magnitude than either of the others. It is a historical novel which the present reviewer, hoping against hope, sincerely wishes might be the starting point of a new school, the origin of a stronger and saner form of fiction. The epoch is the Napoleonic wars. The theme is told in a sort of foreword written in the author's characteristic verbal shorthand:

> "Succeed, and you command the Irish Expedition," said the squat fellow.
>
> "My Emperor!" replied the tall Cavalryman, saluted and clanked away in the gloom.

In other words, the story concerns itself with an attempted invasion of England that almost succeeded. Whether the narrative or any part of it is true to history no reader competent of judging the best sort of narrative fiction will care to inquire. What actually did or did not happen according to the dry-as-dust records of authentic history is made to seem quite as trivial as Dumas made it with *Les Trois Mousquetaires,* and Mr. Hewlett with his *Richard Yea and Nay.* There is no purpose in giving a detailed summary of the plot of *The Gentleman;* it is enough to say that it is essentially a man's book,—although, curiously enough, it may be said parenthetically from actual observation that many a woman having once begun it is unable to lay it down,—and yet it contains not a single female character from beginning to end. A shadow of a woman falls across the pages; there is a feminine influence at work behind the plot for England's ruin. But the book itself is essentially a chronicle of good fighting, in strict accordance with the best traditions of English fiction. Smollett, Captain Marriott, Charles Reade, Stevenson,—one can see and trace in turn the influence of these and many others so clearly as to disarm any foolish charge of borrowing. Unquestionably, Mr. Ollivant is in direct line of descent from the best style of English novelists. What is more, his mastery of technique is admirable, yet almost too apparent. As one discerning critic remarked in private conversation, *The Gentleman* serves to illustrate almost every known trick of emphasis by position, and other more or less artificial devices for enhancing values, and rivetting the attention.

And yet, admirable as *The Gentleman* must be conceded to be, it will not, by itself, exert any obvious influence on the history of fiction. Like many another sporadic work of genuine power, in technique it is merely an echo of the past. If Mr. Ollivant should find himself prompted to write several more volumes in the same vein, he would undoubtedly evolve certain new principles that would take a permanent place in the history of fiction. As it is, one fears that his fatal versatility will be more apt to expend itself next in a sonnet sequence, a volume

of sermons or a treatise on differential calculus.

While we are speaking of historical novels, it is a convenient opportunity to mention *The Red City*, by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell.

"The Red City"

Here is an author who at least *cannot be accused of* versatility, for there are few writers to whom we may look with such confidence to uniformity both in subject and in treatment. And there is this, to say in praise of Dr. Mitchell's novels: that although he has chosen to write of bygone days, which have always been a prerogative of the romanticist, he is unconsciously a realist, a man who uncompromisingly sees life as it is; and therefore his dedication of the present volume to Mr. Howells, whose service to American fiction will not be fully appreciated for half a century to come, presents a peculiar and quite unconscious appropriateness. *The Red City* will be dear to the hearts of admirers of *Hugh Wynne, Quaker,* for it takes us back to essentially the same environment, the same atmosphere of old Philadelphia. It tells the story of a young Frenchman of noble birth whose father was slain in the reign of terror; who sought his fortune in the new country, together with his widowed mother; who was brave enough to lay aside his title, accept the menial task allotted him, and slowly work his way upward to a position of importance on the solid basis of individual worth. Probably without knowing it, Dr. Mitchell has portrayed the process that is silently going on to-day in each individual case of the thousands of immigrants whom America is quietly assimilating and assigning, beyond appeal to the place for which they are fitted. It is not only a very readable story but a document full of suggestion to the serious minded.

Mrs. Gertrude Atherton has been writing for a sufficient number of years to have established a definite policy in fiction.

"The Gorgeous Isle"

Nevertheless, she is confessedly fond of experimenting. One is never quite sure of what she may do next. It is not easy to forget the trick she played not many years ago in publishing that clever story of Adirondack life anonymously. Her latest published volume, *The Georgeous Isle,* shows versatility only so far as its stage setting is concerned, being a very vivid,—although quite unnecessary,—portrayal of an island in the West Indies. It is a pity that Mrs. Atherton is so fond of local colour for its own sake. If a story could happen in Curaçoa, St. Kitts or Martinique and nowhere else in the world, then more glory to the author who can paint the background with fidelity. But Mrs. Atherton's story might have been laid with equal truth in New York, Terre Haute or Pawtucket. Her problem is simply this: Imagine a poet, a man with Heaven's own gift, who in a few brief years may give the world a few immortal poems,—but he can write only under the influence of alcohol. There is no doubt that he is killing himself more rapidly than the hackneyed phrase "by inches" indicates. Has the woman who loves him, and consents to marry him, the right to demand that he shall cease to drink if the consequence is to be a long sequence of silent years? In other words, has she the right to rob the world of the poems it might have had, and to rob the man she loves of the joy of creation? Mrs. Atherton deserves unqualified praise for her courage in answering this question with absolute disregard of popular prejudice.

Sappho in Boston bids a curious defiance to the question at issue, since the charge of versatility

"Sappho in Boston"

cannot be directly brought against an author who chooses to remain anonymous. There is, however, another charge to be brought with some show of justice against a story that up to the last moment plays a certain trick upon the reader,—a story that notwithstanding the difference of time and environment is quite as unjustified as Mr. Stockton's notorious problem *The Lady or the Tiger*. This is no reason for evading a perusal of *Sappho in Boston*. On the contrary it is to be strongly recommended for three reasons: its English is a pure joy, its veiled satire on American society

is permeated with a rather rare quality of humour, and thirdly the question whether or not the Englishman who tells his story in the first person will eventually win the undeniably charming Bostonian lady, who may or may not be divorced, has beyond question a piquant interest that challenges approval. And yet, in view of the solution supplemented by the author's anonymity it would be mere folly to predict any permanent influence however slight upon the trend of American fiction.

"The Countess Diane"

The Countess Diane is the latest volume of the author of *The Shadow* and *The Mountain of Fear.* Mr. Henry Rowland made a rather deep impression upon readers of discernment, several years ago, as a not wholly inept pupil of the school of Kipling, Joseph Conrad, Morgan Robertson and other frank students of life beyond the colour line. His fearless and uncompromising presentment of the irresistible call of the blood, whether it be blue blood or red or brown or black, leaves the reader with a curious and unconquerable sense of dread, an irresistible shudder. For this reason, his latest volume, *The Countess Diane,* conveys the same sense of surprised disappointment as that felt by the admirers of Mr. James Hopper's *Caybagan,* when they found him collaborating on a convict story whose title is a numeral that refuses to be remembered. *The Countess Diane* is quite a dainty little story, containing all the elements that for the moment are popular in fiction. It is an automobile story, carrying you at breathless speed along French roads which are confessedly the goal of every automobilist. The heroine is a charming young woman of rank and title, cruelly persecuted by a brutal Russian nobleman. The hero is an American, calm, brave, resourceful and what is more to the purpose so favoured of the little blind gods that the heroine falls in love with him at sight. Altogether the slim yet attractive little volume bids fair to attain a well-deserved popularity. And yet a critic is justified in making this passing protest, there are to-day Mr. Booth Tarkington, Mr. McCutcheon, Mr. Richard Harding Davis, not to mention numerous promising disciples, who although they did not happen to write *The Countess Diane* might so easily have done so. But, to the greater glory of Mr. Rowland be it said not one of them could ever by design or accident have written *The Mountain of Fear.* Let us hope that Mr. Rowland may successfully wage his battle against the dangerous temptation of a facile versatility.

"Friendship Village"

Of Miss Zona Gale we need have no serious misgivings. Whatever she may write, we can rest assured it will always have the same delightful repose of style and deliberate restraint of substance. Charming as *The Loves of Pelléas and Etarre* was found to be, the delicate interest of her new volume, *Friendship Village,* not only needs no apologetic endorsement, but in spite of its outward wide divergence reveals itself to the discriminating few as essentially a work in the same key, a story of the same elusive quality. It would be vain to attempt to epitomise the theme of *Friendship Village.* It is enough to say that there is in it a great deal of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford,* of Jane Austen's *Pride and Prejudice.* But there is a great deal more of Zona Gale than of any of the predecessors to whom she is indebted. We may not have personally met Mis' Postmaster Sykes or Mrs. Ricker-and-Kitton or Mis' Holcomb-that-was-Mame-Bliss, or any of the other grotesque and unforgettable figures that wend their curious way through *Friendship Village.* And yet, we all have known some such environment either in life or in our dreams. We all have lived to some extent in such an environment of kindly feeling, according to our several deserts. And the true test of the rare quality of *Friendship Village* is the unmistakable call that it has upon all of us for something that we individually have known and felt.

Mr. Henry Knickerbocker Viele is known hitherto as a writer possessing a certain charm of style together with a quiet and dignified interest of theme. In *Heartbreak Hill* he does not in any way disappoint expectations, any more than he is guilty of unexpected versa-

tility. The theme of *Heartbreak Hill* is the rather hackneyed one of an ancestral estate that unsuspectedly conceals beneath a worthless exterior an unguessed fortune in hidden mines. The man and woman who are joint heirs to Heartbreak Hill and who on a score of different occasions almost sell their birthright for a mess of pottage come very near, at the last, in missing their true happiness through the stress of unlooked-for prosperity. But Mr. Viele is an optimist,—there is no use quarrelling with him for that,—and so he sees the outcome of his story in the way that will probably best suit the great majority of his readers. And at least the rest of us will be grateful to him for the rather rare charm of the English in which he chooses to couch it.

"Heartbreak Hill"

The Silver Butterfly, by Mrs. Wilson Woodrow, is designed rather cleverly to meet the popular taste for dainty femininity, frenzied finance and exasperating mystery. To be more concise, it relates the story of a lost silver mine somewhere in the remoter wilderness of Mexico. It amuses itself by curiously tangling up the ownership of the long-lost property, and by imagining that the title of the missing mine is vested in the woman who happens to be loved by the young mining engineer whom chance has willed to stumble across a long-forgotten trail. Undeniably, this is a readable story, although even the most devoted friend of Mrs. Wilson Woodrow will not pretend that it is going to influence permanently the trend of modern fiction.

"The Silver Butterfly"

Frederic Taber Cooper.

FIVE BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I-II

I. BLISS PERRY'S "PARK STREET PAPERS"*

II. H. M. ALDEN'S "MAGAZINE WRITING"†

Not long ago a writer in THE BOOKMAN applied the word obsequious to Mr. Perry's editorial effusions in the *Atlantic*. It is a hard word, but it undeniably suggests the air of somewhat anxious amenity with which the "Toastmaster" addresses his company. It is in fact less the air of the toastmaster than of a solicitous host, keenly and a little painfully conscious of the putative transiency of his paying guests. He is alive to the smallest signs of unrest or dissatisfaction on their part, and ready to distract and soothe them with all kinds of pleasantnesses. That Mr. Perry is an extremely popular lecturer is to be readily understood, for he is an accomplished feminist, never rude and never dull. His critical utterances give one a comfortable sense of edification, without seeming to involve one in any act approaching ungraciousness. The net result of his criticism is, to be sure, often indecisive. We seem to have passed along pleasant ways with an affable guide. He is all readiness to point out to us this or that object of interest, giving us the while kindly assurances of our progress. But the chances are that just as we seem about to arrive at our chief objective, that prospect of extraordinary significance and interest which has been vaguely promised from the start, we find ourselves abruptly rounded up at the point of departure and graciously dismissed by our bland and smiling guide. So in the midst of a promising study of Whitman as a poet, Mr. Perry suddenly grows impatient of the critical process, and, stretching out his hands with the benign and winning ex-

*Park Street Papers. By Bliss Perry. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Co. 1908.

†Magazine Writing and the New Literature. By Henry Mills Alden. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1908.

pression of the woman's club orator, cries, "What does it matter whether he was a poet or not, since he was—something else!" So, in the present volume, we find him apparently deriving the mere opinion that "no truer poet ever lived" than Longfellow from the undoubted fact that no more virtuous and kindly gentleman ever lived. These "centenary" papers on Hawthorne, Longfellow and Whittier are of better quality than is common in this kind of occasional performance. The essay on Hawthorne is admirable. The treatment of Whittier is marred by an odd tinge of condescension, as toward a social inferior, and by the critic's preference of Whittier's abolition rhetoric to his pure lyricism—our principal American achievement in that kind. The paper on Aldrich is a perfect bit of obituary writing.

The striking thing about the brief "Toastmaster" papers is the amiable cynicism with which the editor confesses that magazine-editing is a catering affair. The editor is, he confesses, in the nature of a boarding-house keeper. "He has his weekly or monthly bills to meet, and he can meet them only by pleasing his patrons. Not what his boarders ought to like, if they would grow truly fat and wise and good, but what they do like, gradually comes to affect the policy of even the most stubborn-souled provider." He admits (as what other editor has been willing to admit?) that expediency rather than a sense of absolute merit often determines the acceptance or rejection of proffered manuscripts. Yet he believes in a distinguishable "body of doctrine" as the product of the *Atlantic's* half-century of existence. For the rest, "Inn-keepers abroad and advertising panels at home unite in the declaration that Americans want the best. It is a good symptom, and it has a lesson for the magazinist. Those periodicals which are obtaining the widest reading are those which present the most various, hopeful and full-blooded pictures of the men and the vital forces that are daily creating for us a new world." With this genial admission that what is most popular is the best (*Munsey's* probably reaches twenty times as many readers as the *Atlantic*), the paper characteristically closes.

Mr. Perry's style is always finished and graceful; if there is any doubt as to his meaning it is due to his habit of balancing opinions and leaving matters open. Mr. Alden's style on the other hand is so lumbering and confused that we with difficulty make out the fact that he has strong opinions and is elephantinely trying to convey them to us. He takes his position as magazine editor far more seriously than Mr. Perry does. Indeed, he seems to regard himself an *ex-officio*, a sort of prophet of modern culture. Not for him any sly or cynical admissions as to the human fallibility, the æsthetic limitations, of the editor's task. He evidently believes that *Harper's* has consistently stood for not only what was palatable to the Harper constituency, but what was absolutely best in modern literature, and yet more marvellous, in modern pictorial art. Mr. Perry recalls the instance, and intimates that it is a familiar one, of an editor's praising one of two poems submitted to him, and keeping for publication the other one. Mr. Alden, on the contrary, has the record of an invariable acceptance of the best. And he indignantly repels the familiar insinuation that "it is the name and not the thing that counts." "For ourselves," he says, with editorial majesty, "it is our habit as well as our choice to read every manuscript without any reference to the name of the writer, and to reach our decision upon it before we acquaint ourselves of that purely incidental and secondary fact." As the writer's name is commonly to be found in a conspicuous place upon his manuscript, this must often have been a difficult feat.

Mr. Alden has his "body of doctrine" indeed. His chief tenet seems to be that there is a new human nature, that it has best expressed itself in the magazines, and that the result is a "new Literature." It is a foolish notion, he says, though a common one, that human nature is the same in all ages. On the contrary, radical changes have been

taking place from age to age in "the psychical field" of man. "His freedom of choice saves him from confinement to the fixed circles in which Nature moves, and there is no possible mathematical calculation of any critical moment marking his ascensions and declinations; while his power to determine to so great an extent his own environment is a new acceleration of his progress, affording fresh permissive conditions to his psychical evolution. Every advantage gained for individual liberty through institutional advance, inspired by new awakenings of the human spirit, has multiplied these permutations." In this lightsome fashion does Mr. Alden lead us toward his promised land of the New Literature. It may surprise some of us to learn what extraordinary consequences the recent development of "the world sense" has had. "This world *geist* which has created for our time new sensibility, and thus the new realism, looks forward rather than backward. . . . Our real literature has, therefore, no stock-in-trade accumulated from old stores. It has even dismissed old locutions." And for all the glory of this new and protestant realism, the magazines are chiefly responsible. It is perfectly natural that the writers whom Mr. Alden exalts as the most eminent practitioners should turn out to be the most prominent Harper contributors, Mr. Howells, Mr. James, Mrs. Ward, *et al.*

Some of Mr. Alden's critical pronouncements are odd in the extreme,—such as: "The authorship of a paragraph written by Henry James, speaking for himself, would be detected at once, but the conversations in his stories are detached from his individuality, thus sustaining the reality of the characterisation." This is exactly untrue, as the following remark is inexactly true:

"Mrs. Ward is probably not a greater genius than Fielding." In general one must deplore the writer's habit of lavishing such terms as "greatness" and "genius" upon various orders of minor merit—as in his inclusion of that capable critic Mr. Charles Whibley among the greatest English essayists. It is well to take our own age and own achievement with decent seriousness. But little is to be gained for sober criticism by such fantastic assumptions as Mr. Alden builds his argument on. A person who is capable of asserting gravely that our present appetite for short stories is a sign of advance in our literary evolution is evidently capable of believing that the popular magazines are really the torch-bearers of our civilisation.

H. W. Boynton.

III

Mr. and Mrs. Pennell's "Life of Whistler"*

It is not easy to recall any work published in recent years of greater value to artists than the "authorised" biography of Whistler by the Pennells. This is not merely because the two handsome volumes contain the first comprehensive account of the life of a great artist—"the greatest artist and most striking personality of the nineteenth century," his biographers boldly proclaim him. Nor is it because of the very numerous illustrations reproducing most of Whistler's important pictures, though these are worth having, in spite of the fact that Whistler's best paintings elude reproduction more than most. The great value of the work lies in the fact that it contains a remarkably clear and complete exposition of a great painter's manner of working, a most searching analysis of his method. Those who are concerned for the technique of painting and etching and lithography may well rejoice that the task of preparing Whistler's biography fell into the hands of a fellow-craftsman possessing adequate knowledge and sympathy. Whether Whistler's manner of working was the only right manner, whether, had he begun earlier to teach, his instructions would have turned students into painters as infallibly as he seems to have believed, are questions that may be left to the artists

*The Life of James McNeill Whistler. By E. R. and J. Pennell. In two volumes. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

and pedagogues. Right or wrong, his methods were based on brains, and there is no doubt that they may be profitably studied by every artist.

But for one "serious" reader who approaches these volumes with the laudable intent of learning, there will be dozens who will look to a Life of Whistler for amusement. Here was one of the wittiest men of modern times, a man whose eccentricities were notorious long before his genius had brought him fame. Whistler the Bohemian, the man of society, the lampooner, the writer of inimitable letters, the disturber of the peace, the periodical contributor to the gayety of nations—no finer subject has offered itself for the biographer in a generation. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell are as completely in sympathy with the man as with the artist. It is in evidence here and there that they feared him—as who did not! —that they were seldom free from anticipation of the possible rupture which so few of the Master's friends escaped. But they love the man and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, they frankly concede, "the most wonderful man we have ever known." During the last years of his life they were on terms of close intimacy with him. Indeed, they seem to have inherited something of his bellicose spirit. In the eternal fitness of things it was right that the publication of Whistler's official biography should have been preceded by a lawsuit. At an earlier day Mr. Pennell paid a fine tribute to his master by bringing suit for libel against a critic, in partial behalf, as he claimed, of Whistler himself. The biographers whole-heartedly espouse the innumerable quarrels of their hero, even to the point of seeing nothing good in the adversary in most cases. As the adversary was pretty nearly every man of consequence with whom Whistler came into close contact, it may be guessed that more than one distinguished nose is publicly tweaked in these pages. Mr. and Mrs. Pennell have a grudge against most of the unauthorised who have dared to write about Whistler, even though they condescend occasionally to utilise the information thus made available. The quality of their discipleship is not strained.

Yet it may be questioned whether they have accomplished the whole cycle of Herculean labours which they have undertaken. For Whistler the artist they have made out a clear case —granting the necessity, at this late day, for proving his eminence. His prestige as a wit is safe in their hands, though it must be confessed that the cleverness of more than one *bon mot* evaporates in cold print, without the man's personality to fix it. This, however, is the common fate of all great wits. But when it comes to showing Whistler as good as he was great, as admirable in character as in genius, it must be asserted that success is only partial. And to the proposition that he was also a great literary artist there will be no unanimous assent. *The Gentle Art* is the amusing *jeu* of an enormously clever amateur—exactly the sort of thing that Whistler despised most heartily in his own art. Let the fact not lessen our enjoyment of its many brilliant qualities.

That the book shows Whistler a bundle of contradictions need disconcert no one. It is obvious that he was capable of fine generosities, of rare devotion. It is equally obvious—if the sober record of facts can be trusted—that his character contained not a little of the *poseur,* and more than a suspicion of downright caddishness. Not once do his loyal biographers concede this. Their conception of their duty is betrayed by the confession that they would not have mentioned one rather discreditable episode in the painter's career "had not too much been already said for it to be ignored." But the history of his celebrated quarrels is given—with Ruskin, with his brother-in-law, with Mr. Leyland, with Du Maurier, with Hamerton, with Mr. Menpes, with Augustus Moore, with Swinburne, with Sir William Eden, and dozens of others. In many cases he had great provocation, and his wit frequently brought him triumphant through the encounter. But in not a few cases he shows, in spite of all

apologies, in a sorry light. It is regrettable that Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, with a subject of so many engaging virtues, could not have been content to allow him the defects of his qualities.

For one thing they are heartily to be thanked: they have crushed with the heavy heel of authority some of the silly stories that have circulated in Whistler's name, and they have recorded in what may be considered the official form the best of his famous witticisms. For a half dozen of them it would be worth while to read through a very dull book; and this is far from being a dull book, and there are more than a half dozen gems in it. To begin to quote them here would be unwise. But a single quotation may be permitted to show that Whistler was not only a wit, but the cause of wit in others. Whistler himself told the story with great glee, at the time of the award to him of the *Grand Prix* at the Paris Exposition of 1900:

> Though it was agreed that the first medals should not be announced until all the others were awarded, somehow the news leaked out and got into the papers. At the next meeting of the jury, Carolus-Duran, always gorgeous in his appearance, was more resplendent than ever in a flowered waistcoat. He took the chair, and at once, with his eye on the foreign contingent, said that there had been indiscretions among some of the members. Alexander Harrison was up like a shot: *"A propos des indiscrétions, Messieurs, regardez le gilet de Carolus!"*

Did Whistler himself ever surpass that?

Edward Clark Marsh.

IV

A. M. Hind's "Engraving and Etching"*

Some one has said that a work for which the author deems it necessary to offer an apology should not have been written at all, and in taking up Hind's *A Short History of Engraving and Etching* one finds an apology for the work in almost the first line of the author's Preface. In this instance, however, the apology is entirely unnecessary, for the book itself is its own justification. From the beginning it is obviously a really important contribution, and will take its place among the best of the present-day authorities on the subject.

The feature which at once makes this volume invaluable is the exhaustive General Bibliography and an Individual Bibliography attached to the Index

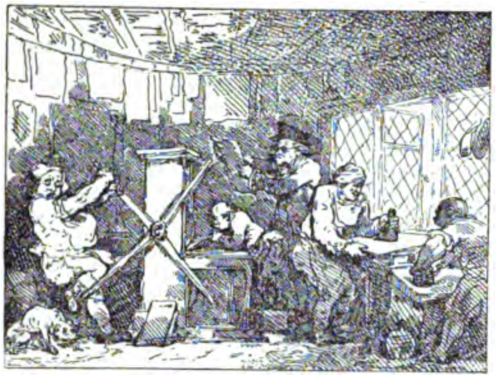


THE MASTER OF THE YEAR 1446. CHRIST CROWNED WITH THORNS

of Engravers, which occupies no less than one hundred and thirty pages at the end of the volume. If the book contained only this its existence would be more than justified, since this list is undoubtedly the most thorough and complete that has yet appeared.

In the introductory chapter the author does not attempt a lengthy explanation of the various processes, but, as he states, it is "in sufficient detail to help the student, who has made no practice of the art, to a clear comprehension of cause and effect." It should be said that the book treats only of en-

*A Short History of Engraving and Etching. By A. M. Hind, of the Department of Prints and Drawings. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company. $5.00 net.



COPPER PLATE PRINTERS AT WORK.
THOMAS ROWLANDSON

graving and etching on metal. It does not in any way include wood engraving.

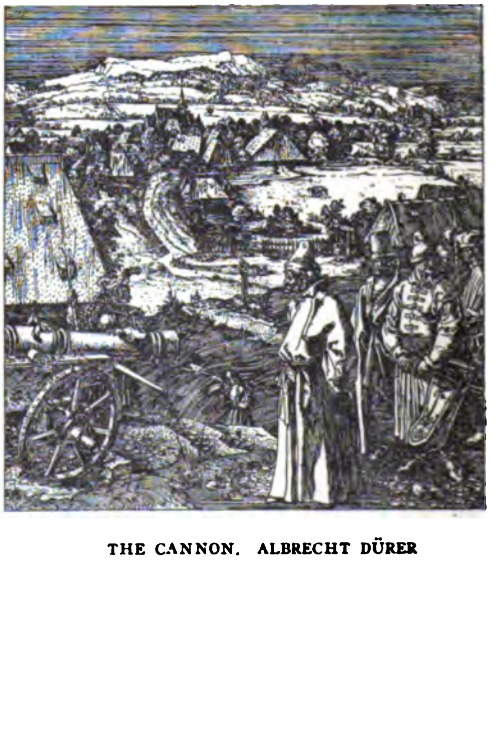
Following these descriptions of the processes and a general technical review of the subject some ethical considerations of comparative values are given as, for instance, between the work of the *painter engraver*—that is to say, the painter who himself engraves his original designs, and the *reproductive engraver*, who merely translates the designs of others. This might have been carried further with a comparison between the work of the engraver for decoration purely as opposed to the engraver on the plate from which prints are to be made. But the book has a broader and more practical purpose. In the chapter which treats of the earliest engravers, we are told that the earliest known date on any intaglio engraving—that is, a plate engraved with incised lines—is 1446, which as a date has an added interest for the reason that it is almost identical with the date of the invention of printing from movable types. More than a coincidence, it would seem divinely ordered that these greatest of all the graphic arts should have had their birth practically together.

To Germany belongs the distinction of producing the first engraving on metal. The author points out that there is direct evidence that other engravers preceded by a few years the engraver of the first dated plate. Unfortunately, the name of this earliest engraver is lost, but he is distinguished Master of the Playing Cards, for the reason that a set of engraved playing cards represented his most extensive work. His work was crude enough in many respects, but certain characteristics of his manner are important and exerted a decided influence on the men who followed him, particularly the nameless one who engraved the first dated plate of 1446 referred to, and who was therefore designated as the "Master of the Year 1446." This plate was one of a Passion Series.

The author describes the development of the art in Germany and the Netherlands, which together are known as the Northern schools. Numbers of the early engravers in these countries are known only by the initials, monograms, and the signature marks on their plates.

Contrasted to the men of the North are those of the South—which is to say Italy.

> The early Italian engravers may not possess the technical proficiency of their Northern contemporaries, but they have a much finer feeling for the beautiful, if not an absolutely higher artistic sense. The output of the century was much smaller in the South, but in some respects far wider in its scope. In the North we have found the art largely used for little devotional prints, for whose artistic worth those who scattered



THE CANNON. ALBRECHT DÜRER

them cared little. In Italy, on the other hand, the tide of the Renaissance had opened up broader channels of thought, and in a country with an awakened sense of beauty, where art was already recognised as having self-contained ideals apart from the matter it dealt with, the artistic commanded a more liberal range of subject combined with a greater reluctance to let out his work cheaply to merely missionary uses. If engraving in Italy had a practical cause to serve, it was essentially an artist's motive, the desire to multiply designs which might serve as models in the workshops of sculptor, goldsmith, potter and craftsmen of every type.

The work of all of the most noted of these early Italian engravers is described and numberless examples are shown. The question as to whether Leonardo da Vinci engraved is considered fully, but without any satisfactory conclusion, the author contenting himself with the reflection that "it is natural to imagine that among his numerous interests he at some time made attempts in this medium."

The chapter closes with the statement that scarcely any engraving was produced in the North of Europe during the fifteenth century outside of Germany and the Netherlands, and outside Italy in the South. France has little to show during this period, and Spain even less. Yet Spain was producing many rich examples in the other arts and crafts during this century.

Another chapter treats of the "Great Triumvirate,"—Dürer, Lucan Van Leyden, and Marcantanio. The first of these, Albrecht Dürer—who hold the title of "the greatest of all line engravers"—secures exhaustive consideration.

From the great German Masters the book turns to the Little Masters, and then to the History of Etching and its Progress During the Sixteenth Century and "The Decline of Original Engraving." This also covers the first century of engraving in England, England having been just exactly a century behind Germany in the art.

Under the last subject, "Modern Etching," "our own" Whistler is hardly given the space his work and reputation deserve; nor does it seem that any of the modern etchers or engravers are adequately considered. This is the only feature that is strikingly out of balance with the rest of the work.

Laurence Burnham.

V

Paul Wilstach's "Richard Mansfield—The Man and the Actor"*

As preface to this sumptuous and richly illustrated book, Mr. Wilstach states that his intention is but to make a permanent record of Mansfield's achievement and to reveal his personality. The record has been accomplished with completeness, and the personal revelation has been based as far as possible on correspondence and conversation. This is well, for the tone of the book, while attempting an unpartisan spirit, is nevertheless eulogistic enough to make one rejoice that all the facts concerning Mansfield the man have not been transmitted through the medium of the author's own personality and coloured by the enthusiastic loyalty which the reader perceives without at any time having it unfairly intruded upon him. But if one recognises that Mr. Wilstach is often making the best showing possible, he is grateful for a clear and well-composed history and a temperate and engaging biographer. This is better luck than has awaited some modern actors; nor does one feel as in the other cases that there has been as much loss as gain in the writer's nearness and devotion to his subject.

To begin the record of a man's achievements with those of his forbears is the formula of these scientific times. This happens to be particularly illuminating in the case of Mansfield. The characteristics of Madame Rudersdorff—a mercurial, magnetic and turbulent woman and a singer of majestic mien and commanding style—help us to understand the complex make-up of her son. Many of her qualities Rich-

*Richard Mansfield. The Man and the Actor. By Paul Wilstach. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

ard fell heir to, and among them an early appreciation of the resources of a grand manner. His childhood was spent in Germany, France and England. Once he painted his class-room door a vivid green, and as he considered it a work of art it is not surprising that he did not neglect to affix conspicuously thereto his initials. As a child he played and sang by intuition with both facility and authority. At school in England he was known as "Cork" because he could not be kept down, and here he acted in his first play, taking, as might be supposed, the star part. It was in 1872 that Madame Rudersdorff was engaged by Bandmaster Pat Gilmore to sing in the Boston Peace Jubilee, and was persuaded by her enormous success to take up residence there. She speedily drew around her a circle of distinguished friends and young Richard began to exercise his mimetic talent in taking them off. At sixteen he was conversant with five languages and their classics. It was on this account that he was given the desk of foreign correspondence in the store of Jordan and Marsh by Mr. Jordan, his life-long friend. His mother and he waged a battle royal over a nascent moustache which he had against her wishes coaxed into being, and she finally offered him the choice between abandoning it or his home. His character not yet fully formed, he chose the latter. Before Mrs. Julia Ward Howe and other guests of the family he impersonated at his birthday party a newly landed prima donna and sang to the admiration and delight of all (as Mrs. Howe narrates), until he suddenly threw off his wig and announced himself bored. The spicy temper of his mother often caused him to leave home for days and weeks. At length she agreed to give him an allowance to set up for himself, which he did with a small room and a large piano. Between music and painting he halted undecided, but concluded that the latter was his metier. Afterward he said that when he had sold his pictures to all his friends, he discovered that he had no friends. He lived in dread of his washerwoman, yet even in poverty he could not economise. To eke out his income he decided to teach languages and soon filled his "limited list" with the smartest young ladies in Boston, whom he regaled with music and fortified with tea. Immediately after first pay-day he blew in his earnings on a princely spread to his pupils, and announced that his career as professor of languages had terminated. Once again being on his uppers, he gave himself a benefit in an amateur company, and his success in mimicking great actors and singers, including his mother, showed him his great talent.

In 1877 his mother renewed his allowance when he announced that he wished to go to London to study painting, in which up to this time he had been quite untutored. There, however, he sought her society friends as a gentleman drawing-room entertainer, and, at length, took advantage of an unusual opportunity to go upon the stage. At his opening he fainted from nervousness and hunger, for in preparing his monologue he had neglected to eat. When his mother found out what he was really doing, she cut off his allowance in high dudgeon and denounced him in several languages. He now began to be hungry in earnest, and was hardly able to put up a respectable appearance when he was fortunate enough to get an invitation to a fashionable house. From his few provincial professional engagements he was always summarily dismissed because, to the confusion of play and company, he would improvise both situation and lines in order to make a hit. When he finally scored in a part which needed no padding—Sir Joseph Porter in *Pinafore*—that ancient fairy-godmother of successful actors, a sudden indisposition gave him the chance to play the same part in the number one company. This got him a precarious foothold on the London stage, but in a moment of discouragement he ran across his old friend Jordan, who persuaded him to try for a place in America.

In New York he went from theatre to theatre, full of assurance and declining all but important parts. But

finally he was forced to return to comic opera, which he hoped himself quit of, and his reception there determined his engagements for a while. Taking advantage of a sprained ankle, he threw up his part suddenly in *Iolanthe,* came back to New York, and with little more captial than persistence and pluck talked A. M. Palmer into his first American dramatic engagement, a small part at the Union Square. Here again the sudden indisposition of a more important actor favoured him, for Stoddart decided at a late moment that he was not suited to the part of Chevrial in *A Parisian Romance,* and Mansfield had a chance to create a rôle which he had eyed like a cat from the start. What happened on that historic night is well known.

The rest of his achievement is more familiar. Many disappointments yet awaited him which he confronted with his swaggering air and indomitable will. The tide began to turn when he persuaded Archibald Gunter to shift a melodrama into a farce; and before he had finished his characterisation of Prince Karl, the play had become the loosest of settings for a Mansfield refined vaudeville in which the irresistible charm of the man appeared at its best. Jekyll and Hyde followed and his career as a money-maker had begun. With these three plays he stormed London and finally captured the critics. But financial returns in London of the eighties came slowly to an outsider and it was not until he put on Richard III—backed by Jordan—that his success was more than merely artistic. Then he came back to America for good, but he was not to conquer at once. Only with Beau Brummel did his position become really established. Then with one hand he began to reduce his huge indebtedness and with the other he plunged into fantastic extravagance. While his art collection was under the hammer, he was buying new antiques and tons of roses for his guests. This golden interval, however, was not to last forever. Through a dozen semi-successes and failures, into a theatre of his own and out of it, on the road as the first voice of Shaw crying in the wilderness, conducting an astute fight with the new theatrical syndicate in which both sides came off victorious—for some years he fought his autocratic way; he lived like a royal personage and staved off his creditors; he gave himself up to wild caprices and theatricalities, and passionate resentments at stupidity and injustice on the one hand and opposition and lukewarmness on the other; he scornfully refused to grow rich by condemning himself to one part as Jefferson had done, and staked his all again and again on his next throw; and, finally in what was perhaps his biggest undertaking—Cyrano—he scaled the summit of success artistic and financial at last.

All this Mr. Wilstach has told in a simple and pleasing way. There are glimpses of a charming home-life and delightful letters to his five-year-old, struggles with his nervous and domineering temperament, anecdotes of his charity and rare tenderness, his lavish and occasionally imperious hospitality, his strangely arrogant fits of self-distrust, and all the contradictions of his many-sided personality. He had a rapt absorption in his rôles and secluded himself for two or three hours before the rise of the curtain in order that he might get on his marvellous make-ups and get under the skin of his parts by a kind of auto-hypnosis. The usual actor's superstitions were his, and omens and dreams much influenced him.

From the bulk of his production—*Beaucaire, The First Violin, Old Heidelberg* and the like—one may judge that he had also the usual inability of the actor to perceive that a good characterisation alone cannot make a good play. But to place Mansfield either in his dramatic perception or achievement was not Mr. Wilstach's task. It is to be hoped that on this excellent and thorough foundation some critical and impartial estimate of the actor will in this generation be built by another, and we shall supplement the present valuable contribution by a competent study of his striking and authoritative if self-exploiting and highly mannered art.

Algernon Tassin.

“DIAMOND CUT PASTE”

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK I—The Story of a Day

CHAPTER I

LADY GERTRUDE ESDALE rose from the low chair in which she had been desultorily perusing the *Morning Post,* and faced her visitors with an air of expectancy which quickly changed to one of supreme astonishment.

“Mamma—and Flo! This is a surprise.”

“Quite a surprise,” confirmed the dowager in her uncompromising bass.

She paused in the middle of the room, waiting with a portentous air till the footman should have closed the door.

“We came in a meter—a street meter,” she then announced, and made an irritable attempt to free her fine old head and her close bonnet from the anomalous wrappings.

“We motored down in a taximeter, dear mamma means,” emended her companion.

“Motored—? Mamma, never!”

If anything had been further needed to point the extraordinary momentousness of the occasion, this announcement would have completed it. The Countess of Enniscorthy in a motor! It had not been a thing even to dream of; it was middle Victorian tradition in the car of progress.

“Allow me, mamma,” said Lady Florence—Lady Florence Jamieson was the assiduous eldest daughter, who since her own widowhood had never left her mother's side. Her filial devotion had become almost proverbial. It was resented by the other daughters as excessive, irritating, and an encroachment upon their rights.

Lady Gertrude had a little private smile at the tartness with which Lady Enniscorthy responded, waving the hovering hand away from the veil knotted under her determined chin.

“Allow me, Florence. I am not helpless—yet.”

She flung the chiffon from her energetically as she spoke; while, nothing daunted, Lady Florence instantly provided footstool and cushion to the chair into which the dowager had deposited herself. The latter further asserted her independence by pushing the stool away with a little kick. Her foot was encased in a boot of black satin, flat-soled, toe-capped, elastic-sided, which almost pathetic remnant of bygone fashion could not disguise its small and beautiful proportions.

The old Countess of Enniscorthy might have copied with impunity the pretty audacity of the lady who, expecting the visit of an admirer of her youth, received him veiled and enwrapped, lying on a sofa, with only her little feet in dainty shoes propped up on a cushion visible to his gaze—all that he should ever behold of her again, all that was left intact of her bygone beauty, she averred.

Not that there was not much that was beautiful in the old age of Lady Enniscorthy; all, indeed, was striking. A piercing hazel-grey eye under an arched eyebrow of sable hue and fine aristocracy of line that years could never touch; iron-grey hair that had once been dense black, with the crisp wave in it that such luxuriance of growth never loses; a beak of nose that the prominent chin fully matched; lips set between with a determination that impressed before the chiselled curve could be noticed—faded lips now, and trembling a little at times with the weakness of senility which is all the more piteous in the strong-willed, they must have been glorious lips when young blood coloured them and young smiles parted them. But the nose remained, no doubt, the most imposing

feature of her face. A peccant maid of hers was once heard to observe:

"When her ladyship looks at me with that nose, I could sink into the earth!"

Lady Gertrude noted its stern hook to-day, and her heart slightly sank.

"Mamma is certainly very angry about something," she thought, and searched through her mind in vain for peccadilloes.

She glanced questioningly at Lady Florence. The latter returned the look with one full of compassion and sorrow.

"Gertrude, dearest, it's quite true. Dear mamma sent for a taximeter because she wanted to come to you without a minute's delay. Dear mamma—she must be terribly shaken. Perhaps she ought to have a glass of sherry and a biscuit first."

"Pray, allow me to speak for myself," interposed "dear mamma."—"Sit down, Florence, you fuss terribly. Sit down you, too, Gertrude. Yes, I have something serious to say to you: you may imagine it is not for nothing that I have come all the way from London to Windsor in that insane machine, which certainly has the advantage of rapidity. Though, I don't know," she added with a small acid laugh, "considering the quickness with which bad news travels, that it is such an advantage to receive them an hour or so in advance."

"Bad news?" echoed Lady Gertrude quickly. "Has anything happened to Reginald?"

"He's quite well, I believe," said Lady Enniscorthy, her keen eye on her daughter's paling cheek. "As to anything happening to him, I wonder what you expected when you abandoned him in India."

"Oh, dear mamma," said Lady Gertrude, with the natural irritation of reaction, while the fine bloom of her complexion returned intensified, "need we go over that old ground again?"

"We must," said her mother solemnly, and Lady Florence affirmed this statement with a deep sigh.

"Are you aware," said the dowager, "that the *Invicta* arrived this morning at eight o'clock at Southampton, and that Ernest was with his mother by half-past eleven?"

Lady Gertrude glanced at the chimney-piece clock; it was half-past one.

"I am sure it was very kind of Florence," she said absently, "to tear herself away from her boy's embraces. I hope he's well, and Coralie too."

"I could not let mamma come alone." Lady Florence Jamieson hesitated, her eye on the dowager. "Mamma thought it very urgent that you should be informed of everything."

"Gertrude," said Lady Enniscorthy, "where is Reginald? Yes, I know he has not arrived. The footman has told me so. I suppose your butler is out, but I think that after one o'clock both servants should attend the door. Where is Reginald, Gertrude, and why is he not with you?"

"Dear me, mamma, I suppose he's waiting for a convenient train. I dare say he has a lot of business to see to in London. I got a wire from Southampton this morning."

She rose and went to her writing-table. A tall woman, long-limbed, moving with invariable slow grace, *grand dame*, from the top of her rippled black head to the tip of her well-shod foot. Her mother's glance followed her approvingly.

"Ah, here it is—'Arrived safely. Shall be with you earliest possible moment.'"

"And he's not here yet," said Lady Enniscorthy.

"I think Gertrude ought at least to have gone to meet him," sighed Lady Florence. Her handsome brown eyes uplifted themselves with a look in which piety and sorrow were mixed. When she had had the privilege of wifehood, her ideas of its duties had been far other.

"I do not like platform emotion," said Lady Gertrude placidly. "And Reginald, dear Reginald, is emotional."

"Yes, Gertrude," said Lady Enniscorthy, "Reginald has a peculiarly emotional temperament."

The tone in which she spoke, the look which the speaker exchanged with her widowed daughter, and the silence

which immediately ensued were all pregnant. If self-control and intrinsic smoothness of disposition had not been Lady Gertrude's peculiar gifts, she must have found the situation exasperating beyond concealment.

The Countess Dowager of Enniscorthy—she preferred to be thus addressed, although she was now once again sole bearer of the title, the intervening peeress having had but a brief reign, and the present male owner of the family honours being too young to have got him a wife—was and had been magnificent in all her relations with life. Yet in one thing she had proved a failure, and the bitterness of that failure had shadowed the best part of her existence. She had (to use her own expression) brought "only women, silly women" into the world. Her four daughters had, in their sensitive childish days, carried between them a consciousness of guilt for their sex for which it seemed as if they could never sufficiently apologise to their mother. Mamma could scarcely have been at fault: the weakness must have been theirs.

Well past youth themselves now, they still became as children again before their parent, receiving with reverence the affection tempered with contempt she bestowed upon them.

Lady Gertrude, however, youngest and fairest of the trio, most resembled her mother in strength of character; and had in several instances openly carried out her own way in spite of maternal remonstrance.

The second daughter (Lady Challoner, "poor Jane") upon the other hand was as incapable of being moulded into any kind of shape and as hopelessly deliquescent as an over-warmed jelly. The fool of the family, she had espoused, late in life, the most unattractive peer in the realm. The dowager had long given up endeavouring to guide, and was content to snub her. Lord Challoner himself had an iron will, but "poor Jane" ran out of the mould persistently.

Lady Florence, the eldest, was (as her three sisters confided to each other) deep—not to say sly. They could not be made to believe that her obtrusive devotion to her mother sprang solely from filial affection. Perhaps the dowager did not think so herself; she treated her something like a paid companion, yet had a curious dependence on her. She ground her, as the phrase goes, but could not get on without her.

Lady Gertrude, the open rebel, was undoubtedly her mother's favourite. But with Lady Enniscorthy partiality did not imply weakness. She was nearly as severe with her best loved daughter as with Lady Florence. And Gertrude Esdale's chief act of rebellion, and its consequences, being now under discussion, there was no relenting toward her in the maternal mind.

"Reginald's peculiarly emotional temperament." On this phrase the dowager had paused, and the silence was charged with the weight of an often repeated condemnation, combined with a new triumph.

"What did I tell you?" she proceeded at length, in her deep voice, "what did I write to you in India when I first heard of your insane decision, what did I say to you over and over again? You have abandoned your husband, my dear, and now you must face the consequences."

"Dear mamma, you know I saw my duty otherwise. Reginald could get on without me. The child could not."

Lady Gertrude spoke with a patient weariness of argument so reiterated that it had lost all colour.

"I should have looked after Norah," said Lady Enniscorthy.

Her terrible nose took a fiercer hook; her lips tightened as she uttered the words to which Lady Gertrude made no response. That silence of Gertrude's, expressive of a complete divergence of opinion which filial respect would not allow her to emit, was one of her many aggravating ways.

"You must face the consequences," repeated her mother now, in truly awful tones.

Lady Florence sighed.

"It would save time," said Gertrude, turning rather sharply on her, "if you would give these consequences a name."

Before the latter could reply, Lady Enniscorthy delivered herself.

"Another woman—"

The wife broke into frank laughter—the laughter of relief, of amusement.

"Oh, my dear mamma, I'm afraid, after all these years, you can't frighten me with such a bogy. Why, my poor Reginald has had his little flirtations since the first day of our honeymoon. Thank goodness, they're as innocent as he is himself, and as numerous as the hairs on his head. I devoutly trust he has not lost his nice curly locks in these three years since I have seen him."

"Three years, indeed, since you last met," said her mother, "seven, since you left him to his own devices. I am afraid, Gertrude, you will find that he has lost something more important than his hair, something you will never be able to regain."

"Do you mean his heart?" asked Lady Gertrude, looking down, and smoothing the folds of her pretty morning gown with two ivory taper fingers—she had the most beautiful hands in all the world. But her gentle voice could not conceal the upward twitch of her lips. The thought of Sir Reginald's heart seemed to be rather a joke to her.

"I mean," said the old lady, "his sense of conjugal obligation."

Lady Gertrude raised her violet-grey eyes with a sudden flicker of the usually placid eyelids.

"And when a man loses that, my dear," the mother went on, "it is not a woman of over forty who will bring it back." Relentlessly the grating tones proceeded: "The institution of marriage, which has been ordained to consecrate the affections, to strengthen the family ties, begins and ends with the obligation solemnly undertaken that husband and wife should cleave together——"

"But, my dear mamma, half the husbands and wives of the world are separated by sheer force of other duties."

"The wife's first duty is to her husband; if she voluntarily leaves him she has failed in her marriage vow. A man very soon gets into the fatal habit of doing without his wife. He learns first to do for himself; and by-and-bye he finds it more convenient to have some one else to do for him. He finds it is more agreeable than being alone, sometimes he finds the substitutes more agreeable than his lawful companion——"

"Mamma!"

"Substitutes take care to make themselves eminently agreeable; all that is given them, all that they give, has the charm of not being obligatory. They can be changed at will. They can be chosen young and lovely. When men are getting rather elderly, Gertrude, they are peculiarly susceptible to the charm of youth, and peculiarly flattered that they should still be reckoned as men who count with very young women."

"Is this dissertation, dear mamma, meant to break to me the news that Reginald has found substitutes during my absence?"

Gertrude folded her hands as she spoke. She was determined to smile, but could not keep a hint of bitterness either from lip or voice.

"Reginald has found something infinitely more dangerous — a substitute."

"The consequences—" murmured Lady Gertrude to herself. "Once again, the name, dear mamma?"

"Florence," ordered the dowager, "the name."

"A Mrs. Lancelot," sighed Lady Florence.

"Have you heard of her?" sepulchrally demanded Lady Enniscorthy of her youngest daughter.

This latter drew her arched brows in the effort of thought. Her face assumed an expression singularly like her mother's.

"Mrs. Lancelot?"

"A widow." said Lady Florence.

"I remember vaguely—yes—he did speak of her once. A pretty little widow, Mrs. Lancelot, who was very kind to him when he had his attack of fever about a year ago. But he has not mentioned her since."

Once more Lady Enniscorthy and the widow interchanged glances. He had not mentioned her for a year. Could anything be more marked?

"That is the business which is keeping your husband from coming straight to his home," said the dowager.

As she spoke the door opened and the butler made his appearance, bearing.

a telegram on a tray, which he presented with the words:

"Luncheon is served, my lady."

Lady Gertrude waited, characteristically, a second or two before opening the orange envelope. When she looked up at last from the sheet, her face retained its charming serenity; yet there was a subtle change upon it.

"It is from Reginald," she said, and proceeded to read aloud: "Unavoidably detained till evening. Important War Office business. Reginald."

"Do you believe in this important business?" asked her mother with a sneer.

"No," answered Gertrude thoughtfully.

She paused, and the maddening sigh of Lady Florence filled the interval. Lady Gertrude turned upon her:

"I suppose," she said then, "this is Coralie's gossip?"

"Both Ernest and Coralie spoke openly of the matter." As usual the old lady was ready with her emphatic interpolation. "It is, I fear, a matter that has gone beyond mere—gossip."

Again Lady Gertrude remained thoughtful. A third time she consulted the telegram. Then:

"Florence," she said, "would you mind taking dear mamma in to lunch. I shall join you in a minute or two. I am thinking," she added explanatorily to the dowager, "of telephoning to beg Ernest—or Coralie, or both, if possible, to come to me at once. I suppose I might catch Ernest at his club, or Coralie in Park Lane."

"You'll certainly catch Coralie," said Lady Florence, "but she said she was going to have—" here she smiled plaintively—"a real good tight beauty sleep after her journey."

"She won't mind interrupting it, I'm sure, for me," said Gertrude. Another time she would have bantered her sister on the tone of depression in which she had repeated the innocent remark. Lady Florence was eminently blessed in her son's choice, and in her own peculiarly saintly way exasperatingly resigned to the prettiest, sweetest American daughter-in-law in all the world.

Lady Enniscorthy hoisted herself out of her chair, and stood looking with a certain pride at her youngest daughter.

"I could not possibly say where Ernest was," proceeded Florence unwillingly.

She was of those who regarded their children as so exclusively their property that it becomes a grievance when any one else attempts to make use of them, even for the smallest service.

"Florence," said her mother snubbingly, "you spend your life in inventing difficulties. Coralie will know where Ernest is—it is much better that they should both come and give their report, since Gertrude requires so much convincing. Take me in and give me my lunch. I hope there is something I can eat, Gertrude."

"Dear mamma, I hope there is," said the mistress of the house sweetly, as with leisurely step she moved to the morning room, where was installed the telephone. On her way she paused to ring and give an order to the servant who promptly answered the call.

"Let Miss Norah know that as Sir Reginald will not be able to be with us before evening, I wish her to attend her drawing-class as usual. And, Barker, order the car to be round for her at two o'clock."

CHAPTER II

Orange Court is a pleasant Georgian house with an outlook on Windsor forest. Lady Gertrude had chosen it for her one precious child as combining all the advantages of town and country. The girl could attend occasional classes, lectures and concerts, and be visited by the best masters without losing the benefit of fresh air.

The spacious rooms, opening on the gardens that almost ran into the forest, were charming without being magnificent. An excellent but reserved taste had presided everywhere; there was more comfort than grandeur, more refinement than expensiveness. The only hint of extravagance was in the flowers, which were lavish within doors as well as without. For the rest all was pretty, "chintzy" and fresh, with some cabinets of fine china—a few good pictures and a

general scheme of furniture that should harmonise with the delicate Adams decoration—the distinctive câchet of the house.

The whole place had never looked more attractive than on this brisk June day, and Lady Gertrude, as she sat waiting for "Trunks," let her eye wander through the open door into the harmonious vista beyond, with, for all her courage, a sense of sudden and bitter anger. Was her mother right, indeed? Were men of such poor stuff that they could not endure the separation imposed by the most sacred maternal obligation without seeking undignified solace? Was the marriage contract, then, so frail a thing to the average husband that the wife must needs keep constant watch upon him to avert his infringing its clauses? There had been a very warm sense of satisfaction — if scarcely rapture — in her heart this morning, at the thought of her husband's return; and there was not a bowl of sweet pea, not a single one of those slender glasses of roses, that she had not herself disposed with an eye to his pleasure. . . . Mrs. Lancelot, a pretty little widow—her substitute!

The telephone bell rang sharply, unpleasantly arousing her.

"Is this 178 Park Lane? Can I speak to Mrs. Jamieson?—Oh! Can I speak to her maid? Yes, I'll hold on."

(It certainly was strange that Reginald had never mentioned Mrs. Lancelot again in his weekly letters. Save for that one casual reference, over a year ago, which any less acute memory than hers would have failed to retain, he had not written her name, and yet now it was familiarly coupled with his—her substitute!)

"Yes, is that Mrs. Jamieson's maid? Oh, it's you, my dear. My dear, I'm heart-broken to disturb you, but if you and Ernest could come down to me here at once, it would be a real kindness. No, Reginald has not made his appearance yet. But grandmamma and your mother-in-law are here."

Here Lady Gertrude started and rubbed her ear; for the recipient of this news at the other end had given a whistle which, if expressive of thorough understanding, was somewhat too piercingly conveyed along the wires.

"What? You'll come? You and Ernest? That's right; thank you."

Lady Gertrude hung up the receiver quickly. Deliberately composed as she was, any further remarks or confidences just then would have intensified the galling discomfort of her position. She went into the dining-room without giving herself leisure for reflection.

Here she found the dowager somewhat peevish over the absence of potash water and the oddity of her daughter preferring Irish whiskey to Scotch.

Before Lady Gertrude had had time to help herself to a cutlet, Lady Enniscorthy passed on to another grievance—a grievance that lost no savour for being again an old one.

"I see," she said, casting a severe look around the table, "that you adhere to your ridiculous arrangement of banishing Norah to the school-room for her meals, as if she were still fed on pap and couldn't behave herself at table. I wonder," with an acid laugh, "how you reconcile this regulation with your theory of maternal education. You left your husband, we understand, to be with your child."

"I made it a rule," insinuated Lady Florence, "to have Ernest down at lunch from his second birthday. It was one of the precious hours of the day."

"Norah dines with me," interrupted Lady Gertrude—"we find it fits in better with the lessons. And then we are not troubled by Fräulein's presence, and I, too, have a precious hour, Florence. Dear mamma, you know how it is here at Windsor—people always dropping in to lunch—it unsettled the child, interfered fatally with the hours of classes and all the rest of it. Norah——"

The door was thrown open upon the name and the owner of it sprang into the room with less decorum than might have been expected from a young lady whose upbringing was so systematically conducted.

"Upon my word," said Lady Enniscorthy, "one would think the house were on fire!"

But her hawk-eye softened indescribably as it rested on the radiant vision of

youth that had so tempestuously presented itself. That was the first impression that Norah Esdale invariably produced: youth; extraordinary freshness and vitality. She was ruthlessly young: her personality met one with a dash as of a mid-sea wave, or the slap of a spring wind. She seemed to give out sunshine, to move in an atmosphere of her own, all breeze and gaiety and careless strength—an embodiment of April. She took heart and eye by storm; and it was only after a while that one saw how irregular was the charming face; that the figure was too slim for its height; its movements as brusque and awkward as a puppy's. Many wondered how the serene, slow-moving, eminently smooth-mannered, low-voiced mother could have produced this impetuous creature. People commented with smiles on the results of dear Lady Gertrude's system. But what mattered it? Who could have wanted Norah's nose to be other than tip-tilted, her mouth less widely curved over those dazzling teeth? Who could have wished her hair less ruddy—who could have endured to see it sleeked down, when its luxuriance ran to such irresistible curls and misty tendrils? Her laugh was infectious, her tempers fascinating, her sallies adorable, her awkwardness, her immaturity, the grace of youth itself. And through her eyes, under those marked and arched black brows—the family trait which in her was so rare a beauty contrasted with the chestnut head—the frankest and most innocent soul that girl ever owned looked out upon the world. The eyes were green. Lady Florence was alone to lament it.

Before even the impatient hand had dashed open the door, Norah's voice had been uplifted in no subdued accents.

"Mamma—mamma, mayn't I chuck that bally old studio this afternoon, since I was to have given it up, anyhow, for father? Cousin Enn wants me to go for a spin with him. Mayn't I go? Please, please——"

"Norah, don't you see your grandmother?"

"Oh, granny darling!"

The long legs took two leaps, and the awe-inspiring dowager was assaulted by her granddaughter's embrace; the middle Victorian bonnet was knocked crooked on the majestic old head. Lady Florence, with a cry of horror, just saved the despised glass of soda water and Irish whiskey. A rebuke of unusual tartness was driven from her meek lips:

"Norah . . . you are impossible! Grandmamma cannot be treated with this roughness."

"Hold your tongue, Florence," said grandmamma. "Gertrude, your daughter is a hoyden."

But the little, trembling, old, blue-veined hands, with their weight of rings, were unconsciously caressing the bright head. And grandmamma's lips had a smile which only one being on earth had now the power to call there.

"Granny—tell mamma to let me go. It isn't a day to be stuffed up in a studio—granny!"

Norah broke from her grandmother's clasp as impulsively as she had sought it, and reared her slenderness, all tense and quivering with impatience. "Mamma, Cousin Enn is waiting on the telephone."

"Norah," said Lady Gertrude, "you have not said good-morning to your aunt."

"Oh, how do you do, Aunt Florence?"

The girl dropped an unwilling peck somewhere in the direction of Lady Florence's eyebrow; and standing erect, safely behind the widow's bonnet, grimaced her frank objection to the ceremony and to the person concerned.

"Mamma——!"

"Gently, Norah, gently."

"What am I to say to Enn?"

"You are to tell him, my dear, that you are due at St. John's Wood at three o'clock; that you are very much obliged to him for his kind thought of you and are sorry you cannot accept."

"Mamma—" protested Norah in high-pitched anguish.

"I ordered the car at two for you, dear, so you will have plenty of fresh air. Now go and dress. You've had your lunch, I suppose?"

"One bite of it—a beastly loin chop. Enn said . . ." In the voice there was a quiver as of tears, which the bright eyes winked fiercely back. "Enn said he'd lunch me at Marlow, where there's ever such good grub—and——"

"That will do, Norah, you know my wishes."

"Mamma——"

"Not a word more." Lady Gertrude's pleasant tones had not lost one of their musical inflections. On her somewhat statuesque face rested an air of smiling inflexibility.

"Granny . . . !"

Norah had dragged herself to the door; she now wheeled round with a flounce of blue linen skirts which gave a generous vision of a pretty, thin, silk-stockinged leg.

"Granny—you might tell mamma to be nice to me for once!"

"My dear," said Lady Enniscorthy, who had assumed a sphinx-like attitude during this dialogue, "it is only when daughters are young that they are supposed to obey their parents."

The child hesitated a second, met her mother's steady glance, and rushed from the room—with more than the suspicion of a slam of the door behind her.

The three women had a sudden sensation of gloom, as if the sunshine had gone too. Yet it was still flowing through the wide French windows, and the landscape beyond lay bathed in unclouded radiance.

Lady Enniscorthy gave a little fierce laugh. Her favourite grandchild's disappointment stirred her against her daughter with a resentment scarcely proportionate to the occasion.

"I congratulate you," she said, "I congratulate you upon your discipline and its results. Reginald will indeed be gratified. He will feel that the sacrifice which was imposed upon him has been brilliantly compensated for. Pray, my dear Gertrude—I am an ignorant old woman and find it hard to keep pace with the modern culture—what might 'bally' mean?"

"The child certainly does talk dreadful slang," lamented Lady Florence. She kept a frightenend eye upon her mother as she spoke. It was scarcely safe for old ladies to be thus excited.

Gertrude Esdale sat smiling, playing with the strawberries on her plate.

"Nora is a little wild," she conceded gracefully, "and she has picked up—as you say, Florence—some silly slang, chiefly from Enniscorthy. One of my reasons, dear mamma, for not wishing them to be so much together. But Norah is a good child—a good obedient child. And my will is law to her in spite of her little explosions. I have," said Lady Gertrude, "encouraged her to be frank with me, and she is as loyal to me behind my back as she is outspoken to my face."

"I say I congratulate you," said the grandmother.

She rose, still tremulously agitated from the constraint she was putting upon a temper as flaring as Norah's own. "But since the girl is such a paragon, I wonder you think it necessary to thwart her so persistently."

"We shall have coffee in the drawing-room," said Lady Gertrude, pressing the electric button at the corner of the dinner table.

"Thank you, Florence, I am quite capable of conveying myself as far as the drawing-room," snapped the dowager. Gertrude's habit of switching off discussion in this final manner was, to the last degree, exasperating to Lady Enniscorthy—all the more so that it was difficult to resent openly without opposing temper to suavity. As usual the *souffre-douleur* came in for the snub.

As the three ladies entered the drawing-room there was a whirl of blue skirt in the adjoining morning-room, and the sound of a closing door, soft enough this time, which Lady Gertrude was careful to ignore. She guessed rightly that Norah had been telephoning the recent decision to her cousin. Far, however, was the confident mother from suspecting what had passed along the wires.

"Mamma's perfectly *horrid* this morning—she says I'm not to go with you."

"Oh, I say!" came an answering lament of hollow disgust.

"Just when papa put us off and everything. Enn, I *am* disappointed."

"So am I, ra-ther—I say, Norah—this is a bit beastly of Cousin G."

"Beastly——"

" 'Pon my word it is," repeated the brilliant conversationalist at the other end of the wire.

"And I am to go to the studio."

"What?"

"I am to go to that disgusting studio instead."

"What?"

"The car's coming in two secs, and I'm to be stuffed up all the afternoon in St. John's Wood."

"Wha-at!"

"Enn, you're a perfect idiot! I won't say it again."

"I say, Norah"—the accents from Windsor, which had been dreamily reflective, were now hurried and excited—"I say, Norah, cut the bally studio and come with me."

"Enn . . . !"

"Your mother needn't know till you're gone."

"What about Fräulein?"

"Oh, Fräulein zum Henker——" said the guardsman (who had passed in languages).

"En . . . !"

"Hang it all, Norah, it would be a crime to miss our spin to-day. Look here, can't we square Fräulein? Can't you square Fräulein?"

"I might," said Norah reflectively.

"I'll be round in a jiffy—find you in the school-room?"

"Hush, they're coming!"

Before she corked him up (as she phrased it to herself) she caught his last words:

"The car . . . in the back lane."

The coffee was bubbling over the tiny spirit flame. Lady Gertrude's taper fingers moved smoothly among the old Spode cups.

"I hear a motor," said Lady Florence, pausing to listen, the sugar spoon suspended in mid-air.

"That is the car for Norah," said Lady Gertrude, casting a glance through the window at the farther end of the room. "It is too early for Coralie."

She caught a glint of her own chauffeur's white cap through the muslin curtains. Lady Enniscorthy snorted "How that horrible machine throbs!"

"Surely I hear another motor," pursued Lady Florence.

Hers was the type of mind that comments unnecessarily on the obvious and minute events of life.

"That's on the road," responded the placid sister.

Coffee was taken thereafter in a silence broken only by Lady Enniscorthy's demands for more milk, more sugar and more coffee.

"The motor's gone," remarked Lady Florence, at length.

Lady Gertrude did not this time cast a glance toward the window; perhaps she did not want to see her daughter's pretty muffled head glide across the panes, knowing that it was full of mutinous and resentful thoughts against herself.

She need not have feared to look, for the car moving away at a steady wheel was empty of passengers.

Enniscorthy lightly sprang up the back stairs and entered the school-room without knocking.

Norah, alone by the uncleared luncheon table, was reflectively gazing at a blue jug of warm water which stood flanked by a tumbler on a small tray. Over her school frock the girl had donned her loose, white motor coat, which hung open, revealing the slight, belted figure; from her winged motor hat—which gave the charming wild beauty of her face something of a Valkyrie look—the long gauze ends of her veil floated untied.

Young Enniscorthy paused upon his impetuous entrance. Norah struck him (as he expressed it) all of a heap whenever he saw her. To-day with "that winged thing" and "those floaty things" and the smile which she turned upon him, and "by Jove" that look in her eyes . . . Well, he'd known it all along, of course, known it without knowing it, as it were, but now it came upon him in such a way that it positively robbed him of breath. Norah was the one being in the world for him.

He stood, panting a little.

"There you are, Enn," said Norah, with great composure.

She had smiled—a brilliant smile of welcome and satisfaction—at sight of her young lover, for she, in her turn, had thought him very good to look upon, and

had known (long before Enniscorthy himself) that he and she were destined for each other. But there was no agitation about the matter. She was practical, she was content; she liked him with all her clear brain and all her child's heart. The woman in her was yet deeply asleep.

He was good to look on; one of the best, his comrades called him—clean-limbed and clean-minded, a wholesome English youth, full of life, of honest common sense and inherited prejudice as to honour and class obligations.

"Hang it all—there are things a fellow does not do:" that would be his condemnation of any infraction of those unwritten laws; how severe, it would take mind attuned to his own to understand. Not over-clever, but capable of sturdy work; not unduly handsome, but well-featured, with a finely set head, a good square brow and jaw; and something besides, something intangible and incommunicable of breeding and charm; a smile, an occasional look in the eyes that told of a spirituality a little unusual in a not otherwise unusual type.

"I say, Norah, ready? Come along."

We grow increasingly inarticulate with the centuries—how will our children's children communicate to each other the deepest feelings of their souls?

She ran to him and began to whisper. "Look here, Enn, you pop down to the hall door and just tell Binks the car's not wanted. Oh, don't be stupid: Binks is waiting for me with the car, of course. You've got to get him quietly away; you can give him ten shillings and say the car won't be wanted, with a wink—like this. Binks will understand, he's a dear. But, I say, you'd better go out by the back door and slink round by the house in case Barker should be in the hall. Barker is a regular pig."

"Right," said Enniscorthy.

He returned, with astounding celerity, to find Norah in much the same attitude as before.

"It's all O.K.," he began, loud and jovial.

She arrested him, finger on lip, and made a grimace at the door, which was half-open behind her.

"Hush, you gaby: Fräulein!"

He took a couple of steps toward her.

"Hallo! Haven't you settled with her yet?" he whispered back.

"No," responded Norah, in the same undertone, with much mouthing. "But I'm thinking of something."

She straightened herself and looked extraordinarily innocent.

"Norah . . . Norah!" came a somewhat querulous voice from the next room. This was followed by a patter of short steps.

"Yes," responded the pupil cheerfully.

"It is late, child. Haf you seen my blue spectacles? Ach, I haf not yet drunk my hot water!"

A flat, squat figure, dingy-brown in garments and complexion, bearing a fantastic resemblance to a domestic black-beetle reared on its hind legs, appeared in the doorway adjoining the two rooms. The plainness of the flat countenance was redeemed by the remarkable intelligence of the forehead; the discontented twist of the mouth by a twinkle of kind eyes. Fräulein was a good old sort—Norah was the first to admit it. She was a treasure of learning, Lady Gertrude knew, and a treasure of fidelity.

"Ach! it is my lord!" cried the German lady from the threshold.

She ought to have been angry: it was an infringement of all established rules. But she smiled, and a thousand good-humoured, humorous wrinkles gathered up her countenance, making it quite pleasant to look upon, drawing one irresistibly to smile back. Fräulein had her vulnerable points. This handsome young man—and Edelmann—with his pretty, kind ways, never failed to find one of them. Norah, the minx, had knowledge of another.

"Good-morning, Fräulein. I hope you don't mind. I just looked in for one minute, don't you know."

He turned for instructions to his cousin. She was feeling the blue jug.

"It's quite warm still. It's Fräulein's hot water," she explained sympathetically. "She's doing the Salisbury treatment now. It's agreeing with her ever so much better than nuts. Minced beef at every meal, you know, and you mustn't

drink till after meals—and then it's hot water."

"Oh, I say!" said Enniscorthy. There was genuine concern in his voice. The Salisbury treatment sounded unspeakably horrible.

"It is for my rheumatism, my lort," said the little Teuton. She stretched her knobby hand in its buff cotton glove for the glass of water Norah was thoughtfully pouring out.

"I say, by Jove, you know," said Enniscorthy, staring. "Do you think it really agrees with you?"

"Do you?" asked Norah, pausing in her act of ministration. She put down the jug. "You look awfully tired. Perhaps it's the minced beef?"

"Ach, wass!" cried Fräulein, a note of alarm in her voice.

"She does look tired," said Norah, her green eyes roaming solemnly to her cousin's face. "She looks quite ill. Oh, I do hope, Trottsky darling, you haven't got one of your chills! There's such a lot of flu about——"

"Ach!"

"Gladys had a temperature of a hundred and three last week. (That's the second housemaid, Enn. Mamma says she's to be called Mary, but I don't see why she shouldn't be called Gladys if she likes, poor thing.)"

Fräulein had sat down, and was feeling her pulse under the cotton glove. Her face was no longer wrinkled with its good smile. Its subfuscous hue had altered to a sickly pallor. Her pulse was undeniably quick. There was no doubt about it. Norah knew her little governess's weakest point.

She winked meaningly at Enniscorthy.

"Tell you what, Trottsky, I'm going to take your temperature. And if it's up you will just bundle into bed with a quinine and phenacetin."

"Aber, Norah, Liebchen . . ." said Fräulein mistily, and propped her head on her hand.

A temperature! It was more than probable, indeed, that she had a temperature with so rapid a pulse. Now that she came to think of it, the workings of her brain had been extraordinarily vivid, not to say excited during the history lesson this morning. She had thought it had been stimulated by the fire of patriotism, for the story of the Prussian victory at Waterloo never failed to stir her soul, but it was most probably the fever. And she had had little or no appetite for that second helping of minced beef. She had had positively to force herself to it. And was there not a pain over her left eye?

"Perhaps it would be better," she admitted.

Norah briskly departed and as briskly returned. She knew where the thermometer was; on the table beside Fräulein's bed.

"Are you sure it is shaken down?" asked the sudden invalid anxiously, as Norah stood again beside the hot water jug, with nimble fingers unscrewing the top of the nickel case. "It was a point and a half up last night."

"Of course," cried the pupil in her gay young voice.

She tossed back the long ends of her veil, and began to shake the thermometer violently.

"O Weh, mein Kopf," sighed Fräulein Trautmann. The pain had now distinctly developed in both temples. It could only be the frontal ague of severe influenza. She clasped them in her small, gloved fingers.

There was a clink against the blue jug. Norah dropped the thermometer-case ostentatiously upon the tray; then she stood over her teacher and deftly inserted the thermometer into her mouth.

"But, child," spluttered the latter, "have you even washed it?"

"What do you take me for?" cried Norah, with accents of truth. "I washed it most carefully, Fräulein."

Enniscorthy, who since Norah's wink had abstained from even watching the proceedings and stood by the window, looking down through the open sash on the green lawn, and whistling under his breath, now wheeled round. He glanced at the little German, who sat with corrugated brows, the air of anxiety and pain on her face contrasting with the false rakishness with which the thermometer stuck out of one side of her mouth.

"I say, Norah," he began then, and his eyes wore a puzzled and not alto-

gether pleased expression as they turned upon his cousin. "I say, Norah, you know——"

"Sh-sh." She waved him peremptorily to silence. "You mustn't speak, don't you see I'm taking the time. We'll make it three minutes, Trots; it's safer."

Enniscorthy ran his very nice, well-shaped hand through his thick fair hair, and pulled as much as he could grasp to assist the process of thinking. Apparently the stimulation failed, for he turned again to the window with an air of dejection. Norah's uplifted voice startled him.

"A hundred and three!" Her tones were shrill, as if some alarm mingled with the importance of the announcement.

"Aber, in Gottes Namen . . ." ejaculated Fräulein. She snatched the thermometer from her pupil's hand with a vigour surprising in one so stricken. "It is doch true!" she exclaimed.

"True—rather! Hundred and three, no mistake about it. Just look, Enn—poor Fräulein! Isn't it lucky we found it out before starting in the motor? Why, it might have been your death. No, Trottsky, it's bed, and quinine, and—and——"

Fräulein was heard to murmur some contradictory remarks about her duty to Lady Gertrude; her desire for an immediate interview with her; her fear of conveying infection. Her face had grown very red: there was an unwonted light in her eyes.

"I feel unendlich elend," she avowed. Yet her accents breathed less of complaint than of a certain sombre satisfaction.

"Now, don't you worry—I'll settle everything with mamma. Oh, yes, oh, yes, Thomasine can take me to the studio! Tell you what, Fräulein, I'll call on Dr. Somers on the way, and send him up to you post haste."

"Ach, he will not say it is hypochondria this time!" said little Fräulein: there was—no mistaking it—triumph in her tone.

She rose as she spoke, and Norah promptly hustled her toward her bedroom.

"Goot-morning, my lort," said the polite "Trottsky" in plaintive farewell over her shoulder.

"Come now, Trottsky, I can't let you kiss him this time."

"Ach, Norah . . . pfui!"

"Thomasine, indeed," cried the girl, as she closed the door upon the sufferer and came skipping back toward the young man, her veil flying, mischief and joy bubbling from her. "Thomasine, indeed——" Then with one of her irrepressible outbursts: "I am going with my own Tommy boy and nobody else."

She flung herself against Enniscorthy as she spoke, and he had to catch her by the waist to keep her from falling. She bent the adorable litheness of her young weight over his arm and laughed up at him, her green eyes swimming in tears of mirth.

"Hold me, Enn, hold me, or I shall die. It's a mercy it wasn't a hundred and nine or poor old Trottsky would have had a fit."

"Steady, steady, Norah!—look here, old girl—stand straight, will you."

The boy was trembling from the contact that left her cool and untroubled as a flower. But it was his code and his instinct that he should not even draw close the arm that held his beloved.

The time was not yet at hand when he would speak, she was still a child. And though he shook with his young honest feeling for her his judgment remained uninfluenced. Beginning with the inevitable, "I say, you know—" he proceeded in rebuking tones:

"It isn't quite pretty of you, Norah. The poor little thing must be very ill to have such a temperature. By Jove, they made an awful fuss when I went up to that after my polo smash."

Norah, not the least offended, took the table for support instead of her young guardsman.

"Oh, Enn, you incomparable idiot, you complete ass! Didn't you see me? Why I dipped the thermometer into the hot-water jug!"

"Norah!"

"Trottsky is as well as you or I."

"Oh, I say, what a horrid trick."

"Trick? She's as happy as a queen. She's going to have three hours unmiti-

gated glory until the doctor finds her normal again. And then even he cannot deny the thermometer. Trust her to brandish it at him. They will talk till all's blue; and he'll have to keep her in bed in case it should be true bill and she have a collapse after such a sudden fall."

"Norah, you're too clever to live," said Enniscorthy, not quite certain whether he approved of so much cleverness.

"Well, you ain't. That ought to be a comfort to you. Come, let's scuttle."

She tucked her arm into his: they ran out together like children.

(*To be continued*)

A GLIMPSE AT THE JUVENILE BOOK WORLD

In Two Parts—Part II

NUMEROUS volumes of children's verse, attractively illustrated, are still appearing and finding their place in the display of juveniles of this season of the year. One prominent in this class is a large quarto volume, *My Busy Days,* by Edith Barnes Sturgis, consisting of children's verses which appeal specially to the little girl. The full-page illustrations in colour, by Margaretta S. Hinchman, make the book a very attractive one. This is published by Messrs. D. Appleton and Company.

In Verse and Picture

Last year the children were much interested in hearing about the *Two Teddy Bears in Toyland* and this fall the publishers of that book, Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, have had prepared a volume which will be equally pleasing to them. This is called *The Mighty Hunter in Toyland,* and is by the same author, Elizabeth M. Gordon. In verse and picture the children may follow the doll hunter through his adventures in the country and in the woods. Messrs. B. W. Dodge and Company issue a volume which will please small lovers of kittens. *The Little Adventures of Kitty Tipsey-Toe,* as told in verse by Margaret Morgan and illustrated by Ethel de Wees, sets forth the doings of a lively little kitten. It tells about her birthday, her Christmas tree, how she plays with the baby, her visit to dancing school, how she goes skating, and about many other odd adventures. For Aileen Cleveland Higgins's short verses under the title of *Dream Blocks* one of the children's favourite illustrators, Jessie Wilcox Smith, has provided sixteen full-page pictures in four colours. This appears on the list of Messrs. Duffield and Company. On the same list is *The Bumbletoes,* in which Millicent Sowerby and Githa Sowerby tell in illustration and verse of the adventures of the Bumbletoe brothers, Buttonsboy and Belinda, known as "the dauntless four." The story of a little boy's trip to Holland is told in rhymes and pictures by Estelle M. Kerr. The title of this volume is *Little Sam in Volendam.* Here Sam sees many things that seem queer to him and learns much about the boys and girls of that quaint land. This is brought out by Messrs. Moffat, Yard and Company, who also add to their list *Bill, a Cheerful Dog,* being a volume of children's verse, humorously illustrated throughout, by Frederick White. This tells of the adventures of a little puppy whose motto was "Be Cheerful." Messrs. Small, Maynard and Company publish what is called *The Grandmother Goose Stories,* by John Howard Jewett, who is the author of *The Bunny Stories, Christmas*

Stocking Tales, etc. *The Grandmother Goose Stories* consist of four volumes, *The Kittens and the Bear, The Ducklings Go A-Swimming, What Happened to the Little Chicks,* and *Gosling's Picnic*, made up of short verses, each accompanied by an illustration in colour. Another child's gift book, though of a different character, is a volume of *Divine and Moral Songs for Children,* by Isaac Watts, D.D. It is illustrated by Mrs. Arthur Gaskin and is published by Messrs. L. C. Page and Company.

Stories for Little People

Of the books designed to afford entertainment for the very young reader the fairy tale receives as warm a welcome as any. *The Princess and Curdie,* by George Macdonald, which made its first appearance as far back as 1882, is issued again this year in a more attractive form. To illustrate the tale, Maria L. Kirk has supplied twelve full-page pictures in colour. This is on the list of the J. B. Lippincott Company. Then there is *The Elm Tree Fairy Book,* edited by Clifton Johnson, author of *The Oak-Tree Fairy Book, The Birch-Tree Fairy Book,* etc. This includes over thirty favourite wonder tales of many nations in a version especially suited for little children. The publishers are Messrs. Little, Brown and Company. Another fairy story that will appeal strongly to the little girl is one just published by Messrs. Moffat, Yard and Company, *Garden Fairies,* by Samuel Savil Paquin. This is about a little girl named Lalla, who loved her garden and spent many hours working in it. Tired after her toiling among the flowers, Lalla would fall asleep, and then it was that the fairies came to her and told all the wonderful things about the garden; how the little seed comes to life in the spring, how it grows from a tiny plant to a big plant, and how the fairies watch it until it is tall and strong and can bear the beautiful blossoms. The volume has been very daintily illustrated. Also among the juveniles published by Messrs. Moffat, Yard and Company is a book by Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, entitled *The Good Wolf.* A little boy by the name of Barry goes into the woods, where he meets a big wolf, which at first frightens him. However, after the animal tells him that he is a good wolf and a good friend to a boy who is happy and never grumbles, Barry trusts him and many good times are in store for the boy through the kind offices of the big wolf. It is illustrated throughout with pictures of all the animals Barry meets in the woods. Messrs. Little, Brown and Company publish two more books for children. These are *The Make-Believe Boys,* by Julia Dalrymple, which tells how little David Kent "makes-believe" all sorts of things, from hunting wild animals in the pine grove behind the house to becoming Hop-o'-my-Thumb and being lost in the woods; and *The Children's Treasure Trove of Pearls,* edited by Mary Wilder Tileston and consisting of stories for children, taken principally from books published years ago and now out of print. Dorothy Dainty has become a great favourite with the little girl readers and they have followed her through many experiences. This year the author, Amy Brooks, has added another volume to the series, making seven in all. The title of the new book is *Dorothy Dainty's Gay Times.* She is at her home in the great stone house and is finding lots of enjoyment in attending the private school conducted by her Aunt Charlotte. This series is carried on by the Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. Messrs. B. W. Dodge and Company offer a book which will greatly amuse the little people, and that is *Father Crow and His Crew,* by Franklin H. Olmsted, with pictures by T. Gilbert White. Here will be found many tales of bird life. A little volume prepared by John T. McCutcheon and the Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones and brought out by the Unity Publishing Company is *What Does Christmas Really Mean?* To a little boy to whom Christmas means a holiday, a visit from Santa Claus, and lots of good things to eat, a mother tells the story of Christ and helps the child to grasp the true meaning of the day.

Messrs. Harper and Brothers have recently added to their list a number of books which have a special interest for boys. One that stands out among these is another of Holman Day's popular stories of the Maine woods. *The Eagle*

Badge, telling of the exciting adventures of the lumbermen and the dangers connected with log-driving on the Allegash River, should appeal strongly to Mr. Day's young readers.

Books for Boys and Girls

Among the several books that are appearing this winter under the title *In the Open* there is one written especially for young people. This is by William O. Stoddard and consists of fifteen lively outdoor stories. They tell of fishing, hunting, prairie life and all the joys of camping out. A new book in the Harper's Young People's Series is *Adventures at Sea*, containing a number of sea stories about whale-hunts, wrecks, castaways, and thrilling rescues. These are contributed by Rear-Admiral T. H. Stevens, T. H. Converse, John R. Coryell, Maria Louise Pool and others. *The Young Alaskans*, by Emerson Hough, is an account of the adventures that three boys have after they are cast away off the coast of Alaska. They succeed in making a landing at Kaludiak Bay, one of the wildest spots in Alaska, and there enter upon camp life. Despite the hardships they have to endure they thoroughly enjoy what they consider the time of their lives. The boys have many experiences in fishing and hunting. The announcement of a new book by Kirk Munroe is always of significance. *Under the Great Bear* is another of his tales of adventure. The hero, a mechanical engineer, on his way to some iron and copper mines in Newfoundland, is aboard a ship which is wrecked by an iceberg. After drifting around on a raft for a time he is rescued by a vessel bound for another part of Newfoundland. Before finally reaching his destination he has many wild experiences; he is obliged to spend some months on board a ship which has been blocked by an iceberg; later is captured by Indians and rescued by a strange creature who proves to be a great scientist; is lost in a blizzard, and has many other narrow escapes. However, he finds the mines rich with ore, returns to New York and is rewarded for his trip. On the list of Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company appears a new book which will be welcomed by boys. This is *The Good Sword Belgarde*, by A. C. Curtis. The sword is one which belonged to an old Crusader and had come into the possession of a young English squire in the time of King John. The story is a record of how he fought and won many battles with the aid of the old sword. One of the chief historical events in the story is the siege of Dover. A story of the Texas plains is *Pete Cow-Puncher*, by Joseph B. Ames, the author of *The Treasure of the Canyon*, and published by Messrs. Henry Holt and Company. A tenderfoot, who learns to love the life of the plains and becomes a cowboy, tells his own story. The monotony and hardships of the life are all set forth as well as its attractive side. *From Keel to Kite*, by Isabel Hornibrook, is the story of how a young boy, Oakley Rose, who had inherited a love of vessels, after years of apprenticeship, constantly confronted by difficulty, becomes a naval architect. The boy has many thrilling experiences, especially on a voyage to the Arctic waters, where he is astray in a dory for days. A new volume in the Phillips-Exeter Series is *A Full-Back Afloat*, by A. T. Dudley. After his first year at college, where he has distinguished himself on the gridiron, Dick Melvin is desirous of making a trip to Europe, and, lacking the funds, is induced to earn his passage over. This he does on board a cattle vessel, and his athletic training proves quite an asset when he finds himself associated with a class of men who are rough and lawless. These two books appear on the list of the Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company. The Fleming H. Revell Company has issued a little book of advice to boys, with lots of good stories and anecdote combined. This is under the title of *If I Were a Boy* and is written by Lucy Elliot Keeler, who has for a long time been one of the editorial writers on the *Youth's Companion*.

The latest addition to the Little Girl Series, making the thirteenth volume, is *A Little Girl in Old Salem*. In each volume of the series, which is published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company, the author, Amanda M. Douglas, sets forth in an attractive manner something of the history of the city in which the story is set. Miss Ellen Douglas Deland, who is

the author of *A Little Son of Sunshine,* etc., adds to the juvenile list *Miss Betty of New York,* which tells of the friendship and of the adventures of Betty and her playmate Christopher. This is from the press of Messrs. Harper and Brothers. In Helen Leah Reed's new volume in the Irma Series, *Irma in Italy,* the schoolgirl is two or three years older than when she was first introduced in *Irma and Nap.* She has now been invited to travel with an aunt and uncle. They go to Europe by the Southern route and Irma has the opportunity to visit many of the large cities, as well as the towns and villages, of Italy and to learn much of their history. Another girl's story brought out by the same publishers, Messrs. Little, Brown and Company, is one by Myra Sawyer Hamlin, entitled *Persis Putnam's Treasure, or Nan's Girls' Camp at Chicopina.* Nan, the heroine of the author's previous outdoor book for girls, *Nan at Camp Chicopina,* is as happy and cheerful as ever and is again using her influence for good. This time she endeavours to put the wealthy, but by no means contented, Persis Putnam in a happy frame of mind. Nan's efforts and the atmosphere which pervades at the camp helps the girl to realise the true use and value of her wealth and position. The sixth volume in the Helen Grant Series, written by Amanda M. Douglas and published by the Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company, has recently been issued. In this book, *Helen Grant, Graduate,* Helen returns to her college to take up post-graduate work and enjoys the same popularity that was hers all during her college course. There are numerous love affairs, but Helen is not yet ready to give up her work. After the appearance of the last volume of the Little Colonel Series, *The Little Colonel's Knight Comes Riding,* in which the Little Colonel's girlhood closed, the author, Annie Fellows Johnston, was accused by her young readers of having "skipped" many things they wanted to know about. So another volume, *Mary Ware: The Little Colonel's Chum,* has been prepared to satisfy some of the anxious questions about matters that had been "skipped." In this story we find Mary Ware at a boarding-school, where she is surrounded by a group of girls. The Little Colonel and some of her other old friends are also brought into the story. This series is published by Messrs. L. C. Page and Company.

Of an Instructive Nature

In this field there are a number of volumes among which are several that will be especially attractive to the practical and inquiring mind of the American boy. Some time ago Messrs. Harper and Brothers inaugurated a series of what they called "Handy Books for American Boys," and in which appeared *Harper's Electricity for Boys, Harper's Outdoor Book* and *Harper's Indoor Book.* To this series has just been added *Harper's How to Understand Electrical Work,* by William H. Onken, Jr., and Joseph B. Baker; the former being associate editor of the *Electrical World* and the latter technical editor of the *United States Geographical Survey.* In a simple and clear manner, comprehensive to the youth for whom the work is intended, the author tells of the source of electricity, how it is made and used, and explains its lighting and heating power and other properties which figure largely in the daily life. Another series of like interest to boys is that which the Frederick A. Stokes Company has started and which is known as the *Wonder Books of Science.* Its object is to set forth simple explanations of some of the mysteries which puzzle the youthful student of nature. Two new volumes in this series, under the authorship of Professor Edwin J. Houston, are *The Wonder Book of Light* and *The Wonder Book of Magnetism.* The first takes up and explains such subjects as reflection and refraction; looking glasses; burning glasses and shaving glasses; the microscope; the telescope; the eye; the spectrum; invisible light; the X-Rays; rainbows; ghosts; soap bubbles; lighthouses, etc. In the second Professor Houston talks with his readers about the magnetic batteries and magnetic currents; lodestones; the compass; the curious causes of its variations and methods of preventing them; magnetism and light; the varieties of Aurora Borealis; the telephonograph, or "talking newspaper," and other rela-

tive subjects. In these volumes Professor Houston has made use of old fairy tales wherever it seemed that they would aid in enlightening his young readers on some points difficult for them readily to comprehend. The illustrations and diagrams which are scattered through the volumes also aid materially in explaining the various subjects. The same house has brought out an interesting and instructive book entitled *Animals of the World for Young People,* by Tudor Jenks and Charles R. Knight. Here are described all the existing mammals, with the exception of those that are very rare and almost unheard of nowadays, and in his introduction Mr. Jenks, after giving the scope of this work, outlines briefly the general structure and anatomy of the animals treated in the volume. There are forty full-page coloured plates, which represent two hundred animals. As a foundation for the deeper study of mythology in later years comes a volume from the Baker and Taylor Company under the title *A Child's Guide to Mythology,* by Helen A. Clarke, who, by reason of the the years she has spent in lecturing and writing on this subject, is well fitted for the work she has undertaken in the preparation of a volume of this kind. After answering in an introductory chapter the question "What is a Myth?" Miss Clarke continues the study by means of stories containing myths about animals, trees and plants, the sun, moon and stars, the sky and air, and mother-myths and child-myths. Messrs. Dodd, Mead and Company have recently published *Young People's Story of Music,* by Ida Prentice Whitcomb, whose *Young People's Story of Art,* issued last fall, is regarded as a standard of its kind for children. This new volume opens up the great world of music to the young people. Opening with a chapter on "The Beginnings of Music" and closing with one "Modern Music of Other Countries" the author presents to her readers the growth and development of the art through the centuries. The book is illustrated with portraits of many noted composers and with reproductions of some primitive musical instruments. Rather a novel volume and one which should interest children from ten to twelve years of age is *When Mother Lets Us Cook,* by Constance Johnson. It is a book with which the child will spend many pleasant and profitable hours, working out the simple recipes which are given, including a number for the chafing-dish or saucepan, some baking recipes, and recipes for many dainty dishes, and reading over the rules for cooking, which the author has put down in rhyme. The little girl is told just what materials and what utensils to have on hand. This book is published by Messrs. Moffat, Yard and Company.

K. L. M.

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES

Dodd, Mead and Company:

Christmas To-day. By Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Brief essays on some of the spiritual and social phases of the Christmas season.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

By the Christmas Fire. By Samuel McChord Crothers.

A volume of Christmas essays. Dr. Crothers writes of Christmas and the Literature of Disillusion, of Christmas and the Democratic Spirit, and of other allied topics.

VERSE

Richard G. Badger:

Verses. By Lusina Strong Mills and Jessie Mills.

Including religious poems, verses for children, and a number of miscellaneous poems.

Children of Christmas and Others. By Edith M. Thomas.

A volume of verse for the Christmas season.

H. M. Caldwell Company:

Poems from Punch.

Containing over fifty selections with the dates when they first appeared.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

The Bird in Song. A Collection of Poems. Edited by Robert Sickert.

In which have been brought together one hundred poems, from various sources, on the subject of birds.

The Quiet Singer and Other Poems. By Charles Hanson Towne.

A collection of the author's short poems reprinted from various magazines.

Henry Holt and Company:

Davy Jones's Yarns, and Other Salted Songs. By Thomas Ybarra.

A volume of humorous verse amusingly illustrated throughout by Henry Mayer.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Poems of Richard Watson Gilder.

A complete edition of Mr. Gilder's poems, containing the substance of the nine volumes of his writings previously published, together with a tenth collection bringing together his very latest pieces. This is the latest volume in the Household Edition of the Poets.

The Lone Star Publishers (Paris, Texas):

Man and His Mate. A Little Book for His Heart and Hers. Compiled and arranged by Miss Nina Isabel Jennings.

Verses by various authors on the subject of love.

Elkin Mathews (London):

Quatrains of Omar Khayyam. By Arthur B. Talbot.

From a literal prose translation, by Edward Heron-Allen, of the earliest known manuscript (Bodleian Library: Ouseley MSS., No. 140).

W. Mayer (Madison, Wis.):

Some Wander Songs and Other Verse. By Horatio Winslow.

Containing about twenty short poems, two of which, "Wander Song" and "Here's the End of Dreaming," appeared originally in *McClure's Magazine.*

Niles Publishing Company (Bridgeport, Conn.):

Mungen. A Book of Verse. By Fanny Runnells Poole.

Containing forty-five poems on musical, historical and literary themes, five translations from the sonnets of De Heredia, in the original order of rhyme, four translations from ancient Italian poets, and fourteen versions from the Japanese anthology.

Privately Printed:

The Wounded Eros. Sonnets. By Charles Gibson.

These sonnets, one hundred and twenty-eight in all, are prefaced by an appreciative introduction by William Stanley Braithwaite.

Sherman, French and Company:

Idylls of Greece. By Howard V. Sutherland.

Containing four epic poems.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

Legendary Ballads. Edited with an Introduction by Frank Sidgwick. With Illustrations in Colour After Byam Shaw, R. I.

The best of the longer ballads from Percy's "Reliques," such as "Chevy Chase," etc.

Ballads and Lyrics of Love. Edited with an Introduction by Frank Sidgwick. With Illustrations in Colour After Byam Shaw, R. I.

The best known from Percy's "Reliques," including poetry by Lovelace, Marlowe, etc.

H. M. Youmans (Waukesha, Wis.):

The Divine Weeks of Josuah Sylvester. Mainly Translated from the French of William de Saluste, Lord of the Bartas. Edited with Introduction, Notes, Emendations and Excisions by Theron Wilber Haight.

Collated with the quarto editions of 1608, 1611 and 1613, and the folios of 1621, 1633 and 1641. In the introduction is given a sketch of the life and work of Joshuah Sylvester.

ART, MUSIC, DRAMA

Richard G. Badger:

The Comet. A Play of Our Times. By Edward Doyle.

The scene of the play is an American college and the characters are mostly students and others connected with the college.

Guide Printing and Publishing Company:

The Trend. A Modern Drama. By James Smith Rollow.

A drama in four acts, depicting the social and financial life of New York.

Frederick A. Stokes Company:

The Bond of Music. An Anthology. Edited by Duncan and August MacDougall.

An anthology of poems and prose by

great writers who were also music lovers.

A. Wessels Company:

Evolution in Italian Art. By Grant Allen.

Being a series of papers which originally appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *English Illustrated Magazine.* They are based on the author's observations made in Italian and other galleries during the winters which he spent abroad.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

American Unitarian Association:

Sons of the Puritans. A Group of Brief Biographies.

Containing sketches of George Frisbie Hoar, Morrill Wyman, Horace Gray, Charles Franklin Dunbar, Phillips Brooks, Francis Channing Barlow, Henry Sturgis Russell, Roger Walcott, William Eustis Russell, Charles Eliot, and William Henry Baldwin, Jr. The sketches have been prepared by eleven different writers and each sketch is accompanied by a portrait of its subject.

Some Memories. By Robert Collyer.

These memories, which tell of many of the experiences of his life, show the strength of the man, his sturdy, tender, and lovable character. "They were," he says, "so interwoven in my life through the fifty years they touch the sunshine and shadows, the sorrows and joy."

Longmans, Green and Company:

Thomas Ken and Izaak Walton. A Sketch of Their Lives and Family Connections. By E. Marston.

In speaking of his new book Mr. Marston says: "The work professes nothing more than to furnish a sketch of the lives of two men of opposite tastes and pursuits, brought into intimate relationship by the force of circumstances. They were both good men and honest anglers; the first was a fisher of Men, the second an angler of Fish. They were not Millionaires, and so their lives were happy and contented. They lived and died in charity with all men."

The Life of Henry Irving. Two volumes. By Austin Brereton.

A biography of Sir Henry Irving giving the history of his career from his birth to his death. Mr. Brereton was an intimate personal friend of the great actor for over twenty-five years and much of the material he uses in this work came directly from Sir Henry Irving, who knew of Mr. Brereton's intention of writing the biography at the end of his career. From the summer of 1898 until the death of the actor Mr. Brereton acted for him in an official and confidential capacity, during which time he states that Sir Henry Irving told him much of his life's story and sent him letters which contained valuable notes and suggestions in regard to his career.

The Macmillan Company:

My Memoirs. By Alexander Dumas. Translated by E. M. Waller. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang.

Volume V in the Dumas Memoirs, which work is to be complete in six volumes. The memoirs of the present book extend over one year, 1831-32.

The McClure Company:

The Boyhood of Lincoln. By Eleanor Atkinson.

An account of the early years in the life of Abraham Lincoln as they were recalled by Dennis Hank, his cousin and the last survivor of those who knew the great man at this stage of his life. Miss Atkinson's interview with this old man took place shortly before his death.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Memories of Three Score Years and Ten. By Richard McIllwaine, D.D., LL.D.

Dr. McIllwaine tells the story of his long life with its varied experiences as minister, Secretary of Foreign Missions, as a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Virginia, and as president of the Hampden-Sidney College.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

The First Governess of the Netherlands, Margaret of Austria. By Eleanor E. Tremayne.

An account of the life and times of one of the many remarkable women of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This account has been derived to a great extent from material hitherto unused by English historians. Mrs. Tremayne has been for some years engaged in the preliminary studies for the work, and has had access to the archives of France and Belgium.

Memoirs of the Comte De Rambuteau. Edited by His Grandson. Translated from the French by J. C. Brogan. With an Introduction and Notes by M. George Lequin.

A record of the experiences of the writer, who was chamberlain to Napoleon I. Here the first emperor of the French is seen in his familiar and every-day relations, and a detailed account of the way in which the court informally amused itself or entertained in public or official functions is given. The memoirs present a pic-

ture of French society and throw much light on the character of Napoleon and those about him.

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

American Unitarian Association:

Where the Light Dwelleth. By Robert Collyer. With a Memoir by Charles Hargrove, M.A.

A volume of sermons. Some of the titles are: "The Way Where the Light Dwelleth;" "Every Man a Penny;" "The Treasures of the Snow;" Healing Shadows;" "Light on a Hidden Way;" "Seeing God Afterward;" "The Psalm of the Autumn Leaf;" and "Looking Toward Sunset."

Broadway Publishing Company:

Psychology of the Will. By James A. Ritchey, A.M., Ph.D.

The author treats this subject in its various phases. Among others there are chapters on Presumptive Evidence; Evolutionism; Activity; Intellect; Sensibility; Will; Motive: Person: and Liberty.

Duffield and Company:

The Sermon on the Mount. From the Translation Authorised by King James, A. D. 1611; Together with the Revised Version of A. D. 1901.

In the Rubric Series.

The Grafton Press:

Early Christian Hymns. Translations of the Verses of the Most Notable Latin Writers of the Early and Middle Ages. By Daniel Joseph Donahoe.

Containing translations of all the great or notable hymns from those of St. Hilary (born 300 A. D.) to those of Pope Urban VIII (born 1568). A brief biographical sketch of each writer is given.

Henry Holt and Company:

Ethics. By John Dewey and James H. Tufts.

In the American Science Series. The object of this work is "to awaken a vital conviction of the genuine reality of moral problems and the value of reflective thought in dealing with them."

Little, Brown and Company:

Ideals of the Republic. By James Schouler, LL.D.

A study of the origin and development of those ideas in civil government which have influenced the growth and progress of the United States as a world's power among the nations. The application of those ideas to present conditions is also considered. The book is based on a series of lectures given by the author at Johns Hopkins University.

Longmans, Green and Company:

(For Columbia University.)

The Enforcement of the Statutes of Labourers. During the First Decade after the Black Death. 1349-1359. By Bertha Haven Putnam, Ph.D.

Volume XXXII, Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

(For Columbia University.)

The Province of New Jersey. 1664-1738. By Edwin P. Tanner, Ph.D.

Volume XXX, Studies in History, Economics and Public Law. Edited by the Faculty of Political Science of Columbia University.

New Light on Immortality. By E. E. Fournier d'Albe.

In this volume the new data accumulated by recent physical and biological investigations, on the one hand, and psychical research on the other, are brought to bear upon the question of human survival after death.

The Macmillan Company:

The Educational Ideal in the Ministry. The Lyman Beecher Lectures at Yale University in the Year 1908. By William Herbert Perry Faunce.

The book deals with some of the most pressing problems of moral and religious education, and shows the vital relation between the preacher and the teacher. Some of the questions which the author takes up are: What is the clergyman's true task? How is it related to the work of the school teacher, the college professor, the specialist, the reformer, the statesman? The author has himself spent fifteen years in the active ministry and nearly ten years as a University president.

The Epistle to the Hebrews. By Edgar J. Goodspeed.

The first volume to appear in the Bible for Home and School, edited by Shailer Mathews, A.M., D.D.

Professor Goodspeed's work begins the publication of a series containing the books of the Bible in a form that should commend itself to all theological students. There is an introduction of thirty pages devoted to a discussion of Text, Canonicity, Authorship, Persons addressed, Occasion and Purpose, Date and Place of Composition,. Style and Language, Analysis of the Epistle and Bibliography. Then follows the text

and commentary, the notes being printed at the bottom of the page and so made easy of reference.

The Origins of the British Colonial System. 1578-1660. By George Louis Beer.

The first of a series whose purpose is to describe and to explain the origins, establishment and development of the British Colonial System until the outbreak of the movement directly culminating in the American Revolution. It is based entirely upon the contemporary sources, many of which are still available only in their original manuscript form. Its subject appeals strongly to those interested in the development both of England and the United States. In its composition an attempt has been made to satisfy the demands of the general reading public, as well as those of the scholarly world.

A. C. McClure and Company:

Health and Happiness, or Religious Therapeutics and Right Living. By Samuel Fallows, D.D., LL.D.

In a prefatory note Dr. Fallows writes, "When the echoes of the Emmanuel Movement reached Chicago, and sufferers appealed to the Church for such aid as had been given in Boston, I responded to the call as to one which I could not refuse. I have served up to the measure of my powers, not holding back by reason of my increasing years and many interests, but doing the immediate duty as a servant of Christ and His Church. The book has grown out of the work thus performed. It is a book for the present, designed to meet the needs of those, whether well or ill, who desire to follow the way to greater health and efficiency."

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Science and Immortality. By Sir Oliver Lodge, F.R.S.

In which the author sums up the status of science, faith and theology in their bearings, separately and collectively, upon religion and immortality. The subject is treated under these general headings: I. Science and Faith; II. Corporate Worship and Service; III. The Immortality of the Soul; IV. Science and Christianity.

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Philosophy of the Federal Constitution. By Henry C. Hughes.

Mr. Hughes has prefaced his work by a brief history of the conditions which led up to the writing of the Declaration of Independence and the adoption of the Constitution. Then, taking the Constitution article by article, he analyses its meaning and the social philosophy underlying it, and determines, on the basis of this analysis, the full and complete theory of our government.

The Open Court Publishing Company:

What We Know About Jesus. By Charles F. Dole, D.D.

Jesus and Modern Religion. By Edwin A. Rumball.

God. An Enquiry into the Nature of Man's Highest Ideal and a Solution of the Problem from the Standpoint of Science. By Paul Carus.

Life and Ministry of Jesus. According to the Historical and Critical Method. Being a Course of Lectures by Rudolph Otto, Lic. Th. Translated from the Third Unaltered Edition by H. J. Whitby, B.D.

Paralipomena. Remains of Gospels and Sayings of Christ. By Rev. Bernhard Pick, Ph.D., D.D.

In the Christianity of To-day Series.

Bel, The Christ of Ancient Times. By Hugo Radau.

The author has divided his work in two parts, namely, "The Babylonian Pantheon" and "The Essential Doctrine of Babylonian Religion." He expresses the hope that his readers will see in the Christian religion, as he does, the glorious culmination of the wisdom and faith of ages past.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Our Irrational Distribution of Wealth. By Byron C. Mathews, Ph.D.

The author undertakes in this book to show that the agencies which are used in distributing the products of industry and are responsible for the extremes in the social scale arranged on the basis of possessions have never been adopted by any rational action but have come to be through fortuitous circumstances, and have no moral basis.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Encyclopædia of Religion and Ethics. Edited by James Hastings, M.A., D.D., with the Assistance of John A. Selbie, M.A., D.D., and Other Scholars. Volume I, A—Art.

Containing 903 pages, together with 22 pages of preliminary matter. The last 15 pages are occupied with illustrations. The aim of the Encyclopædia will be to give an account of Religion and Ethics in all ages and in all countries of the world. It will not only contain articles on all the small and great religions, but also separate articles on every separate religious belief and practice, and on every ethical or philosophical idea and custom. Persons and places famous in the history of religion and morals will also be described. It will thus furnish the material for a history of human

progress or decline throughout the ages of the world and among all the races of mankind. The work is to be completed in 10 or 12 volumes of from 900 to 1,000 pages each. They will appear, it is expected, at about the rate of one a year.

Sherman, French and Company:

Jesus of Nazareth. A Life. By S. C. Bradley.

The object of this book is, as the author states, twofold. "First, to bring into prominence the Manliness of Jesus —to give point and emphasis to that saying of Paul's which declares that Jesus was in all points tempted like as we are; and second, to fill up that gap in the record of Jesus' life which includes and shuts us out from all its formative period, and which, in large part, must necessarily be the source and basis of whatever he said and did."

G. E. Stechert and Company:

Testimonium Animæ, or Greek and Roman Before Jesus Christ. By E. G. Sihler, Ph.D.

A series of essays and sketches dealing with the spiritual elements in classical civilisation.

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION

Dodd, Mead and Company:

The Greater Abbeys of England. By Abbott Gasquet.

Giving the history of the venerable abbeys and monasteries famous in legend and history, many of which, in their present aspect, are among the most picturesque ruins in England. There are sixty full-page pictures in colour from paintings by Mr. Warwick Goble.

The Rhine. By H. J. Mackinder.

Mr. Mackinder describes the picturesque Rhine, rich in legend and history, dwelling upon the cities and towns in its course that have always been places of interest for the tourist and artist, such as Zurich, Basel, Heidelberg, Frankfurt, Cologne, Rotterdam. The volume contains fifty-four full-page illustrations in colour from paintings made specially for this work by Mrs. James Jardine. There are two maps in colour and also several charts.

Harper and Brothers:

The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World. From Marathon to Waterloo. By Sir Edward Creasy, M.A.

In this new edition have been included the battles of Quebec, Yorktown, Vicksburg, Gettysburg, Sedan, Manila Bay, Santiago, Tsu-Shima (The Sea of Japan), representing important events which have given rise to new conditions since 1851, when the work was compiled by Sir Edward Creasy.

Roman Holidays and Others. By W. D. Howells.

After forty years Mr. Howells revisited Rome last summer. In this volume he gives his impressions of the everyday life there, contrasting the older city with the Rome of to-day. Mr. Howells describes street scenes, popular customs, certain picturesque features of the Papal Church, the genius and manners of the people, and touches on many other points of interest. He also visited Genoa, Naples, Pompeii, and Leghorn and gives some of his impressions of these towns. The volume contains over fifty illustrations.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Mongols in Russia. By Jeremiah Curtin.

A continuation of Mr. Curtin's book of last year, "The Mongols." It takes up the story of the domination of this race in Russia, after their expulsion from China by the founders of the Ming Dynasty. He describes their invasion of Russia, the ineffectual defence they met with, and their final subjection of the Russians until the break-up of the Horde at Sarai, in 1505.

The Macmillan Company:

France and the Alliances. The Struggle for the Balance of Power. By André Tardieu.

Based on a course of lectures delivered last year at Harvard University by M. Tardieu, who is Honorary First Secretary in the French diplomatic service. M. Tardieu's main position is that since the Franco-Prussian War, France has played a leading part in the formation of the diplomatic combinations necessary to restrict the growing power of Germany and so preserve the peace of Europe. He deals in succession with the Russian Alliance, the backbone of this policy; the English "entente"; the understandings with Italy, Spain and Morocco; the relations of France to the Triple Alliance; the new Asiatic and European understandings; and the relations of France and the United States.

(Columbia University Press.)

The Ancient History of China. To the End of the Chóu Dynasty. By Friedrich Hirth, Ph.D.

A course of eight lectures delivered by Dr. Friedrich Hirth as Professor of Chinese at Columbia University.

Highways and Byways of the Pacific Coast. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson.

Mr. Johnson tells of his travels in the far West, and while he gives prominence

to California the whole country lying beyond the Rockies has been covered; Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Nevada and Arizona all being included in this record of the pleasures and experiences of his wanderings in the Pacific Coast region. The volume is illustrated with reproductions of photographs taken by the author.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Shamrock-Land. A Ramble Through Ireland. By Plummer F. Jones.

An account of the author's summer spent in Ireland. He travelled through sixteen of the thirty-two counties, coming in contact with all classes and conditions of citizens. He gives his impressions of the people, their life both in town and country; describes the beautiful landscapes he came upon in his rambles; and dwells on the old ruins of the country. To all this has been added something of Irish history and many interesting legends.

The Outing Publishing Company:

Florida Enchantments. By A. W. and Julian A. Dimock.

Almost every phase of outdoor Florida life is here pictured and described, from the dangerous sport of capturing live alligators in the coast rivers to life with the Bee Hunters in the interior. The volume contains numerous illustrations from photographs.

James Pott and Company:

The Cathedrals and Churches of Norway, Sweden and Denmark. By T. Francis Bumpus.

This volume is uniform with *Cathedrals of Northern Italy*. In an introductory sketch the author writes: "In the following pages I have endeavoured to show how much there is grand, interesting and instructive in such Romanesque and Pointed Gothic churches as Linköping, Lund, Mariboë, Orebro, Ribe, Roëskilde, Soro, Trondhjem, Upsala and Viborg—structures whose very names are all but unknown in England except, perhaps, to a few learned ecclesiologists. As such descriptions may induce readers to widen their knowledge of Continental church architecture by a visit to these three northern countries, together with their islands of Bornholm and Gottland, I have drawn up a simple *plan de route*, which, wholly or in part, might be embodied in a very pleasant and novel holiday excursion. The route taken will be found marked out on the map which accompanies this volume."

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

A Canyon Voyage. By Frederick S. Dellenbaugh.

A narrative of the United States Exploring Expedition, generally known as the Second Powell Expedition, down the Green and Colorado rivers from Wyoming almost forty years ago. It was the expedition to make the first maps of the course of the river and of some of the contiguous country. The author was artist and assistant topographer of the expedition.

William the Conqueror and the Rule of the Normans. By Frank Merry Stenton, M.A.

A new volume in the Heroes of the Nations Series.

Two English Queens and Philip. By Martin Hume, M.A.

An historical study telling of the marriage of the mature Queen Mary of England to the young Philip of Spain, of the events that led up to that marriage, and of the English-Spanish relations after Mary's death, especially of Philip's relations with Elizabeth, and of his vain offer of his hand to her.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Le Cid. By Pierre Corneille. With Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary. By James D. Bruner, Ph.D.

The notes elucidate the meaning and action of the play, the historical and literary allusions, and the peculiarities of style, while the introduction treats minutely of the French classical drama and of the life and works of Corneille.

Herodotus. Books VII and VIII. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Charles Forster Smith and Arthur Gordon Laird.

The latest volume of the Greek Series for Colleges and Schools, edited under the general supervision of Professor Herbert Weir Smyth of Harvard. The edition is intended for the Freshman and Sophomore classes and is adapted for rapid reading. The notes, while brief, contain all that is necessary for an adequate comprehension of the text, which is based on that of Kellenberg.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

A History of the Philippines. By David P. Barrows.

A new edition. The volume was prepared for pupils in the public high schools of the Philippines as an introduction to the history of their country.

Ginn and Company:

The New Hudson Shakespeare.

King Henry the Fifth.

The Tragedy of Macbeth.

A school edition. With introduction and notes by Henry N. Hudson. Edited

and revised by E. Charlton Black, Professor of English Literature in Boston University, with the co-operation of Andrew J. George, Department of English in the High School, Newton, Mass.

Henry Holt and Company:

Ultimo. By Gustav von Moser. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Glossary by Charles Lengley Crow, M.A., Ph.D.

A comedy in five acts.

Les Misérables. By Victor Hugo. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Vocabulary by Douglas Labaree Buffum, Ph.D.

In reducing the novel to a text book the editor has omitted such matter as the description of the Battle of Waterloo, the long dissertations on convent establishments and on the riots of 1832, and the description of Parisian sewers.

Der Bibliothekar. By Gustav von Moser. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary by Hollon A. Farr, Ph.D.

A farce in four acts.

Lotti, Die Uhrmacherin. By Marie von Ebner-Eschenbach. Edited with Introduction and Notes by George Henry Needler.

A brief sketch of the authoress and her work is given in the introduction.

The Macmillan Company:

Specimens of Exposition and Argument. Compiled by Milton Percival, A.M., and R. A. Jelliffe, A.B.

The selections in this volume, chosen from a wide range of literature, illustrate the different types of exposition, such as descriptions, explanations, definitions, and interpretations; and different phases of argument, such as persuasion, refutation, and controversy. They include examples from the writings of men of affairs, as well as from more literary sources. The list of authors includes the names of Presidents Hadley and Eliot, Frank A. Vanderlip and Seth Low, Professors Kennelly and Lyman Abbott, as well as Lowell, Stevenson, Macaulay and Arnold.

Text-Book of School and Class Management. Theory and Practice. By Felix Arnold, A.B., Pd.D., Ph.D.

The work consists of two parts. First, class management; second, supervision and co-operation between principal and teacher. The first part deals, in general, with the development of conduct in the class-room. The second part treats of the standards by which efficient and inefficient instruction and discipline may be judged, methods of effective supervision, and methods by which efficiency in instruction and discipline may be improved.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Personality in Education. By James P. Conover.

The author has had over twenty years' experience as teacher at St. Paul's School, Concord, N. H. He aims to show that, to produce the best results, the personality of each pupil must be considered and his limitations of temperament and mentality taken into account. There are chapters on the teacher, the child, the nursery, the school, the question of expense, discipline, religion, the class and class work.

FICTION

American Unitarian Association:

Captain Thomas A. Scott. Master Diver. One Who Was Not Afraid and Who Spoke the Truth. By F. Hopkinson Smith.

Volume V of the True American Types Series. Captain Scott, the head of the Scott Wrecking Company until his death, was a deep-sea worker and wrecker, and was truly among those who "go down to the deep." Through his submarine work on the foundations of the lighthouses which Mr. Smith built in his profession of engineer, he became an intimate and honoured friend of the author.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Chimes. As written in the Christmas Stories. By Charles Dickens.

A holiday edition. Uniform with "Mr. Pickwick's Christmas," "A Christmas Carol and the Cricket on the Hearth" and "The Holly Tree Inn and A Christmas Tree." With illustrations in colour and line by George Alfred Williams.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch. By Henry Wallace Phillips. With Illustrations by F. Graham Cootes.

A little boy who has been ill-treated by rough parents escapes from them and is cared for by Big Jim, a miner. The lad accompanies him out to the mine and in time of great danger, when the shaft caves in, plays the part of the hero and brings aid to the miner just in time to save his life. The cave-in brings to light the hidden treasure of the mine. Then the girl in the East with whom he is in love decides to marry him. All this gives to the lad the title of "The Mascot of Sweet Briar Gulch."

The Better Treasure. By Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.

The story of how a young man started

Looking somewhat into the future, the author pictures a battle in the air carried on by means of the perfected flying machines. The first fleet of airships starts out from Germany, but the cry spreads over the world, nations are at war with each other, and the destruction of many cities follows.

The John McBride Company:

A Prisoner of the Sea. By Chauncey C. Hotchkiss.

The narrative is based upon the defalcation of over one million dollars by the Cuban agent of a prominent shipping house in New York City, lately forced into bankruptcy. All that the public knows of the truth is that the agent turned the firm's available assets into cash and jewels, put the proceeds on board of his private yacht and sailed for parts unknown.

The McClure Company:

The Distributors. By Anthony Partridge.

In quest of new sensations and adventures, a number of people in the best social sets of London form an association and call themselves the "Ghosts." It is a secret organisation, and while outsiders do not know what the society is nor what its object is, they refrain from asking questions. A wealthy American girl comes into their circle, and when her questions are ignored she determines to find out who and what the "Ghosts" are, and employs private detectives to watch their movements. Society becomes interested when, following the announcement of many unusually large anonymous donations made to charitable organisations, they hear of continued daring robberies. The "Ghosts" are found to be the offenders, and when the matter is sifted to the bottom it is discovered that their object has been to rob those richly blessed with this world's goods and to distribute the wealth among the poor, not through any philanthropic motive, but merely to experience the new and varied sensations involved in adventures of this nature.

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In these twelve tales Mr. Bronson tells the story of his adventures, first as a cowboy and then as the ranch owner and manager.

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Fluff is the little dog that comes by express paid from New York to Gallatin, Iowa. Mr. Murchison accepts the dog, but cannot think who could have sent it. Fluff becomes a great source of interest to the neighbours, but the owner, not being fond of dogs, makes many vain attempts to get rid of this lively one.

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Felice. By John Luther Long.

A tale of the poor in the "Little Italy" of Philadelphia. An Italian, the father of a large family, has been arrested for stealing a few loaves of bread. A barber, who is in sympathy with the man and his family and realises their desperate condition, uses his influence to have him released and then prepares a feast for the man and his family.

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A story of intrigue, adventure and violence. The scene is laid in Paris during the troublesome month of August, 1572, on the eve of the marriage of Marguerite de Valois to Henry of Navarre.

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The Panther. By Anne Warner.

The sub-title describes this book as "A Tale of Temptation." It tells the story of two souls in their struggle against their love for each other. The temptation, which is as a tiny spark at first, grows and grows until it gets almost beyond them, is symbolised by the panther, which appears first as a very small, soft creature, but increases in size and power, remaining constantly by the woman. She resists to the end, and only in death, at the hands of the panther, does the struggle cease.

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D. Appleton and Company:

The Story of Gold. By Edward Sherwood Meade.

Giving the history of modern gold mining and showing the connection between its development and business prosperity. The author describes the process by which gold is found, mined and manipulated.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

Browning's England. By Helen Archibald Clarke.

A study of English influences in Browning with chapters on "English Poets, Friends and Enthusiasms;" "Shakespeare's Portrait;" "A Crucial Period in English History;" "Social Aspects of English Life;" "Religious Aspects of English Life;" "Religious Thought in the Nineteenth Century;" and "Art Criticism Inspired by the English Musician." The book covers the poet's verse relating to England. Uniform with the author's *Browning's Italy,* published last fall.

Brentano's:

The Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln. Selected and Edited, with Introduction, by Temple Scott.

From the writings and speeches of Abraham Lincoln the editor has made many selections, grouping them under headings such as Human Nature and Character; Conduct and Life; America and Its People; National Life and Affairs.

The Wisdom of Walt Whitman. Selected and Edited, with Introduction, by Laurens Maynard.

The editor has made such selections from the works of Walt Whitman as are most typical of his thought. The subjects which they cover are: The Evolution of Personality; Democracy; Love and Comradeship; Religion; Death and Immortality; Literature and Art, and The Conduct of Life.

William J. Campbell (Philadelphia):

The True Story of the American Flag. By John H. Fow.

A history of the evolution of our national emblem, and its first use on land and sea. It takes up the Betsy Ross controversy.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

American Charities. By Amos G. Warner, Ph.D.

An entirely new edition, revised, enlarged and reset throughout. This revision has been in charge of a pupil and co-labourer of Dr. Warner's, who has preserved his optimistic spirit and conservatism, while at the same time strengthening the text at every point with the most recent researches and tabulations.

Doubleday, Page and Company:

A Midsummer Night's Dream. By William Shakespeare. With Illustrations by Arthur Rackham, R. W. S.

This edition of Shakespeare's fairy play has been made up as a very handsome gift book. It contains forty plates in colour and other illustrations.

Mind and Work. By Luther H. Gulick.

A companion volume to *The Efficient Life.* It points out the effect of mental condition on physical efficiency—the vital relation between one's mind and the daily work. Some of the chapters are: "The Habit of Success;" "Mental Effects of a Flat-Top Desk;" "Thinking that Arrives;" "Management of the Feelings;" "The Time to Quit;" "Will-Economy," and "The Spirit of the Game."

Duffield and Company:

Proverbs from the Almanac of One Richard Saunders (Benjamin Franklin).

A new volume in the Rubric Series.

Ginn and Company:

The Two Hague Conferences and Their Contributions to International Law. By William I. Hull, Ph.D.

After telling of their origin, the author treats of both the conferences (1899 and that of 1907) under such sectional headings as: "Place of Meeting;" "Members;" "Festivities and Ceremonies;" "Organised Public Opinion;" "Organisation;" "Meetings;" "Programme;" "Armaments;" "Warfare in the Air;" "Warfare on Land;" and "Arbitration." He also gives a Summary of Results and Their Historical Importance.

Government Printing Office (Washington):

Twenty-Sixth Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology. To the Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution: 1904-1905.

Harper and Brothers:

The Speaking Voice. Principles of Training Simplified and Condensed. By Katharine Jewell Everts.

A study of the proper management of the voice in ordinary conversation, with directions for overcoming the common defects of speech, especially that hardness and shrillness of intonation to which Americans are said to be peculiarly prone. The author treats the voice as an instrument of expression and divides the work in

three parts: I. The Tuning of the Instrument; II. The Technique of the Instrument; III. Studies in the Vocal Interpretation of Literature.

Henry Holt and Company:

Christ Legends. By Selma Lagerlof. Translated from the Swedish by Velma Swanston Howard.

The chapters are: "The Holy Night;" "The Emperor's Vision;" "The Wise Men's Well;" "Bethlehem's Children;" "The Flight to Egypt;" "In Nazareth;" "In the Temple;" "Saint Veronica's Kerchief;" "Robin Redbreast;" "Our Lord and St. Peter;" and "The Sacred Flame."

The Carolyn Wells Year-Book of Old Favourites and New Fancies for 1909.

Made up of fifty-two engagement blanks accompanied by light verse, limericks or jests by Miss Wells. There are pictures for each month by Mrs. M. E. Leonard, twelve sketches by Miss Bertha Stuart, and pictures by C. de Fornaro, Oliver Herford and Strothmann.

The Italians of To-day. From the French of René Bazin. Translated by William Marchant.

Originally published in 1897. It treats of elections, excessive taxation, building speculations, the unification of Italy, currency, brigands, universities, literature, music, etc.

Houghton, Mifflin Company:

The Home Builder. By Lyman Abbott.

A portrait study of an ideal wife and mother. In a series of short chapters Dr. Abbott depicts the various aspects of an admirable woman. He views her successively as daughter, bride, wife, mother, housekeeper, philanthropist, saint and grandmother.

B. W. Huebsch:

With the Battle Fleet. Cruise of the Sixteen Battleships of the United States Atlantic Fleet from Hampton Roads to the Golden Gate. December, 1907-May, 1908. By Franklin Matthews. Illustrated by Henry Reuterdahl.

The author, who sailed on the U. S. S. *Louisiana* as a correspondent for the New York *Sun*, describes the social life of the officers on shipboard, their duties and their pleasures, the daily routine, the fleet's visits to various ports, giving a pen-picture of their business and social life. He also tells of the perilous journey through the Straits of Magellan.

Life Publishing Company:

All in the Same Boat. Text and Illustrations by James Montgomery Flagg.

A book of humorous pictures and verses dealing with the persons one meets on shipboard in crossing the Atlantic.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

The Works of James Buchanan. Comprising His Speeches, State Papers and Private Correspondence. Collected and Edited by John Bassett Moore.

Volume V, covering the years from 1841 to 1844.

Lothrop, Lee and Shepard Company:

Keep Up Your Courage. Edited by Mary Allete Ayer.

In this book are given, as "Key-Notes to Success," quotations from the writings of many well-known authors.

The Macmillan Company:

Race Questions, Provincialism and Other American Problems. By Josiah Royce.

Supplementary to and uniform with the author's *Philosophy of Loyalty*, which was published last spring. It consists of five essays, each of which is an elaboration of some important point in Professor Royce's philosophy. The titles are: "Race Questions"; "Provincialism"; "Certain Limitations of the Thoughtful Public in America"; "The Pacific Coast"; and "Some Relations of Physical Training to the Present Problems of Moral Education in America."

De Libris. Prose and Verse. By Austin Dobson.

Mr. Dobson briefly discusses many topics of interest to booklovers. A few of the essays are: "On Some Books and Their Associations"; "Two Modern Book Illustrators"; "The Books of Samuel Rogers"; "Pepys' 'Diary'"; "A French Critic on Bath." Besides these papers, Mr. Dobson has included some of his poems on subjects connected with literature.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Our Home and Country. Pictured by W. L. Taylor.

Designed to present the range, meaning and variety of Mr. Taylor's work. For this purpose the work has been divided into five parts: I. Home Scenes; II. Old New England; III. Modern New England; IV. Old Southern Days; V. Frontier Scenes. Each picture is accompanied by the text of the poem which inspired it, or by some other celebrated American writing.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Race Adjustment. By Kelly Miller.

A series of essays on the negro in America. Some of the titles are: "Radicals and Conservatives"; "An Open Letter to Thomas Dixon"; "The Negro as a Political Factor"; "The Negro's Part in the Negro's Problem"; "Social Equality"; "The Problems of the City Negro"; "The Land of Goshen"; "Religion as a Solvent of the Race Problem"; "The Rise of the Professional Class"; "Eminent Negroes"; "What Walt Whitman Means to the Negro"; "Roosevelt and the Negro."

G. P. Putnam's Sons (Cambridge University Press):

Studies in French Education from Rabelais to Rousseau. By Geraldine Hodgson, B.A.

Including chapters on "François Rabelais;" "Michel de Montaigne;" "The Gentleman of Port Royal;" "Jacqueline Pascal and Girls' Education;" "Madame de Maintenon;" "M. de Fénelon;" "Luc de Clapiers;" "Marquis de Vauvenargues;" "J. J. Rousseau;" "J. J. Rousseau on Women's Education;" and "Madame d'Épinay."

First and Last Things. A Confession of Faith and a Rule of Life. By H. G. Wells.

The author sets forth the convictions and ideas which constitute his social faith and have provided him a rule of life. As Mr. Wells himself puts it, "It is the frank confession of what one man of the early twentieth century has found in life and himself—a confession just as frank as the limitations of his character permit; it is his metaphysics, his religion, his moral standards, his uncertainties and the expedients with which he has met them."

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Dawn of Womanhood. By Gabrielle E. Jackson.

A book of advice for girls. Some of the chapters are: "Our American Girlhood;" "The Influence of Environment and Training;" "The Girl Who Does Not Understand Herself;" "Some of the Little Things of Life;" "The Choice of Friends;" "The Secret of Success."

The English-Esperanto Dictionary. By Joseph Rhodes.

Based upon the "Fundamento," the Esperanto Literature and the National Esperanto Dictionaries bearing Dr. Zamenhof's "Aprobo." It contains over 600 pages and includes vocabularies of geographical and personal names and a list of international roots.

A. Wessels Company:

The Wisdom of Abraham Lincoln.

Being extracts from the speeches, state papers and letters of the great President.

The Willett Press (New York):

Pioneers. By Katharine R. Crowell.

A narrative of home-making in the wilderness.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of November and the 1st of December:

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Supreme Test. Reynolds. (Brentano.) $1.50.
2. The Enchanted Hat. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Whispering Man. Webster. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Seven Splendid Sinners. Trowbridge. (Brentano.) $4.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Long Arm of Mannister. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Sunny Side of the Hill. Carey. (Lippincott.) $1.50.
6. The Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

1. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Diva's Ruby. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Cy Whittaker's Place. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Gentle Grafter. Henry. (McClure.) $1.00.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (The Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
5. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Colonel Greatheart. Bailey. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Flower of the Dusk. Reid. (Putnam.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Silver Butterfly. Woodrow. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Colonel Greatheart. Bailey. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.

KANSAS CITY, MO.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Halfway House. Hewlett. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Religion and Medicine. Worcester. McComb, Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, McComb, Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
6. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Colonel Greatheart. Bailey. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Three of a Kind. Burton. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Little Brown Jug of Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Kincaid's Battery. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. A Million a Minute. Douglas. (Watt.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The God of Clay. Bailey. (Brentano.) $1.50.
4. The Diva's Ruby. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
5. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Right Man. Hooker. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.25.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Voyage of the Donna Isabel. Parrish. (McClurg.) $1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
2. Together. Herrick. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The One and I. Freemantle. (Jacobs.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Cy Whittaker's Place. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Jennie Allen's Letters. Donworth. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.
6. Kincaid's Battery. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Cy Whittaker's Place. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.75.

ST. PAUL, MINN.

1. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Guest of Quesnay. Tarkington. (McClure.) $1.50.
4. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, McComb, Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.75.
5. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Religion and Medicine. Worcester, McComb, Coriat. (Moffat, Yard.) $1.50.
4. The Guest of Quesnay. Tarkington. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
5. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.

TORONTO, CANADA

1. Holy Orders. Corelli. (Briggs.) $1.25.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Briggs.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Briggs.) $1.25.
4. Sowing Seeds in Danny. McClung. (Briggs.) $1.00.
5. Songs of a Sourdough. Service. (Briggs.) $1.50.
6. Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Briggs.) $1.25.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.75.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Out of Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Why Worry? Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
4. Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Greenslet. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $3.00.
5. Kincaid's Battery. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

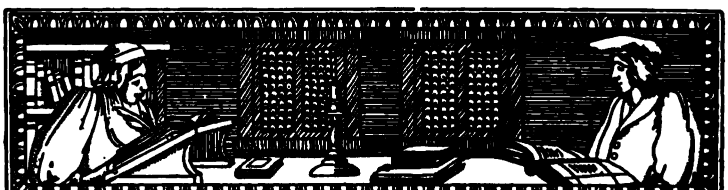
BEST SELLING BOOKS

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

	POINTS
A book standing 1st on any list receives	10
" " 2d " "	8
" " 3d " "	7
" " 4th " "	6
" " 5th " "	5
" " 6th " "	4

According to the foregoing lists the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50	313
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50	202
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50	153
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50	136
5. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50	111
6. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50	88



THE BOOKMAN

A Magazine of Literature and Life

FEBRUARY, 1909

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT

Concerning Anniversaries

This is a year of anniversaries, and we must confess that we look forward to them with something of a shudder. We have already had Milton's tercentenary celebration and Poe's centenary; and the centenaries of Darwin and Lincoln and Tennyson are fast approaching. There are also centenaries of minor men which will have to be considered. Our reason for shuddering at these celebrations arises from the manner in which they are planned and carried out. In each case, the exercises consist of unstinted, undiscriminating and irrational eulogy such as makes the gorge of the enlightened rise, even though fat and middle-aged ladies come away with tears of ecstasy, and say (to any one and every one in general), "Oh, wasn't that just sweet!" Thus, for instance, we attended a gathering held in honour of Milton. The principal address was delivered by a professor of English literature, who is really a scholar and who therefore ought to have known better than to say the things he did. The form of his address was admirable. The substance of it was execrable. Milton was really a sour, conceited, ascetic, tyrannical and impossible person, who, nevertheless, had some splendid moments. Because of these splendid moments, why should everything that he wrote and said and did be spoken of with tones of awe and in words that ooze with unctuous and fulsome admiration? The particular gentleman whom we have in mind remarked, for example, of the Puritan poet and literary bravo that "he was the greatest master of dithyrambic eloquence that the world has ever seen." It would be undignified, perhaps, for us, in quoting this remark, to cry out "Rats!" Yet that is precisely what we wanted to get up and say when his eulogy was pronounced. We should like to ask this Miltonist just a few and, as we think, rather pertinent questions. If he will answer them, THE BOOKMAN will give him all the space he wants. The questions are as follows:

1. What is a dithyramb?
2. What masters of dithyrambic eloquence has the world yet seen?
3. Where in Milton can be found any examples of dithyrambic eloquence?
4. Wherein do these examples of dithyrambic eloquence surpass all others which the literature of the world possesses?

The approaching centenary of Lincoln especially fills us with the most direful anticipation. What a glut of oratory will he belched forth from ten thousand platforms by ten thousand fatuous persons—fatuous because they will make the mistake of thinking that they ought to idealise Lincoln to the point where he ceases to be human. Now, as a matter of fact, the finest thing about Lincoln and that which most endears him to his countrymen is his wonderful humanity. His triumphs are so great chiefly because they shine out against the background of his imperfections, his defects and his mistakes. If we regard him as an absolutely



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS THOMAS DIXON

to remember that Tarascon, too, had its illustrious Tartarin. "Lest we forget, lest we forget!"

Then the hero related in a voice of emotion the perils that awaited him; he told of the long night-watches, moonless, the pestilential marshes, the rivers poisoned by the leaves of the bay-tree, the snows, the scorching suns, the scorpions, the rains of grasshoppers. Also he told of the morals and customs of the lions of the Atlas, their manner of fighting, their phenomenal vigour, and their ferocity during the rutting season. . . .

Then, exciting himself with his own eloquence, he sprang from the table, bounded into the middle of the room, imitating the cry of the lion, the discharge of the rifle, pan! pan! the whistle of the ball, pfft! pfft! gesticulating, roaring, and knocking over chairs.

Meanwhile, however, Tartarin of Tarascon did not depart.

Chapter X.

In front of the station the station-master awaited him—an old African of 1830, who pressed his hand warmly several times.

The Paris-Marseilles express had not yet arrived. Tartarin and his staff entered the waiting-room. To avoid the pressure of a crowd, the station-master ordered the iron gates to be closed behind them.

Tartarin walked up and down for fifteen minutes in the midst of his friends and the hunters. He spoke to them of his journey, of his noble game, and promised to send them skins. They wrote their names upon his tablets for a skin as they did at a ball for a country dance.

Tranquil and gentle as Socrates ere he drank the hemlock, the intrepid hero had a word for each, a smile for all. He spoke



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS

HAROLD MAC GRATH IN VENICE

simply, with an affable air; you would have thought that before departing he wished to leave behind him a trail, as it were, of charm, regrets, kind memories. Hearing their chief speak thus to them, all the capmen shed tears; some even felt remorse.

The train men wept in corners. Outside, the populace gazed through the bars and shouted: "Vive Tartarin!"

At last the bell rang. A dull rumbling, a shrill whistle, shook the roof. . . . "Take your places, messieurs, your places!"

"Adieu, Tartarin! . . . adieu, Tartarin!" . . .

Chapter XIII.

Use the Winchester!

We have heard tell, as they say down East, of novels in which the mention of certain perfumes, soaps, cigarettes, and other articles of commerce is introduced so artfully as to constitute an advertisement of these things. It is even said that sometimes the author profits by this subtle form of advertising. We could not for a moment believe Mr. John Fox, Jr., capable of such conduct. But one may do unconsciously what he would never do intentionally. We have just been reading Mr. Fox's latest novel of mountaineer life in Kentucky, and we feel confident that the Winchester Repeating Arms Company could very well afford to send him a cheque for a thousand dollars out of pure gratitude. In *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*, the *leit-motif* is the Winchester rifle. Every mountaineer carries a Winchester rifle. When you enter his cabin, you find a Winchester rifle on the wooden pegs above the door, while another Winchester stands invitingly in the corner. Out of the bushes, as you go along the roads, there gleams at intervals the barrel of a Winchester. When a rough-and-ready police force is organised, it is armed, of course, with Winchesters. Young boys play with Winchesters and children cry for them. This is all very interesting; but, as we proceeded through the book, we gradually ceased to think about the adventures of Hale and Devil Judd and little June—we were so absorbed in watching for the next appearance of a Winchester. Having a certain fondness for statistics, we are sorry that we did not know at the very outset how important a weapon the Winchester is in the eyes of Mr. Fox; for in that case we should have counted the number of times that Winchester occurs throughout his narrative. Twice to a page would be a very moderate estimate, we fancy. Of course Mr. Fox will reply that the mountaineers do actually use Winchesters, and therefore he was obliged to mention them; but we hardly think that this explanation is valid. No one but Mr. Fox cares whether they were Winchesters or some other kind of repeating arm; and so he might just as well have used the word "rifle" without specifying the particular brand. If he takes offence at our remarks and calls at the office of THE BOOKMAN to have it out with us, we trust that he will not arm himself with a Winchester, but rather with a Mauser, or a Krag-Jorgensen. We shouldn't like to gaze into the depths of a Winchester. We are thoroughly sick of that weapon already; and to die by one would constitute cruel and unusual punishment. Furthermore, to show that we have no ill-will, we still

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perfect being, his life no longer has a lesson for us. It is just because of what he had to overcome and because he overcame it so splendidly that we think of him with a respect and reverence that are shared by all Americans. But we must not forget the squalour of his early years, the vein of coarseness which lingered in his nature until the fires of a terrible experience had burnt it out, his blunders when he meddled with matters of military science in 1862—we must not forget all these things and many more; since if we do forget them we fail to appreciate to the full the wonderful way in which he rose above them all and became the liberator of his country, as Washington had been its father. Washington himself affords a pertinent example of a great man—and he seems greater to us every year—who has been taken out of the category of human beings by writers of history in their effort to make him not a man at all, but a demi-god. A demigod is much too far away from the ruck of men and women to touch their hearts. If we think of Washington simply as a splendid figure clad in blue and buff, calm, inflexible and without emotion, saying "Do this" and it is done, just as an Olympian god might do, then he really means nothing to us whatsoever. We should recall the swarm of petty intrigues of which he was the intended victim, the gross misrepresentations of his character, the slanders which came thick and fast upon him until his soul was wrung, and if we then remember that he kept his temper well in hand and lived down all these calumnies, then he is seen to have been the noble figure that he was.

The Washington whom we love the best is not the simpering old gentleman who figures on the two-cent postage stamps with a grandmotherly benevolence. It is rather the indignant soldier who came thundering into Monmouth on a foaming horse to find his army in retreat. We like to think of how his eyes blazed fire at the coward, Lee, who slunk back with face as white as chalk under Washington's tremendous outburst of profanity. That was where he let his temper go because it was the time when he ought to have let it go. It was like Sheridan at Cedar Creek. One man inspired a whole army with his own heroic spirit so that the shaken Continentals wheeled about and swept the British off the field.

In a word, if a man is great enough to be remembered a hundred years after the day when he was born, or three hundred years after, then he is great enough to be remembered as he really was—not as a picture-book hero, but as a man with his faults displayed so that his virtues may be all the more conspicuous by contrast. We commend these observations with our compliments to the orators who are preparing to make the welkin ring on the 12th day of February proximo. If they bear them carefully in mind, they will not only please their listeners, but they will also teach them something and give them the stimulus of a higher patriotism.

A Simple Synopsis

We have received a pamphlet containing an address by Professor John W. Burgess on the subject of the German Kaiser. We had some intention of giving to our readers a synopsis of its contents, but the effort necessary to do so has been spared us. We find an adequate summary of the address in a sentence taken from the Prayer Book. By merely inserting the Kaiser's name, it adequately covers the entire ground.

> To thee, Wilhelm, be ascribed as are most justly due, all might, majesty, dominion and power, world without end.

It is a very interesting pamphlet. Specialists in mental bacteriology can find no better field wherein to study the ravages of the *Kaiserbacillus*.

An Illustrious Precedent

It is not the first time in history that the world has been stirred by the spectacle of a great man preparing to plunge into the heart of darkest Africa in the pursuit of adventure and big game. In all our pomp and pride we must not fail

trust that the Winchester Repeating Arms Company will send to Mr. Fox that cheque for a thousand dollars.

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WILLIAM HAMILTON OSBORNE

Mr. Osborne, whose novel *The Red Mouse* is reviewed elsewhere in this issue, is a lawyer by profession, practising in New York and New Jersey. He was admitted to the Bar in 1894, after having been graduated from the Columbia Law School and the New York Law School. He is now thirty-six years old and lives in Newark, New Jersey. He was moved to turn his hand to fiction by reading two articles on short-story writing in a weekly periodical. His first story, "The Bank Compounds a Felony," was published six years ago. Since then he has written about three hundred short stories. *The Red Mouse* is his first novel.

and to-morrow is the moving picture. As yet, in this country at least, the dramas and farces which have been enacted in these films have been of rather a low intellectual order. The idea has been that they have been designed, in the main, for the amusement of children. But with the greater mechanical perfection of the cinematograph the moving picture should play a much more serious part. There is no reason why it should not appeal to more mature and cultivated audiences, or why dramatists like Augustus Thomas and Clyde Fitch and Eugene Walter and Charles Klein should not turn their abilities to this form of theatrical construction, which unquestionably should call forth the highest knowledge of the technique of the stage. In France they have already recognised the possibility of the moving picture. There the cinematograph has attained the dignity of an art. For it no less a personage than Jules Lemaitre recently wrote a play called *Le Retour d'Ulysse,* which was acted by such players as Paul Mounet, Albert Lambert, Louis de Launay le Bargy and Mme. Bartte. Another scenario for the same purpose was *The Assassination of the Duke of Guise,* by Henri Lavedan, with incidental music by Camille Saint-Saëns.

A New Field

Elsewhere in this issue will be found a review of Mr. Owen Johnson's *The Eternal Boy*. We wish here to call attention editorially to this book, which is in many ways unusual, and which will be read, and in most cases reread, with keen relish by any one with a genuine appreciation of American humour. *The Eternal Boy* is a story which is likely to have a permanent popularity. Its immediate sale may or may not be a large one, but those who buy it will not, we think, be inclined to toss it aside on the ground of ephemerality. No particular shrewdness will be needed to guess that the school of the story is Lawrenceville, where the author passed some years before entering Yale. *The Eternal Boy* shows Mr. Johnson in an entirely new

"The Eternal Boy"



UNCONVENTIONAL PORTRAITS — A GROUP ON HICKEY'S TRAIL

From left to right Mr. Jesse Lynch Williams, Mr. Henry Mead Williams, Mr. Owen Johnson, and Mr. Edward H. Dodd



SCENES OF OWEN JOHNSON'S "THE ETERNAL BOY"

THE GATES OF AVERNUS
SLAVES OF THE BELL
AL AND THE JIGGER SHOP
BALDWIN'S HOUSE
DICKINSON
Photographs by C. H. Breed

vein, being a striking contrast to any of his three novels, *Arrows of the Almighty, In the Name of Liberty,* and *Max Fargus,* and to his play, *The Comet,* in which the Russian actress, Madame Nazimova, first appeared two years ago.

The London *Bookman* has been publishing a symposium on the early struggles and earnings of popular novelists. On the whole, the results are a little disappointing, for if we except Mr. Hall Caine, who started the discussion by a passage in *My Story,* in which he speaks of beginning on an income of £300 a year, the only replies that go into the matter at any length are from writers who are of no great importance, at least on this side of the Atlantic. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, for example, contents himself with a few lines in which he says that in his own case he had a small medical practice, so that he cannot claim to have endured the absolute hardships which often fall to the lot of the apprentices of literature. Sir Gilbert Parker does not think that an income of £300 a year represents a "stiff struggle" with adversity and for fame and competency. Everything, he says, depends upon the standards and conditions of life in which one is moving at the time. There are a great many people who would not think £300 a year represented much anxiety or an unusual combat with circumstance. John Galsworthy considers £300 a year a princely beginning for a young literary aspirant.

The Early Struggle

The following is the passage from *My Story:*

But thinking it may cheer the beginner who is trudging through the dark ways of the literary life, knee-deep in disappointments, to see how stiff a struggle it was to me, I will gladly show how modest were my earnings during many of my earlier years.

I had been working on the *Mercury* for some time at about £200 a year, eked out by perhaps a hundred more from the *Athenæum* and the *Academy,* when I began to write my first novel. Soon I found myself crippled by want of leisure, and was compelled to realise that I must either abandon my hope of becoming a novelist or curtail my energies —and therefore my earnings—as a journalist. It was a serious crisis, for, taking my heart in both hands, I had married in the meantime, and had other responsibilities. But after serious deliberation with my wife, hardly knowing where we were or what leap in the dark we were making, with infinite misgiving and most natural if ludicrous nervousness, I wrote to my editor in Liverpool asking him to reduce my salary!

. . . My salary was reduced by half, and I wrote and published my first novel. Then my modest success as an author emboldened me to think that I could live without journalism at all; and having ceased to write on the *Athenæum* and the *Academy* from a conviction that the man who wrote books had no right to review books, I resigned the remaining half of my position on the *Mercury* . . . and I trust I do not reveal a fact which will shock the proprietors of the paper, among whom is my friend and colleague, Egerton Castle, when I say that during the last year of my connection with the *Mercury* I received my half salary without writing, so far as I remember, a single line.

Meanwhile, however, I was casting my bread on the waters with rather reckless prodigality, for it was not immediately that my fiction made up to me for the loss of journalism. I had been paid £100 for my first story as a serial, but when I came to publish the book all I could get was £75 for the copyright out-and-out. For my second book I fared only a little better; and for my third, my first Manx story, *The Deemster,* which contained the work of a laborious year, plus the Manx lore acquired during eighteen years of my youth, I received £150 in all.

Mr. Frankfort Moore draws comparisons.

I cannot doubt that many hearts will be wrung by the reading of Mr. Hall Caine's early struggle as described with such pathos by him in his *Story;* but I am not quite so sure that among his most ardent sympathisers he will find many men who had a practical knowledge of journalism and its emoluments twenty-five or thirty years ago. But for the matter of that, I doubt if any young man of indifferent education and only a mercantile

training would be able to command, even nowadays, when journalism has become a profession, such a salary as Mr. Hall Caine received. I know for certain that I was for several years on the editorial staff of a newspaper before I earned an income of £200. But then it must not be forgotten that Mr. Hall Caine always possessed the ability of Mr. Hall Caine. Upon the piteous statement that £175 represents the entire sum derived by him from his first novel, any comment involves a consideration of a question of comparison. Compared with the sums earned by Mr. Hall Caine by the publication of a novel nowadays, £175 is, of course, paltry; but compared with what the majority of authors have made out of a first novel it is not, I venture to think, absolutely contemptible.

Mr. George R. Sims wishes that he had felt the "pocket pinch."

I am afraid that my experiences are not a fair example of the literary struggle.

I had a salary of £600 a year in the City, which I gave up for a time in order to lead what I imagined to be a literary life.

I had secured the privilege of writing a column of gossip called "Waifs and Strays" in the *Weekly Dispatch* for which, at first, I received a guinea a week, and on *Fun* I earned on an average £2 a week.

As I did not find this sum sufficient for the joys of life, I went back again to the City and the salary. This meant working in an office from nine till five, and doing my newspaper and magazine work at night, but I did it and remained in the City until my financial success as a playwright had given me an income which enabled me to dispense with a salary.

I struggled for ten years to get a footing in journalism, but though I was then, and always have been, hard up, the bitterness of the pocket-pinch was not part of my experience. I wish it had been—I should have been a better journalist.

Mr. Silas K. Hocking thinks Hall Caine had no struggle at all.

I really do not see where Mr. Caine's stiff struggle comes in, nor how his experience can be any encouragement to those who are wading knee-deep in disappointment. According to his own showing he was making £300 a year with his pen when he began to write novels. He sacrificed half his salary on the *Liverpool Mercury*, i.e. £100, so that he might write his first story, for which he got £175, surely not a bad exchange. Most people will be inclined to say, I think, that he had no struggle at all.

A great many fairly successful writers of to-day could tell a very different tale. My own experience, I fear, is scarcely to the point. I have appealed from the first to a particular class, and have only on one or two occasions ventured on a six-shilling novel. My first story brought me £15, and I was very thankful to get that for it. The point with me has always been this: I had no difficulty in getting my first book published. The real struggle—as I know from the crowds of beginners who write to me and send me their MSS. for perusal, as though I had no work of my own to do—the real struggle is when no editor or publisher can be got to take the story, when the poor MS. is returned time after time, and there is no *Liverpool Mercury* or *Athenæum* to fall back upon in the meanwhile. I have never got a quarter of what Mr. Hall Caine has received either at the beginning or since, but I should never think of speaking of my early efforts as a stiff struggle. They proved an easy entrance to a pleasant road.

Mr. Edgar Jepson speaks of his own earnings.

If Mr. Hall Caine reckons £300 a year a "stiff struggle" for the young novelist, and £175 a poor price for a first novel, he began to write in uncommonly favourable times. The fact is that he began at a time when there was, compared with to-day, very little competition. There were fewer writers of any kind; there were still fewer novelists. During the twelve years I have been writing novels, I have known the beginnings of a good many living novelists; and I know half a dozen young novelists at the beginning of their career to-day. It is my experience that not one beginner in twenty makes £60 out of his first novel. I believe that £20 is above the average sum made out of a first novel. I would not undertake to find, in a six months' hunt, three young novelists who began by making £300 a year.

You ask what my own experience at the outset was. Out of my first book, *Sybil Falcon*, I made exactly nothing at all; out of my second book, *The Passion for Romance*, which I am frequently assured is the best book I ever



AN IMPRESSION OF G. K. CHESTERTON, ENGLAND'S "FALSE TAFT"

wrote, I made £2 1s. 8d. Out of my first five books I made £175 6s. 0¼d. They contain some of the best work I ever did; and I have kept the figures as a warning to young men and women desirous of essaying the gamble of fiction.

Things have indeed changed since Mr. Hall Caine began to write. The life of a novel, under present conditions, is three months; the competition is extraordinarily keen; the standard of novels is very much higher. It is very hard indeed even for a good novel to get out of the ruck of good novels of each of which about a thousand copies are sold. The sale of a novel is so much a matter of pure luck that publishers cannot, as business men, give the beginner the prices they did. My advice to the young man who proposes to write novels to make money is that he had much better devote his burning genius to the American markets. That is a pleasanter and easier form of gambling. But of course you get other things out of novel-writing besides money; and if you must write novels—well, you must.

Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne made £150 a year after six years' working.

Mr. Hall Caine's statement about his early literary earnings may be true; but do they represent his earnings from the start? Or were they other than literary earnings?

You ask me what mine were. That is easily answered. For the first three years after I came down from Cambridge I worked like a horse at writing, and did not earn a half-penny. I wrote six long novels, which did not advance past the manuscript stage. I then descended to writing boys' books, and sold two to Blackie's for something like £30 apiece, and one to Sampson Low's for about the same sum. Not knowing better, I sold the copyright, and I see that Sampson Low have this year reissued the book I sold to them.

I was working six years before I made £150 a year, and during all that time I was travelling about the world, getting material at first hand. Afterwards, I made a good thing out of it.

Mr. John Oxenham quotes George Gissing.

Most beginners would, I should say, rejoice, or at all events be extremely well content, to struggle as stiffly as Mr. Hall Caine did on the half of £300 a year with £175 added for their first book.

The struggle has undoubtedly got stiffer since Mr. Hall Caine's early days. If any one who is contemplating attempting a living out

of writing wishes to read what I believe to be a true account of the weariness of the strife that may be involved thereby, let him turn to George Gissing's *Private Papers of Henry Ryecroft,* which he can procure anywhere for sixpence. He sums up his own feelings in these grim words: "With a lifetime of dread experience behind me I say that he who encourages any young man or woman to look for his living to 'literature,' commits no less than a crime. If my voice had any authority, I would cry this truth aloud wherever men could hear."

Mr. Gissing was possibly somewhat pessimistic at times, but there is, without doubt, truth in his pronouncement.

In my own small case—since you ask about it—I can only repeat what I have said elsewhere. I took to writing of a night as an alterative (please do not let your proofreader make it alternative!) to the dull grind of business life, and I wrote for the sheer pleasure of escape into a new world of my own invention, where I could, to some extent at all events, have things a little bit my own way. I was not writing for bread and cheese but for the pleasure of writing. When a time came to choose between writing and the market-place, I had fortunately got a small footing, and cheerfully burning the market-place, I plumped with all my heart for letters—thereby taking risks which I sometimes look back upon now with a shiver. The outcome, however, justifies me, and has left me grateful. My first year's efforts, I see, brought me in about £25, the next year about £100.

Mr. Bernard Capes believes beginners would like to have Hall Caine's complaint.

Thank you for your suggestion; but I feel that any personal comparisons would be indelicate. I can quite understand the submerged literary tenth taking great comfort from that picture of Mr. Caine, the Colossus, labouring knee-deep through the slough in which they are plunged to the necks, and being stimulated thereby to emulate his courage, if they cannot command his stature—the more so as what were a pittance to him, to them were wealth. But perhaps Mr. Caine uses the term "stiff struggle" in the sense of a "stiff glass," meaning something potent and enriching; in which case a famous drawing by Leech is irresistibly suggested to one. An inebriated citizen lies against a lamp-post; a benevolent old lady exclaims, "He's ill, poor gentleman"; a scornful cabby rejoins, "Hill! I on'y wish I'd got arf 'is complaint." I fancy that the average literary beginner would be very well content with a half, or even a quarter, of Mr. Caine's original complaint; but it is possible that I may be deducing from a single instance.

The longest contribution to the symposium comes from an anonymous novelist.

In present circumstances it would be very inconvenient for me to say anything for publication about my own experiences in journalism. I may tell you privately that they were much less rosy than Mr. Hall Caine's. I had fifteen years' experience of provincial journalism, and I know that it is quite common for junior reporters to be paid from 25s. to 35s. a week. Multitudes of really clever men are receiving not more than £2 a week, and thinking themselves lucky if they get £2 5s. or £2 10s. For five or six years I did all sorts of work on a provincial daily for 35s. a week. When I got £2, and had to do reviews of books and occasional leading articles, I thought myself in clover. I always felt that my ledger was in the future. For a number of years I was the correspondent of the *Times* and of another London daily in a great provincial town; at the same time I was on the regular staff of a provincial daily, and I was becoming known as a writer of stories in the magazines, yet I never earned from all these sources more than £150 a year. For my first book I got £10. The book that made my name as a novelist brought me in about £200, and I never got a penny of this sum till ten months after publication. A great deal of extravagant nonsense is talked about the earnings of newspaper men, and it is time somebody told the truth. It is a glorious profession, and I look back upon my journalistic days with real affection, for they formed the most interesting period of my life—far more interesting than being slated by critics!—but it is the hardest of all trades and for the labour exacted the least well paid. This does not mean that newspaper proprietors are mercenary slave-drivers. The competition is tremendous and becomes more pressing every year. Many young fellows go into journalism as though they imagined it was an earthly paradise. It is an everlasting grind, and must be. You are



WILL H. LOW AUTHOR OF "A CHRONICLE OF FRIENDSHIP"

met on all hands by strong, persistent competition, and must keep yourself up to the mark. For twelve years I suppose my average day's work would be from twelve to sixteen hours, and it is the most nerve-exhausting work in the world. You need a constitution of iron, the patience of a saint, and the courage of a martyr. There is no room for young Faintheart in journalism. If he coddles himself or is flattered at home he is done for. I suppose I should have been better off financially had I been a tinker or a tailor, yet I have no regrets, and would gladly go through it all again if I had a chance. But hard work there must be. When I look back I see the journalistic path strewn with the bones of idlers. It was not that they were all incompetent in the literary sense, but they either could not or would not buckle on their armour for a long, arduous, resolute—and I must add, splendid—fight. They wanted to do only easy things; most of them were theatre or music-hall mad; they could not understand that the true journalist is ready at any moment for all sorts of jobs—and he must be ready, too, not on Monday or Friday, but every day, including Sun-

day. In early youth I was a shockingly intolerant sectarian in religious matters, but rubbing shoulders with all kinds of Christians knocked that silliness out of me. For journalism is a magnificent educator. It is the unique training-ground for the novelist. It does not follow, as is too often imagined by indolent fellows who nurture very delusive dreams of a "soft time" (which authorship never is), that every journalist is a potential novelist. This is the curse of many. They read about the vast earnings of Mr. Hall Caine and others, and thinking that story-writing is very easy they allow visions of fame and fortune to enervate them into feeble and uninteresting journalists whom no editor wants. If they will do their work earnestly and well as newspaper men, they will make more assured any higher literary destiny that may be coming to them.

I didn't intend to chatter on at this rate. But if there should be anything in this you approve of, you are welcome to use it, but I really must ask you *not to identify me as the writer of it.*

ARE THE "INDISCREET LETTERS FROM PEKING" TRUE?

MR. PUTNAM WEALE ON HIS OWN BOOK

It is, perhaps, Carlyle who answers the question best. The sage of Chelsea once wrote in his usual vehement style—"*'Words by an eye-witness': You have there the words which a son of Adam, looking on the phenomenon himself, saw fittest to describe it.*" . . .

Behind this definition every eye-witness is willing to take refuge—the eye-witness of the *Indiscreet Letters* as willingly as any one else—for it is the truest estimate which can be made of the imperfect account which man, full of his own consequence and driven on by the motley images which crowd his brain, may indiscreetly write down. The more startling the phenomenon, the greater the apparent discrepancy between the actual facts and the recital made; for who shall decide exactly how the impossible is to be made possible on paper?

And this is exactly the trouble with the summer drama of 1900 in Peking. It was an impossible affair from start to finish. If it is all described with the meticulous accuracy of a government Blue-book, only half, or perhaps even the third, of the truth, is told; for mad things are never officially described, nor does officialdom care to advertise its own shortcomings. Again it must not be forgotten that your government Blue-book necessarily leaves the human element almost entirely out of account: the official account says as little as possible. All those human weaknesses which are the real mainsprings of human actions are passed by, or scrupulously concealed; and in place thereof you have the dry statement of fact which is yet not fact because it does not borrow from the language of fiction its essential colouring.

Here, indeed, you have the whole matter in a nutshell. Either you are going to tell the history of the affair—and history, as a political cynic said, is "the lie agreed upon"—or you are going to tell the story. The *Indiscreet Letters from Peking* are simply the story of the affair: therefore it is now perhaps meet to tell something of the history of that story. From this it need not be cynically inferred that this is the lie agreed upon by the author.

* * * * *

Though they were only first published at the beginning of 1907—that is nearly seven years after the events they describe—the Letters were actually completed years before, compiled from pencil notes taken at the time of the events. They lay during this incubating period in a drawer of the Writer's desk, sometimes quite forgotten and sometimes very much in his mind; for certainly no one who went through the dramatic summer of 1900 in Peking shook off the effects for several years. A great strain, it is well to remark, leaves behind a vast amount of poisoned blood which can only be discharged from the system very gradually. And until time has effected that purge things are not right.

The Letters, being a personal account, were meant for publication, but the advice dinned into the writer's ears was discouraging. Every mention of the intention to publish brought out a disapproving chorus, probably on the principle that it is best to let the dead bury their dead and certainly never good to revive unpleasant recollections. And so if it had not been for the Russo-Japanese War they may never have been published.

But the war in Manchuria lit anew fires of recollection which were smouldering out. The writer, having thrown the truth about Manchuria (as he saw it) at the world's head, in a volume entitled *Manchu and Muscovite,* was soon blooded for the battle. He determined in spite of the advice already given him to submit the manuscript to impartial eyes. As a result two whole chapters, pronounced



GEORGE W. CABLE AUTHOR OF "KINCAID'S BATTERY"

impossibly indiscreet, were deleted; yet even after this the further advice was tendered that the MS. might be profitably burned. It was certainly discouraging! A single additional circumstance decided the writer to go on with his original intention.

The circumstance was that the forty-third or forty-fourth account of the siege written by forty-three or forty-four (it is impossible to remember which) women was billed to appear. That was the last straw. From the previous accounts no one in other parts of the world had been able to understand what had actually taken place or why it had taken place. It was

thus obviously fated that the *Indiscreet Letters*, supplying as they seemed to a distinct want, should be published. After this they went home to England by the next mail-steamer.

But the battle was not yet won. The book was too indiscreet, and Messrs. Macmillan, who had hitherto published the writer's works, would have none of them. Then a great thing happened. The writer became really angry. And since when there is this determination, publication inevitably comes, the book went to press.

But there was one last difficulty. One more chapter must come out, said the London publishers, or else there would inevitably be trouble with Radical members in the House of Commons, who would be provided with material for raising the most awkward questions. The writer, remembering that discretion is the better part of valour, consented; and it is in this final expurgated form that the book now exists. . . .

The awkwardness of the publication of such an account was at once recognised in England, and very mixed opinions greeted it. The author was rudely denounced. Was it true, or untrue; or, if partially untrue, what parts were true? was meanwhile asked. It had the appearance of truth, yet its dress was strange —and, worst of all, England, in the person of her representative, cut a remarkably poor figure through the whole account.

The truth is that the book is really true and represents exactly, if picturesquely, what actually happened and how it affected people in a great variety of ways. The siege was a muddle from beginning to end; the occupation and sack of Peking was the inevitable climax. That there should have been next to no heroic figures through it all and that many accounts should be discreetly as dull as ditchwater should occasion no surprise. It was doubtless all so preordained—and that the *Indiscreet Letters* should boldly give things as they appeared is simply only a proof that the writer should have been born in another age. And since the writer and the eye-witness are one and the same person in the flesh, it may be assumed that in ten years or twenty years this story will be accepted as true. For it is no secret now that later on, when the chief actors are dead, other true accounts are to appear which may be yet more astonishing to those who have refused to understand; and with this it is best to end.

Standards of Greatness

One Thursday evening in December (it was, by the way, before the Italian Marathon runner now in this country had met defeat in his match with the Indian, Longboat) the Authors' Club of New York gave a reception to Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, the distinguished Italian *savant*, whose work, *The Greatness and Decline of Rome*, was discussed at length in our last issue. A man who had just met the guest made a remark in a tone of enthusiastic politeness. Professor Ferrero threw up his hands in mock rage. "That is it," he said, "everywhere it is the same. They do not say to me, 'You are of the country of Julius Cæsar, the country of Dante, the country of Tasso, the country of Michelangelo.' No! no! They say, 'Ah, you are a countryman of the great Dorando.'"

Felix Mendelssohn

The centenary of the birth of the composer Mendelssohn, which occurs on the 3d of this month, finds the pendulum of critical appraisement only now approaching a state of rest, after having swung high on the side of adulation and almost as high on the side of condemnation. During his life, Mendelssohn was acclaimed as the brightest star in the musical firmament, and his death was mourned more widely than that probably of any composer that had gone before. Not more than a decade later the tide of critical favour began to turn; Wagner's polemics against the existing order of things in the musical world were having their effect, and Mendelssohn was written down as a formalist, who composed insipid and uninspired music, which it was a virtue to forget.

The reaction went even further than dispraise of his music, and the composer himself was condemned as a shallow writer without a sincere regard for his art. His facility and brilliancy seem to lend support to the accusation. The critics forgot his untiring and disinterested devotion to the cause of Bach, whose

music he restored to life after a century of neglect, his lively enthusiasm which responded to every honest musical endeavour, his extraordinary zeal in fostering the highest ideals of art among all with whom he came into contact. A large part of his time and energy in the service of music was spent thus and his creative impulse starved, as he himself well knew.

Novels that Sell

"There are five kinds of novels that will sell largely," says C. K. S. (Clement K. Shorter) in his Literary Letter in the London *Sphere* of December 26th last. "First, the novel of the man of genius; here the sale is not always sure. Secondly, the novelist who is a skilful manufacturer from history. Thirdly, the novel of indecency. Fourthly, the novel of bigotry, which plays upon the prejudices of the religious public. Fifthly, the novel of commonplace reflection and cheap claptrap conversation. These last three sell best of all." The novels which had the greatest sale in the United States during 1908 were probably *The Shuttle, Mr. Crewe's Career, The Lady of the Decoration, The Firing Line, Three Weeks, The Barrier, The Lure of the Mask, Lewis Rand, The Testing of Diana Mallory, The Man from Brodney's, Together, The Black Bag,* and *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine*. In Mr. Shorter's estimate there is unquestionably a measure of truth. Just how much we leave to the reader to judge.

News from England

Once, in the reading-room of a small hotel in a little city of northern France, we discovered a small encyclopædia that contained some very diverting information. We learned, for example, that Mr. F. Marion Crawford was an American novelist who had recently written a book called *With the Immortals,* which pilloried scathingly the lives of certain members of the French Academy. Under the head of "The United States" we found that the President of the great Republic was one "A. Chester." With no further introduction we quote from the department "Portraits and World's News" in the London *Illustrated News* of December 5, 1908:



GRACE DONWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LETTERS OF JENNIE ALLEN"

> Mr. James S. Palmer, Vice-President-elect of the United States, may possibly look forward to filling one day the position of President. It will be remembered that on the death of President McKinley, Mr. Roosevelt, who was then Vice-President, succeeded automatically to the Presidency without opposition. Should anything happen to Mr. Taft (which we sincerely trust, for his sake, may not be the case), Mr. Palmer would probably, if precedent were followed, take his place.

LITERARY CLUBLAND

THE CLIFF DWELLERS OF CHICAGO

A DISTINGUSHED recent addition to Literary Clubland is the Cliff Dwellers' Club of Chicago, which was opened with a housewarming last month. In modelling the Cliff Dwellers the organisers had in mind three clubs, the Century and the Players of New York and the Bohemian of San Francisco, aiming to take something from the spirit or the constitution of each of the three. The opening ceremonies were exceedingly elaborate. Greetings were sent from the Tavern Club of Boston, the Bohemian Club of San Francisco, the Franklin Inn Club of Philadelphia, the Cosmos Club of Washington, and the Century, Authors, Players and Lambs of New York.

The first part of the programme, called traditional, was a pageant symbolising the position of the club with regard to all America, emphasising its central location. The lines for this ceremony by Thomas W. Stevens were recited by Donald Robertson, master of the pageant. After the members had been massed against the east wall and under the dim light from two blue electric bulbs the master in these words evoked the Shades:

Not with one voice we speak, nor with one
    torch
This solemn hour illuminate: our hearths
New-built and virgin to the cheer of fire,
Our home walls filleting a city's brow,
And all our light and glow and pulse of
    hope
Wait here their sign, their wakening into
    life.
Now lest we hold too close this running
    year,
Its untraditioned splendour—gold and steel,
And the triumphant march of toiling men,
We call the dwellers of the ancient dusk,
Called to the finders of the golden way,
And the stern spirits, furrowing wintry
    deeps,
Who hither fled from alien tyrannies.
No starry pageant of immortal shapes,
Nor ancestry of death begotten kings,
But men—simple and strong and valiant
    men,
Who did their work in past, fulfilling here
Their simple, undivided destinies.

In response to this evocation the Cliff Dwellers sang from below the words of a song written by Hamlin Garland, and set to music by Olaf Anderson, beginning with the humming refrain, "From Si-pa-pu We Come, We Come," as if in answer to the call of the Master of the pageant. As they entered, the Master's voice was again heard in these lines:

Behold the dwellers of the Nether Cliffs!
Up from their dreary, rock-bound citadels,
Threading the ledges worn by patient feet
Of generations that had died ere Troy
Went down in thunder echoing into song.
Ghosts from the dim grey morn of time, we
    greet you:
For our high name, and for this meagre
    spark,
Hard-won from whirling wood and stricken
    flint,
We give you thanks.

Four plains Indians then appeared, one of them bearing a peace pipe, and to them the Master gravely spoke:

        And you, grave warriors,
Stubbornly yielding what you could not
    rule,
We welcome you as well. For in this hall
Shall dwell no strife; from you the Calumet,
The peace-pipe, and the azure clouds that
    rise
Into the still air when the songs are mute.

At this moment the Spanish explorers, armoured and grim, approached and stood in silence while the Master addressed them:

Spaniards, who tramp the desert grim in
    steel,
We take of you the inexorable flame
That beckoned you across the mystery,
And made the dim horizon open trails
To your undaunted and adventurous march.

A group of French missionaries glided



"THE KHIVA." THE HOME OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS



"THE KHIVA," LOOKING NORTH



THE NORTH ROOM OF "THE KHIVA"



THE SOUTH ROOM OF "THE KHIVA"

forward, and the Master acknowledged their services to the West:

Fathers, who from the pined and drifted north
Came down along the still, uncharted ways
Bearing the cross of an engendering faith—
You bring us a white light of ecstasy,
A spirit that endures through bleaker years,
A faith that shall not break nor burn away
In all the dust and fever of our toil,—
Our "Little Fathers of the Wilderness."

In vivid contrast to these missionaries came the cavaliers of Virginia, booted and plumed.

Men of Virginia, blades of Raleigh's choice,
We greet you for the flowering courtesy,
The gentleness that met ungentle days
And was not stained; we take of you the torch
Of golden hospitalities gone by,
And on this hearth we lay its generous fire.

Next came the Puritans, in grey cloaks and peaked hats.

But not alone to gentler airs and times,
Not mirth alone, nor music, nor delight,
Shall we be dedicate; for in our blood
The stern heroical and Pilgrim strain,
The chanting of old hymns, the love of toil,
The deeper love of freedom under law,
(Gaunt virtues of the Puritans) abide.

Types of pioneers, soldiers of the Revolution and other American and later settlers, entered together.

So all the strong forerunners of our race,
The finders of the way, the nation-makers,
Bring brands alight, and in this symbol fling
Upon our fire the glamour of their deeds,
About our hearth their history; the past
Speaks in these gathered sparks: no weary word,
No drowsy song of legend or of spell,
But the keen triumph of the harvest tide.

The procession passed before the hearth, and each character threw into it his torch in token of his contribution to this central flame of hospitality. And as they passed, the Master said this final word of blessing:

So be of good cheer, and hope, and fellowship,
Clear fortune to our unretreating star,
And prosperous days and mighty dreams fulfilled,
The issues of this hour. And to our house
Stability and honour through the years,
And to this hearth the lasting grace of life.

Led by the primitives, the procession moved in silence before the hearth and in shadowy file vanished back to "Si-pa-pu," the Hope underworld singing these words:

We must away,
Vanishing below
To Si-pa-pu, to Si-pa-pu.

As the voices died away, the Master of the pageant kindled the fire and the Club quartet, Mr. Marion Green, Mr. John B. Miller, Mr. George Hamlin and Dr. Wm. Williams, directed by Clarence Dickinson, sang the Club hymn, written by Wallace Rice and set to music by Frederick Stock.

Part II. Modern

Hamlin Garland, the president of the club, taking from Mr. Robertson, the Master of the pageant, the Calumet, led the way to the north hearth in the dining-room, and there, while the members remained standing, Mr. Garland laid the pipe upon the mantel. He then read the following lines, announcing the gift of driftwood by the Tavern Club of Boston:

From the grey Atlantic, from their pent-in home-place,
From the ancient hub and central fount of verse,
The Taverners of Boston, a genial club and antic,
Have sent paternal greetings, nothing worse.
Here beside our hearth, behold a bar'l of driftwood,
Caught from the foaming breakers of Cape Ann.
Hinting in this, the story of the whaler,
Who fears no mood of ocean or of man.

For us, the timid sons of peaceful plain and prairie,
Our cousins of the ledge and battering wave
Have set before our eyes the rainbow flames upleaping

thus obviously fated that the *Indiscreet Letters,* supplying as they seemed to a distinct want, should be published. After this they went home to England by the next mail-steamer.

But the battle was not yet won. The book was too indiscreet, and Messrs. Macmillan, who had hitherto published the writer's works, would have none of them. Then a great thing happened. The writer became really angry. And since when there is this determination, publication inevitably comes, the book went to press.

But there was one last difficulty. One more chapter must come out, said the London publishers, or else there would inevitably be trouble with Radical members in the House of Commons, who would be provided with material for raising the most awkward questions. The writer, remembering that discretion is the better part of valour, consented; and it is in this final expurgated form that the book now exists. . . .

The awkwardness of the publication of such an account was at once recognised in England, and very mixed opinions greeted it. The author was rudely denounced. Was it true, or untrue; or, if partially untrue, what parts were true? was meanwhile asked. It had the appearance of truth, yet its dress was strange—and, worst of all, England, in the person of her representative, cut a remarkably poor figure through the whole account.

The truth is that the book is really true and represents exactly, if picturesquely, what actually happened and how it affected people in a great variety of ways. The siege was a muddle from beginning to end; the occupation and sack of Peking was the inevitable climax. That there should have been next to no heroic figures through it all and that many accounts should be discreetly as dull as ditchwater should occasion no surprise. It was doubtless all so preordained—and that the *Indiscreet Letters* should boldly give things as they appeared is simply only a proof that the writer should have been born in another age. And since the writer and the eye-witness are one and the same person in the flesh, it may be assumed that in ten years or twenty years this story will be accepted as true. For it is no secret now that later on, when the chief actors are dead, other true accounts are to appear which may be yet more astonishing to those who have refused to understand; and with this it is best to end.

Standards of Greatness

One Thursday evening in December (it was, by the way, before the Italian Marathon runner now in this country had met defeat in his match with the Indian, Longboat) the Authors' Club of New York gave a reception to Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, the distinguished Italian *savant,* whose work, *The Greatness and Decline of Rome,* was discussed at length in our last issue. A man who had just met the guest made a remark in a tone of enthusiastic politeness. Professor Ferrero threw up his hands in mock rage. "That is it," he said, "everywhere it is the same. They do not say to me, 'You are of the country of Julius Cæsar, the country of Dante, the country of Tasso, the country of Michelangelo.' No! no! They say, 'Ah, you are a countryman of the great Dorando.'"

Felix Mendelssohn

The centenary of the birth of the composer Mendelssohn, which occurs on the 3d of this month, finds the pendulum of critical appraisement only now approaching a state of rest, after having swung high on the side of adulation and almost as high on the side of condemnation. During his life, Mendelssohn was acclaimed as the brightest star in the musical firmament, and his death was mourned more widely than that probably of any composer that had gone before. Not more than a decade later the tide of critical favour began to turn; Wagner's polemics against the existing order of things in the musical world were having their effect, and Mendelssohn was written down as a formalist, who composed insipid and uninspired music, which it was a virtue to forget.

The reaction went even further than dispraise of his music, and the composer himself was condemned as a shallow writer without a sincere regard for his art. His facility and brilliancy seem to lend support to the accusation. The critics forgot his untiring and disinterested devotion to the cause of Bach, whose

music he restored to life after a century of neglect, his lively enthusiasm which responded to every honest musical endeavour, his extraordinary zeal in fostering the highest ideals of art among all with whom he came into contact. A large part of his time and energy in the service of music was spent thus and his creative impulse starved, as he himself well knew.

Novels that Sell

"There are five kinds of novels that will sell largely," says C. K. S. (Clement K. Shorter) in his Literary Letter in the London *Sphere* of December 26th last. "First, the novel of the man of genius; here the sale is not always sure. Secondly, the novelist who is a skilful manufacturer from history. Thirdly, the novel of indecency. Fourthly, the novel of bigotry, which plays upon the prejudices of the religious public. Fifthly, the novel of commonplace reflection and cheap claptrap conversation. These last three sell best of all." The novels which had the greatest sale in the United States during 1908 were probably *The Shuttle, Mr. Crewe's Career, The Lady of the Decoration, The Firing Line, Three Weeks, The Barrier, The Lure of the Mask, Lewis Rand, The Testing of Diana Mallory, The Man from Brodney's, Together, The Black Bag,* and *The Trail of the Lonesome Pine.* In Mr. Shorter's estimate there is unquestionably a measure of truth. Just how much we leave to the reader to judge.

News from England

Once, in the reading-room of a small hotel in a little city of northern France, we discovered a small encyclopædia that contained some very diverting information. We learned, for example, that Mr. F. Marion Crawford was an American novelist who had recently written a book called *With the Immortals,* which pilloried scathingly the lives of certain members of the French Academy. Under the head of "The United States" we found that the President of the great Republic was one "A. Chester." With no further introduction we quote from the department "Portraits and World's News" in the London *Illustrated News* of December 5, 1908:



GRACE DONWORTH, AUTHOR OF "THE LETTERS OF JENNIE ALLEN"

> Mr. James S. Palmer, Vice-President-elect of the United States, may possibly look forward to filling one day the position of President. It will be remembered that on the death of President McKinley, Mr. Roosevelt, who was then Vice-President, succeeded automatically to the Presidency without opposition. Should anything happen to Mr. Taft (which we sincerely trust, for his sake, may not be the case), Mr. Palmer would probably, if precedent were followed, take his place.

To fill our hearts with worship of the brave.
Grateful to all who sailed the seas before us,
Glad to claim a kinship with New England's lofty names.
Ancestral in our turn, we raise this inland temple
And hopefully confront the challenge of your flames.

Here the president of the Cliff Dwellers read the following lines by Mark A. De Wolfe Howe, of the Tavern Club, and cast upon the fire a bit of the briny, copper-stained wood:

Drifted from leagues of sunlit waves,
Forth from the ancient east,
Your kindling care this token craves
That feign would light your feast.

And when upon your hearth its flame
Flings the pent banner out,
Gleams of the sunrise, whence it came,
Shall flash your halls about.

The altar-fires of all the arts
Shall glow on hearthstones new;
The life that fellowship imparts—
Long may it quicken you!

So let the fiery letters spell
A greeting warm and free
To you in beetling cliffs who dwell,
From a tavern by the sea.

The president of the club then announced in the following lines a similar gift of driftwood from the Bohemian Club of San Francisco:

From the golden gate, from far Pacific breakers,
From the land of Spanish legend, gold and wine,
Our brothers of Bohemia have sent us, with their blessing,
A rock-worn ship's beam, rescued from the brine,—
Dug from the beach whose shining, fabled rivers
Allured our fathers westward across the desert sand,
Evoking here to-night the Shades of Clark and Lewis
And the Argonauts of fifty—that bearded iron band.
California, whose very name is music,
We greet your words of bounty with gratitude and glee;
To our bare hearth your generous hands have given
The romance of the galleon, the glamour of the sea.
Beyond Harte's Poker Flat and Joaquin's high Sierras,
Past John Muir's parks and Markham's cedars tall,
We send an answering cry of middle-western greeting
And bid you share the plenty of our hall.

Mr. Garland then read "The Cliff Dwellers," by George Sterling, of the Bohemian Club:

As men of old from beast or human foe
Sought them a stony lair,
So all to-day seek ever, high and low,
Refuge from prowling care.

The hollowed cliff far up its covert gave,
By notched and giddy path,
Where walled and imminent the age-worn cave
Mocked at the outer wrath.

To-day our foe is subtler, and in vain
The fortalice of old:
He comes with whispered grief and hidden pain—
Unseen, or mailed in gold.

A respite for a little while, at best,
In that long war we find—
A breathing space to give the heart its rest,
Its silence to the mind;

A shelter high amid the parcelled walls
That house our urgent race.
Where men in brotherhood find equal halls
And strifeless resting place;

Where Bacchic poppies on the fretted nerve
Their languors cast a while,
And art, the angel pitiless we serve,
Stands with atoning smile.

Since in your centre of enduring war
A refuge high you gain,
Take, too, our greeting from a distant shore,
Our tribute from the main.

Bright be the beacon of your firstling fire,
A flame that cannot cease;
To Joy a shrine, to Care an endless pyre,
To men a pledge of peace.

Forget a while that mortals, one by one,
At last shall driftwood be,
Cast on the beaches of oblivion
By life's rejecting sea.

Mr. Garland alluded to the Players Club of New York in these lines:

At the still centre of Manhattan's frenzy,
On a small plot which fronts upon a tree,
Stands the Players' house, by Edwin Booth provided,
To be the central fane of modern minstrelsy.
No other of our clubs exceeds it in tradition,
Just as no other player o'ertops its founder's fame,
Taught by his words, by his example guided,
We seek the Players' blessing on our name.

Mr. Otis Skinner, officially delegated to speak for the Players, read their formal greeting, engrossed upon a card, and added a few words of his own in explanation of the purposes of the Players and in greeting to the Cliff-Dwellers, wishing them a long and merry life.

In addition to the official greetings on the part of similar organisations, Mr. Garland read letters from President Roosevelt, Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Edward Everett Hale, of Boston; William Dean Howells, of New York; Joaquin Miller, of Oakland, California; Charles F. Lummis, of Los Angeles, California; Edwin Markham, of Oregon; James Whitcomb Riley, of Indianapolis; S. Weir Mitchell, of Philadelphia, and Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia University. Professor Matthews contributed a poem.

ON THE HEIGHTS

A Greeting to the Cliff-Dwellers

Hail! Ye men of lofty station
Looking down upon the nation,
From your eyrie of elation
And relief;
Hail! Ye dwellers in a far land,
On a peak and up near starland,
With your hamlin-culture's garland
For a chief!

All the milliners and drapers,
Advertising in the papers,
Cannot fill the tall sky-scrapers
To the top;
And there's room, somewhere above them
For the arts, and those that love them,
Where the crowd can't crush and shove them
Till they drop.

It was Goethe who has said it,
And it's greatly to his credit;
(In your memory now imbed it
Once for all,
With no further dilly dally)
"There is peace above the valley,"
Where the setting sun-rays rally
Ere they fall.

There is peace and there is pleasure
Better far than buried treasure
For the men who earn their leisure
Shirking not;
There is peace and there is laughter,
Rising warmly to the rafter
There is scorn for crook and grafter
Burning hot.

May your culture go on humming!
May your notions keep on coming!
May your scribbling and your strumming
Both excel!
May your shadow ne'er diminish!
May your atmosphere get thinnish!
May you fight fate to a finish!
Fare you well.

Charles F. Lummis, last survivor of the ancestors, contributed four lines.

THE CLIFF-DWELLERS

I, too, am red with the sun that browned them—
To know their hearts you must learn their tan—
Brown, but our younger selves, I found them,
For the man is a child—and the child is man.

Augustus Thomas, in his official communication, said:

The Lambs, by nature led to pastures and rich lowlands, have long felt that the loftier, sterile and more exposed jags were insufficiently grazed. There is a significance in your name that promises improvement in this regard. We prophesy no biblical separation of the flock, but hope, on the contrary, that the

topographical and geographical placement may permit a marginal blending.

Mr. Gilder, speaking for the Century Association, said:

As chairman of the Committee on Literature of the Century Association, I am authorised to extend to the Cliff-Dwellers most hearty fraternal greetings from the association in New York which was so long ago established with like spirit and intent. From the height of our own long and happy history, we wish you a fortunate beginning and an everlasting continuing in your dwelling on the cliffs.

Introducing the Franklin Inn Club poem, Mr. Garland said:

From staid Philadelphia, from the home of old-time Quaker,
From the Franklin Inn, a meeting house of friends,
Comes this fair scroll, so quaint and curt and seemly
A writ of admonition where wit with humour blends.

May their plain speech and brotherly intending
The closer knit our little band of men,
Well may we take from Pennsylvanian manners
The tolerance of Franklin, the courtesy of Penn.

The poem of the Franklin Inn Club was engraved upon a card by its author, Felix N. Gerson.

We place grey hairs upon our youth,
And other antique mummery,
That you may think, in very truth,
'Tis Franklin's self whom here you see,—
For with a painted line or two
We limn a visage old and wise,
And stalk among your merry crew
With serious goggles on our eyes.

So that, Cliff-Dwellers of the West,
In these grey greetings that we send,
Beneath the Quaker's coat and vest
You'll find the heart-beats of a "Friend"—
And as we clasp you by the hand,
Just take a little nearer view,
And you will recognise our brand—
We're jolly youngsters just like you!

The main addresses of the evening were delivered by Mr. Robert Herrick, representing literature; Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, representing the lay membership, and Mr. Larado Taft, who spoke for painting and sculpture.

A ROMAN FLIRT

(Horace, *Odes I.* 5.)

What slender boy with curling, perfumed hair
'Mid clustering roses, woos you, Pyrrha fair,
In your sweet bower? Tell me for whose delight
Are bound and bound again those tresses bright?
How seeming simple is your daintiness!

Yet soon, alas! he'll mourn your fickleness,
The gods estranged. As when the sailor pale
Sees billows roughen 'neath the black'ning gale
Where all was fair; so he, unconscious, blind,
Believes you always loving, always kind;
Enjoys your smiles nor fears the changing wind.

Poor hapless fools, for whom, untried, you shine!
Well, let them learn their lesson,—but for mine,
My sea-soaked garments, with a thankful prayer,
I'll dedicate to Neptune for his care.

Elizabeth H. du Bois.

THE HACK AND HIS PITTANCE

IN adjacent numbers of THE BOOKMAN appeared recently two articles called "The Illustrator and His Income" and "The Librettist and His Profits." There was an air of good cheer and even of exultation about them with which the patient hack is familiar, and which, indeed, he breathes with a certain grim relish. They go to confirm his agreeable impression of the fallibility of editors, publishers, and publics. He fancies himself indicting companion-pieces on "Best-Sellers and Their Loot," or "Advertising-Agents and their Winnings,"—and being declined with thanks. He has the martyr's pleasing consciousness that his own experience does not qualify him for entry in these golden lists. What (he asks his wife with scorn) of the sturdy and faithful producer whose part it is to supply the bone and sinew of current literature?—to write the leaders, the essays, the biographies, the books of criticism and of chronicle? Why does not THE BOOKMAN print now and then an article on "Litterateurs and Their Fortunes," or "Grub Street Millionaires"? The answer, gentlemen, is obvious: There ain't no such fortunes, and there ain't no such millionaires. Far from it. . . . [At this point we are interrupted by the advent of an inquiring tradesman. He deals in ice, and is, like his commodity, smooth, but firm and cold. We have no balance at the bank, but we expect a cheque by—by almost any mail from the —— which will cover the bill and leave $1.50 over—maybe $2. We cannot be condescended to by an iceman about a bill only a month or so over-due; and we recklessly give hostage to fortune by drawing a cheque dated two days ahead. We suggest in an offhand way that it be held till the date specified, as we have a deposit to make in the meantime—the inference being that our pocket is bulging with cheques which we have neglected to leave at the bank.] Far from it.

Faithful hack, it may be there is a tinge of resentment in your attitude toward this prosperity of the showy performer. When you get (if you do) $100 for your special article (which you think has qualities entitling it to a better name) and the popular illustrator gets $1,000 for making a picture or two apropos of it, you cannot help feeling that he is the cuckoo in the nest. Very likely he has not made the remotest attempt to illustrate anything but his own cleverness—his particular way of making a gown fit; or a curl astray down a cheek. A certain decorative effect is what he is after, and what he gets—with and for the $1,000. If he ignores or contradicts the specifications of the text, that is practically no business of his or of yours; for you are but the stage whereon, at the moment, he does his famous turn. So when you get (which as you probably don't) your $15 per thousand words for that careful and excellent criticism of yours, while Brother Jones on the sunny side of the street gets $100 per thousand for his mediocre fiction, you have your own shrewd notion as to who the injured party is in the sight of the powers above. You do not really envy the showy performers, the short-story writer who makes his $10,000 a year, or the picture-maker who gathers in his $50,000. You would not be in their shoes; you have no taste for vaudeville: perhaps you even (admirable man!) do not want a lot of money. But you do want some money (since after all you are but human): a fair wage with which to keep the iceman and other wolves from the door. And it does seem that with all this money available for the frills and perfumery of literature, the purveyor of staples might be sure of his modest minimum.

But of course, dear friends, the inference is false. The purveyor of literary staples has always had a hard scrabble of it. The simple fact is that

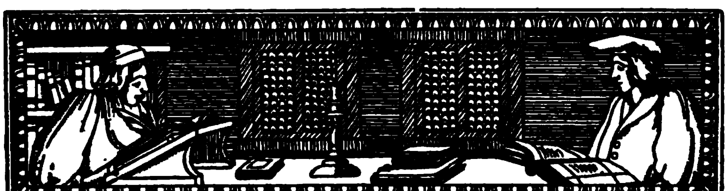
their price has gone up very little, while the frills-and-perfumery quotations have gone up enormously. The safe game of the hack is what it has always been: to attach himself to somebody else's desk for a certain number of hours every working day. By diligence he will be able to make as much money as a dry-goods clerk or a minor accountant. Our boasted literary market is a market for fiction and news, and our luckless friend has, it may be, no knack for either. He may well beware of attempting independence. By the hardest of labour and the best of luck he may be able to earn considerably less than the oft-pitied college professor.

There is something exhilarating to youthful fancy in the notion of the literary free-lance. Leaving out of consideration the story-writers and play-writers (for with them even a moderate success means a competency), I doubt if there are a dozen such persons of ten years' standing in this country. I doubt if there have ever been in any country. It is almost impossible for a person of the kind to support himself respectably—by which I mean to earn say a couple of thousand a year. His market, however free his access to it, hardly contains that much for him. He will have to write a hundred and fifty to two hundred thousand words to stand a chance of getting it.

Three or four thousand words a week, month in and month out: indifferent reader, may you sometime have to try it! The novelists do it, of course, and the journalist fellows, but theirs is easy writing. You may use up any number of words in discussing the candidacy question of Bryan's fourth candidacy. ("There was a time when three strikes were out, but it is now rumoured that in the case of a certain Presidential candidate—"). If you are romantic story-teller the rush of events carries you along in a smother of language. Or if you are of a realistic turn, you may blacken forty pages in describing how the hero stood on a street corner and rubbed one leg against the other. But what of your scrupulous *prosateur,* your honest essayist and critic? Everything he writes, if he is worth his salt, is based upon an idea: his shortest review is an essay in little, or contains the germ of an essay. His instinct is to condense to get rid of superfluous words. His "output" is necessarily small and he is paid for it according to space, at a rate of say a fourth or a fifth of what the incontinent fiction-writer is awarded.

Alas for the independent practitioner, the free-lance of pleasant tradition. He was, the tale went, master of his own time, at nobody's beck and call, a free man. Mr. Gissing's Henry Rycroft has said a disillusionising word or two on that head. The unattached writer has, says Rycroft, a hundred masters instead of one. The fact is, he is as free as the next man to do nothing at his own expense, but he differs from the next man in not being able to do it at anybody else's. The man in an office finds time now and then to put his feet on the desk, light his pipe, and pass the time of day with his fellow-man. He may be sick for a month or two if necessary, and the pay goes on. He may idle away every minute of his holidays with the comfortable consciousness that it makes no difference to the grocer. He can do a little writing on the side, if he likes, for tobacco-money. And it is in terms of the salaried man's tobacco-money that the hack is paid.

John Walcott.



AMERICAN SOCIAL LIFE IN ILLUSTRATION

I—FROM THE AMERICAN POINT

THERE was published in *Putnam's Magazine,* away back in the early fifties, a series of articles which became famous and were the keenest of social satires. The author was George William Curtis and they were subsequently published in book form. The title was *The Potiphar Papers,* and the opening paragraph might well apply to this year of our Lord 1909. Thus he begins: "If gilt were only gold, or sugar candy common sense, what a fine thing our society would be. If to lavish money upon *objets de vertu,* to wear the most costly dresses, and always to have them cut in the height of the fashion; to build houses thirty feet broad, as if they were palaces; to furnish them with all the luxurious devices of Parisian genius; to give superb banquets, at which your guests laugh, and which make you miserable; to drive a fine carriage and ape European liveries, and crests and coats-of-arms; to talk much of the old families and of your aristocratic friends; to despise labour; to prate of good society; to travesty and parody, in every conceivable way, a society which we know only in books and by the superficial observation of foreign travel, which arises out of a social organisation entirely unknown to us, and which is opposed to our fundamental and essential principles; if all this were fine, what a prodigious fine society would ours be."

The illustrations were made by Augustus Hoppin, a popular man of the period, and they, too, do not seem so far removed from being like the people of our own time. His two dancers might almost have stepped out from one of last summer's cotillons. Although our testimony is that of an undiscriminating male, we may declare we saw recently such a gown as the girl wears while in the café of a Fifth Avenue restaurant but the other day, a duplicate of the man's collar graced the neck of an elderly beau who a score of years ago was known by the cheerful title of "the king of the Dudes." Styles come and go and—come again. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity. Where are the bustles, "pin-backs" and panniers of yesteryear? What of the chignon, the "bun" and the bang of the eternal feminine? Did ever female wear the "leg o'mutton" sleeve and sport the "Grecian bend"? Who now recalls the appearance of the belles and beaux of the seventies? Was it only last month that the flaxen-haired Lydia, she of the abbreviated skirt and the cockney voice, died, an old woman with grey tresses, or did she cross the Styx many, many moons ago? And what of the faultlessly attired *jeunesse dorée,* who sat enthralled at Niblo's, before the shapely, generous forms of her cohorts from the British Isles and for supper afterwards, if they did not go to their club, were limited to Delmonico's, or an



OUR BEST SOCIETY IN THE EARLY FIFTIES

NOTE.—Mr. Hoeber's second paper will deal with American social life from the European point of view.

English chop-house? For then, the Great White Way was unborn; gas reigned, horse cars and stages carried the modest multitude who could not afford the cumbersome carriage, and cabs were practically an unknown quantity.

The seventies found the country emerging from a terrible civil war, in which many fortunes were swept away and many more made, and opportunity was a-knocking at our doors. With momentous questions settled, there was time to look about for the investment of these fortunes and the opening up of territory, the exploiting of railroads, the amassing of the treasures of the earth. Science began to get in its fine work, invention was abroad in the land; men thought and put



FASHIONS OF 1873. AN EARLY RIDE IN CENTRAL PARK BY GREY PARKER



LONG SKIRTS AT THE BALL. GRANT'S INAUGURATION IN 1873

their thoughts into concrete forms. Electricity became a practical affair, and all over America there was restless activity. Society, which had hitherto had but few amusements, looked about for new forms of entertainment. The Sunday of the olden times began to be changed. There was something else to do but go to church, walk on the avenue afterward, read the papers and go to sleep. Golf had not as yet appeared on the scene, country clubs were only dreamed of, and week-end parties seldom held. They were very English, but slow in finding favour. Big fortunes were whispered of in the West, fortunes so colossal as to be scarcely accredited, and some of the womenkind of these Occidental millionaires picked up and went to Europe, where there were no awkward questions of ancestry and previous conditions of servitude.

In 1873 there was established in New York an illustrated daily newspaper, the *Graphic*, which offered an outlet for the draughtsmen and was the medium through which many an aspiring illustrator reached his public. It is incredible that our humanity of that day at all resembled the rude pictures given of them by such men as Arthur Lumley, Thomas Worth, Frank Bellew, Gray Parker and W. A. Rogers. Inane women and imbecilic men in costumes of hideous unbecomingness leered out of the pictures. Panniers seemed then the fashion for the women, with hats that might have been designed by lunatic milliners, and the ambition of the dressmakers seemed to be to pile on as much material and as many flounces as the gowns and the husband's pockets would stand. The robe by no possible chance had any relation to an intelligent scheme either of form, construction, or colour. Had it been pitchforked on it could not have been more incongruous. The lines of the figure were quite obliterated, grace was never apparent, and the result was a deadly conglomeration of bad taste. As for the men, one pauses aghast at the absurd appearance they cut, in funny



FASHIONS OF 1873. CAUGHT IN THE ACT—A SCENE ON BROADWAY. BY ARTHUR LUMLEY

little hats, bobtailed coats, wide-bottom trousers and curious neckgear. Side whiskers of course were *de rigeur,* but such idiotic arrangement of hair it is hard to believe any man could ever bring himself to wear on his face.

Of course something was due to faulty mechanical processes, and much more to the incapacity of the artist, but it is not to be questioned that there was a basis for their work in the ridiculousness of the clothing that then prevailed and, in a way, in the very attitude of people toward life. The social crudity of the times is in strange contrast with the progress we were then making otherwise. Nothing, of course, is more absurd than a high hat ten years old—that is generally admitted; but the same may not be said always of clothes, for we can look back at remote periods and relatively near-by ones as well, when the world wore becoming and beautiful garments, appropriate and graceful. Yet the period,

say, between 1820 and 1880, some sixty years more or less, was marked by a succession of styles that seem the outcome of utter fatuity, of vile taste and really ingenious incongruity.

Our leisure class was a slow development and may be said to have dated from the time when the sons of the men who had made fortunes during and after the Civil War grew to manhood. Up to that time men of wealth kept at their business and their sons carried on their traditions. Even among the old Southern families the newer generation still had their hands full attending to the running of estates, the inspection of stock, the general maintenance of the affairs which large possessions entailed. They found time to loaf a bit, to be sure, and there was hunting, with occasional trips, but they were never idlers. As among the same set abroad, they had plenty to occupy their days; much, to be sure, of a social nature, but still things to do. Your Englishman of the higher class is thoroughly occupied. If he goes in the army, then there are drills and the many things incidental to military life, and if he be a country squire, he is generally a magistrate, he heads committees, he is interested in fairs, hospitals, and the like, and he works much harder than is generally supposed. And there is for him the career of diplomacy with the serious reading that it entails.

Here, however, grew up a race of idlers with more money than brains, with absolutely nothing to do and no end of cash to spend. And what was worse, little sense of how to have a good time. There was no large choice of amusements and the country club came as a Godsend, furnishing an excuse for the gathering of congenial souls and offering means of doing something out of the ordinary. The horsey set has time out of mind furnished the draughtsman with themes. One of the men identified with such pic-



THE LATEST IMPORTATION. BY ALBERT STERNER

Scene, Newport

How well preserved Lord Bawmbawst is—is he not a great swell?
Oh, yes! (With a burst of confidence) Do you know when he arrived he was obliged to pay duty on himself as a work of art!



FASHIONS OF THE NINETIES

tures was Gray Parker—alas! not equipped academically, though apparently knowing his animal well, but his pictures of the life of his day are more pathetic than amusing. Yet they helped to convey to the middle class, in their way, the doings of their richer brothers and sisters. Occasionally there was some public function in the shape of an inauguration ball at Washington, one of the military dances at the Academy of Music, in New York, or a reception to visiting royalty. Then the illustrator broke loose and gave a more or less superficial rendering of it, for it may be admitted that none of the men who made these pictures were, for a moment, a part of the social lights of the metropolis. They were, of course, occupied with other things, and such social affairs were but incidents.

With the advent of the late Charles S. Reinhart in the eighties, his drawings show that we begin to have a better understanding of things social. Our crudities seem softened, a little of the Old World sophistication appears, and we take on—according to the illustrator always—some *savoir faire*. Comes now a well-hanging frock coat, the correct grooming of our men. Our women are possible; travel had begun to get in its fine work, and European fashions were more usual, fashions that seem to have had some intelligence and appropriativeness. As I have said, from the beginning none of our illustrators, with the possible exception of Gibson, made the study of society from the inside as did the Englishman Du Maurier. Du Maurier never did anything else, until he began to write, but draw in black and white, and he made illustration the end and aim of his life. Not so our men, who painted when there was the slightest excuse, and held illustration only as a solid basis for maintenance. But our artists looked in at least at Washington, at Newport, elsewhere, and they reflected in a measure what was going on in a social way. They caught something of the spirit of it, if



THE EARLY NINETIES—AN AFTERNOON SPIN ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE. BY W. T. SMEDLEY

not, as in the case of Du Maurier, the intimacy of the thing. Rinehart, however, found more of the essence of our social life, and he was supplemented by William T. Smedley, who came more closely into the milieu of the higher classes. Somewhere about the early nineties we had obviously gone mad over the bicycle. Every one, high and low, who could scrape together the price of a machine rode. Men wore knickerbockers as a matter of course, women dressing in no less appropriate costumes. Smedley's drawing of the concourse on Riverside Drive discloses a really fashionable lot of men and women, who might well have been from the British capital, so correct are they in appearance. The question of the international marriage began to become the theme of the draughtsman in the late eighties. International marriages there had been, of course, before this, but now the titled lord began to come to these shores in large numbers in the quest for American wealth. There are frequent references to it in *Life, Puck, Judge* and the magazines, and to the Western millionaire, who, from the date of the Chicago World's Fair, began to find Eastern society a means of greater opportunity with its myriad amusements, its broader viewpoint, and its larger sophistication. And somewhere about the early nineties Charles Dana Gibson came on the field. With his advent social life began to be taken much more seriously in pictures. His women somehow were the real thing. They had an air about them, a social quality that had been hitherto lacking. Others appeared to have but pricked the exterior of society. He depicted men and women as to the manor born, and he profoundly interested all classes—those therein, to see how he should hit them off; those outside, as being permitted to peer within the sacred circle, where the veil was lifted to them. Young women of the middle classes took hints in costume, aped the manners and fashions of a world they might only view from afar, and his work had and has the greatest vogue. And he gave virility to his men. They were not the hitherto silly asses of the cheap

draughtsmen nor were the women the inane things of other days, and all was helped by the new direct processes of the mechanical side of engraving. Just what the artist indicated with pen and ink appeared in print. No longer could there be the excuse of faulty reproduction, nor was there need of any as far as he was concerned. And he was the direct cause of a host of imitators. The art schools fairly swarmed with clever young men and women, and to them Gibson was both an inspiration and an incentive, for in addition to his great vogue, he had reaped financial success. If the American Girl of Gibson, then why not the American Girl of half a hundred more of the young men? And so she multiplied. Came Christy, Hutt, Fisher, a dozen others, and she was attractive or otherwise, according to their endowments. But not always were these men particular in their book illustration. It is alleged that frequently they were not careful in reading the text of the authors whose scenes they depicted, being, indeed, at times quite regardless of written descriptions, an artistic license that was strongly objected to by the authors and which not infrequently made complications as far as the reader was concerned.

Yet in these years we were raw in our social efforts, to speak generally outside of the select few, and we still continue at times to excite the merriment of the older established European orders of society. The breaks are many and startling, even in high quarters of political and financial standing. In a social way things are said and done to make the blood curdle. From the more or less apocryphal story of the rich American woman living in Paris who, failing in her request for the loan of the *Arc de Triomphe* to add to the eclat of one of her Arabian Nights' entertainments, offered to buy the old thing, to the latest tale of foolish women at a country club who appeared in bathing suits before a concourse of friends, there are daily chronicles of happenings that could only take place in a new land, among a new social order. For though fortunately they are not characteristic, they are nevertheless made possible by



GOOD FISHING. BY ALBERT STERNER

I've just returned from a fishing excursion in the Adirondacks. I had a lovely time!
You had good luck, then?
Oh my, yes. I caught a Chicago millionaire!

lack of established rules, unwritten laws, because of a heterogeneity not to be imagined in a country where social ethics are as fixed as the statutes of the Medes and the Persians. For is not one man here as good as another—theoretically, at least? The insolence one meets here from public servants is incredible. The car conductor answers you with brusqueness; the policeman is just as likely to give you an insult to a reasonable question as not.

To dinners of a public nature where there were invited well-bred ladies and gentlemen representing officially foreign nations, men and women accustomed all their lives to having wine on their tables, think of the wife of a chief executive offering them simply water, thus making them conform to her puritanical notions. The bad taste of it is unbelievable. Yet a considerable part of the community applauded such an action. The struggle to get into society is no new effort in any land, but somehow we seem to have made more foolish attempts in that direction than others. Does not our very Declaration of Independence insist that all men are born free and equal, whereas the reverse is the truth. But we have progressed and we will continue to advance socially. It has been said that it requires three generations to make a gentleman. With the accumulation of great fortunes we are moving rapidly in that direction. Money, of course, does not make ladies and gentlemen, but money means proper food, pure air, good ventilation, correct



A TALE OF TWO CITIES. BY VAN SCHACK

SHE. You seem in unusually good spirits, Uncle Jack.
UNCLE JACK. Yes; I have just returned from Philadelphia.
SHE. Philadelphia! It hasn't the reputation of being exhilarating.
UNCLE JACK. It is if you work it right. When I become chronically cast down and depressed I go there for a week. Philadelphians are not especially bright, you know, and I begin at once to feel, by contrast, that I am a genius.
SHE. But doesn't it end in your becoming frightfully conceited?
UNCLE JACK. Sometimes; but then a day or two in Boston always takes me down again.



EASTER SUNDAY ON FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK. BY W. T. SMEDLEY

sanitation, education, the refining influences of artistic possessions, much life in the open, travel, and consequent experience, the broadening of the mind and the opportunity of association with people of distinction. It offers a thousand advantages not possible with poverty. A long continuance of prosperity and its attending opportunities ends by the breeding of a finer, better physical animal, a higher order of intellectuality. Our illustrators of the future, who are of and in this atmosphere, will have much more to draw upon, a larger variety of types, of incidents, of ensemble, and if we of this generation may not endure to witness this metamorphosis, if our children die too soon, surely our grandchildren will see



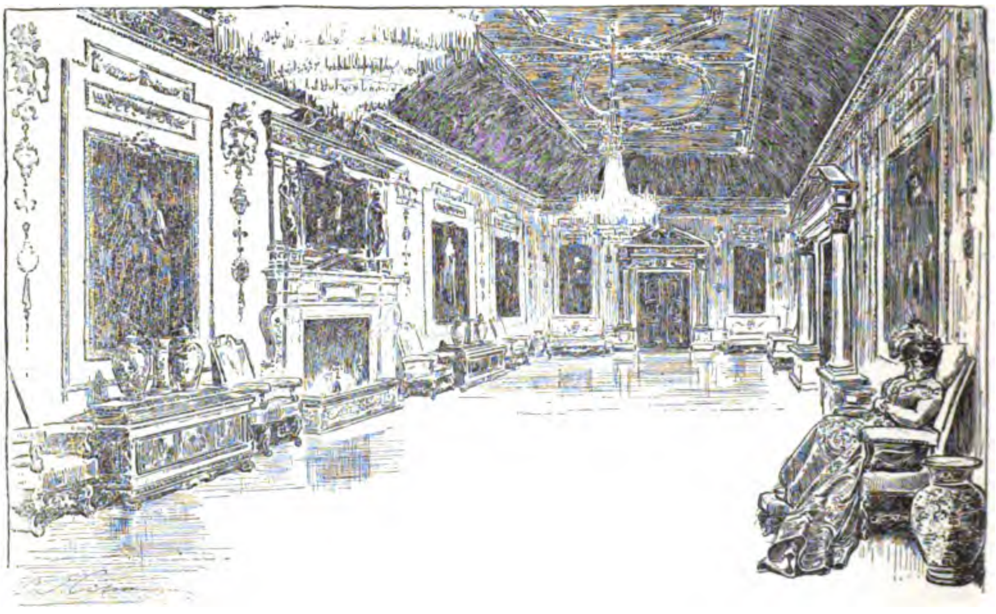
THE SOCIAL LADDER. THE AMBITIOUS MOTHER AND THE OBLIGING CLERGYMAN



THE OVERWORKED AMERICAN FATHER. HIS DAY OFF IN AUGUST. BY C. D. GIBSON

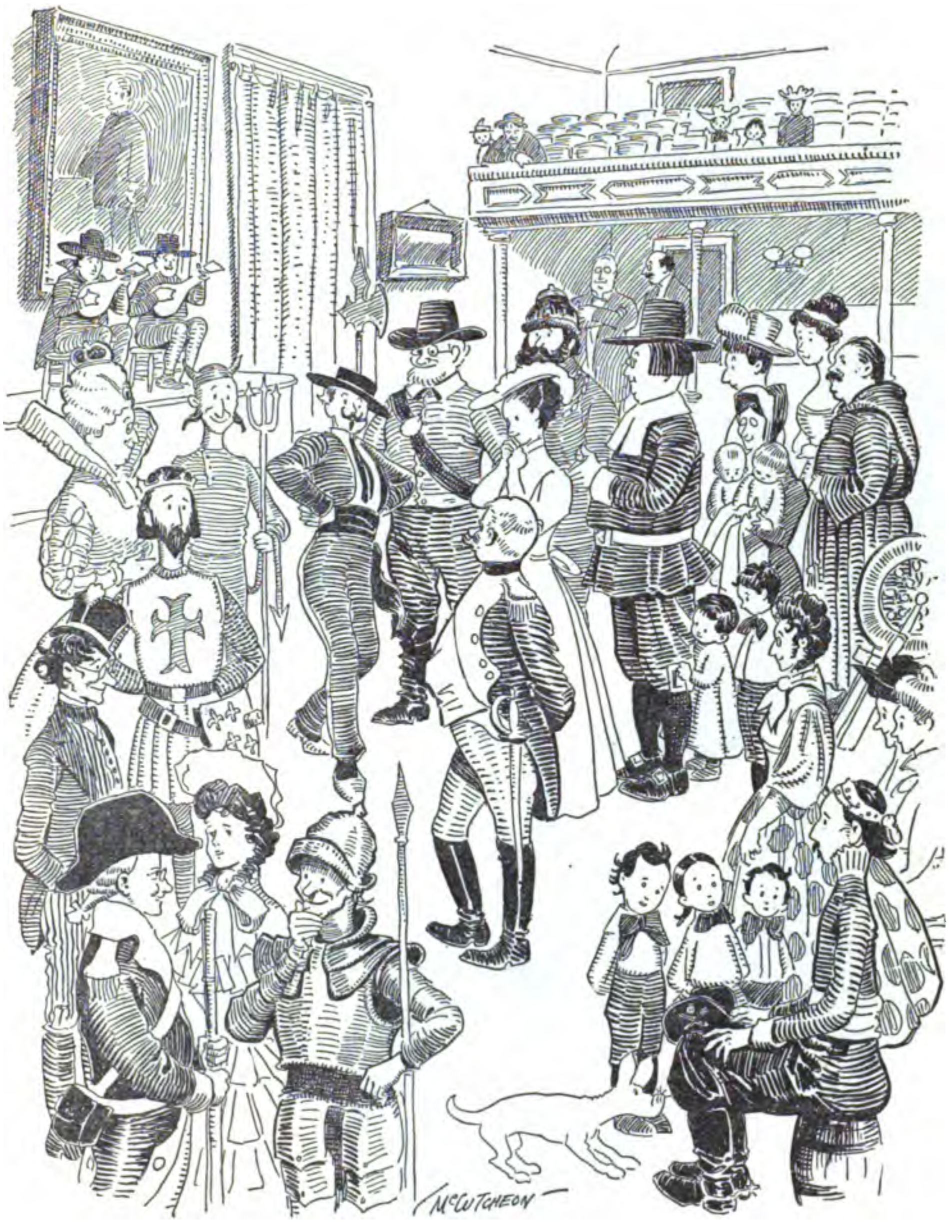
the change that shall come over the land. Whether it shall be for the stouter maintenance of a grander republic, who shall say? But the change in the social adjustment is bound to come.

One of the curious products of the antebellum development of material success in America was the introduction into political life of a number of the newly rich from the western country, men whose wealth had come suddenly and who were pushed by their ambitious wives into positions of prominence, little enjoyed by the male, but affording opportunity to the female for travel, for sojourn temporarily in the seats of the mighty, or at least offering the chance to be in some sort of social activity denied them in their home towns, where, first of all, nothing worth while happened and where they were perhaps too well known and their antecedents too familiar to engender that respect and awe that riches sometimes inspire. Such men occasionally found their way to minor courts in Europe, men who, though lacking every social experience, were not infrequently *au fond,* clear headed, well equipped mentally, who, apart from the social side, represented their country creditably and guarded her interests jealously. But the wives were the stumbling blocks, with their hopeless provincialism, their utter absence of *savoire faire* and their inability to conceal these lackings by a tactful silence. Naturally this group formed a fruitful source of inspiration for the draughtsman of the time. And the western artist, possibly living closer to the originals and being on the scene, so to speak, caught them even better than his eastern brother.



THE SOCIAL LADDER. MRS. STEELE POOLE'S HOUSE-WARMING. BY C. D. GIBSON

The wildest vagaries of the sensational story-tellers of the Orient never equalled the actual experiences of some of these newly rich, who, from oil, gold, silver, copper and agricultural inventiveness, sprung in a night, as it were, from abject poverty to almost fabulous wealth. Washerwomen transformed in the twinkling into multi-millionairesses; farm wives, from the drudgery of the kitchen, the barnyard and the cow stable, were suddenly able to have any possible thing their hearts desired that money could buy—these were some of the accidents of this marvellous Eldorado of the New World, and small wonder some of



TYPES OF THE MIDDLE WEST. THE GRAND MASQUERADE PARTY AT BIRD CENTER. BY JOHN T. M'CUTCHEON



TYPES OF THE MIDDLE WEST. MRS. RILEY WITHERSBY'S GRAND SOCIAL FUNCTION. MRS. WITHERSBY IS THE "GRAND DAME" OF BIRD CENTER. BY JOHN T. M'CUTCHEON

them furnished paragraphs for the ever-willing newspaper men, the waiting cartoonist. Washington had a host of tales of them. Travellers in Europe struck their trail. Thackeray tells of that brood of hardy English adventurers who invaded the Continent after the battle of Waterloo. In like manner there came out of our West a contingent during the early seventies—not adventurers of dubious honesty, as in the case of the Britons, but quite, on the contrary, a more or less simple crowd, who were good pickings for the tradespeople of the East and particularly amenable to the guiles of the foreign shopkeepers abroad, who fattened on them and made the most of the opportunity. Incidentally they were the first of that migrating throng who helped to raise the cost of living in Europe, who brought up the price of pictures and bric-a-brac, of costume and, in short, all that before then the average person bought at moderate investment.

These simple people, coming from the tranquil fireside where the farm paper or the weekly edition of the New York *Tribune* comprised frequently their only literature and was their sole touch with the outside world, naturally made funny breaks. Frequently a season at the capital was more than enough for them, after which they returned sadder and but little the wiser. Occasionally, however, the social bee was too much for their peace of mind and they made strenuous efforts to enter in the fringe of the social world. Public receptions and certain teas of a perfunctory character made them acquainted with the rudiments of social demands and—the American woman being quick and tactful—soon they knew the simpler tricks, and shortly it was the woman who led while the man lagged—always socially, not necessarily intellectually—behind. A few visits to Europe, some properly made gowns, a little of the jargon of society, and presently these women passed in a way for the real article, and their money was a great help, for there was and is always a mob ready to do much for people with plethoric purses. The original crowd has largely disappeared, sporadic cases only now and then appearing on the horizon, and the cartoonist has almost entirely dropped them, yet in their day they served him well and furnished him with many an inspiration.

Arthur Hoeber.



MR. WINTHROP K. BIDDLE, OF PHILADELPHIA
FROM A GROUP PICTURE OF THE PRINCETON GLEE CLUB. BY JOHN T. M'CUTCHEON

How am I to go and talk about my uncle to my aunt, don't you know?"

"You needn't talk," said Coralie. "I'll do that; but you're wanted as a kind of support. Aunt G. asked for both of us. Aunt G. has always been lovely to me, and I don't see how I can get out of doing her a service when she asks me."

"Jolly queer kind of service!" muttered Captain Jamieson, "tattling about a man's flirtations to his wife!"

"You don't understand—she means to know; she's just got to know," opined his wife.

There it was. His aunt had got to know, and he had got to go; and deuced uncomfortable it seemed all round. As the motor slowed through the Georgian pillars of the Orange Court entrance-gates, the soldier made a futile attempt at self-consolation.

"Perhaps," he hazarded, "that's not what we are wanted for at all."

"Perhaps you're just an old silly," said Mrs. Jamieson, with her engaging blink of eyelashes and tilt of tilted lip.

Captain Jamieson would have liked to kiss her then and there, as she stood up shaking the motor-wraps from her slim figure. But Barker was staring at them from the doorstep. Barker had not yet fathomed the meaning of this gathering of the clans in conjunction with his master's non-appearance.

No sooner had they crossed the threshold of the drawing-room than, with mingled admiration and dismay, the soldier realised afresh his wife's acumen. His first look at his grandmother's and mother's portentous countenances dispelled all his own lingering hope. The first words that greeted him were final confirmation:

"Ernest, your Uncle Reginald has not yet arrived."

It was Lady Enniscorthy who spoke. Lady Florence sighed. Ernest blushed as if he had himself been the delinquent. Yet Lady Gertrude was all suavity.

"You dears," she said, and kissed them both. "I cannot thank you enough for coming. Yes, indeed, my man still plays the truant; and after three years' absence. Well, you see, that's just what I want to talk about. It is a little disturbing, isn't it? Coralie, you're a perfect wonder! I don't believe you ever travel like a human being. You've just been unpacked from silver paper—and, oh, my dear, what a dowdy I feel beside you!"

Coralie made play with her eyelashes. She thought Lady Gertrude (as she informed her husband afterward) quite superb to carry it off like that. But Ernest did not agree with her. He was very glad, he told himself, that he was not Sir Reginald. Aunt Gertrude was too airy. It wasn't wholesome.

Coralie liked to hear her clothes praised; she preferred to be praised for her taste than for her looks—a subtlety which her husband had not yet fathomed. She now gave herself a little undulatory shake of satisfaction. In any one less graceful it would have been a wriggle; with her, it was an expression of feeling which added to her somewhat feline charm. She looked round; the smile became accentuated on her lips as she met her grandmother-in-law's stare.

Lady Enniscorthy had never outwardly appeared to have forgiven her grandson's marriage; to have admitted the American to her family circle. Her feelings, however, displayed themselves chiefly by an unrelenting gaze, by a strong silence. To her Coralie was apparently only the American her grandson had picked up. What she did and said and how she looked was no concern of the dowager's. Mrs. Jamieson seemed to find the situation stimulating. She had a curious affection for the terrible old lady. For Lady Florence, on the other hand, by whom she knew herself really disliked, but who administered her thrusts wrapped in honeyed words, she had a cordial, not to say cheerful, enmity. It was her practice to stock her memory with the most outlandish Americanisms, picked up irrespective of district or probability, for the sheer delight of hurling them at the widow's sleek head. But she had a way of pronouncing the word really, which was all her own, and which added a wheedling persuasiveness to its meaning.

"We did quite sufficient embracing this morning," said Lady Enniscorthy, as Coralie hovered, smiling, before her chair.

And he shall see old planets pass and alien stars arise,
And give the gale his reckless sail in shadow of new skies,
Strong lust of gear shall drive him out and hunger arm his hand
To wring his food from a desert nude, his foothold from the sand.
His neighbours' smoke shall vex his eyes, their voices break his rest;
He shall go forth till South is North, sullen and dispossessed."

Professor Meany believes the poem was written by Mr. Kipling during his early residence in India, and that after publication in the oriental papers it found its way to this country. But, as the author might remark, "that is another story."

Roy D. Pinkerton.

"DIAMOND CUT PASTE"

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE

BOOK I—The Story of a Day

CHAPTER III

LADY GERTRUDE was wont to say that what she most admired about her American niece was her eyelashes; these were fabulously long and curling, and gave extraordinary value to a pair of innocent blue eyes, set oddly and attractively in the soft, dark, southern face. But while her husband conceded the worth of the eyelashes, in his heart what he most admired was Coralie's figure. She was, indeed, *faite au moule,* as one of her dressmakers (Coralie often purchased clothes in Paris) was fond of observing; designed on lines such as scarcely any Englishwoman can boast of, and but few Americans. Slight and yet round, lithe, balanced, with the perfect grace of her perfect build, it was a pleasure to see her walk across a room. It was a pleasure, when she sat still, to trace for one's self how curve of throat met curve of chin, how roundness of arm lost itself in delicacy of wrist. For the rest she had a small face with indefinite features, except for those blue eyes; dark hair that went into little rings; a nose that cocked even more than Norah's own, and drew the upper lip with it apart in a baby kind of way over very small, white teeth.

From the same baby lips remarks of the most extraordinary shrewdness were wont to emerge, couched in pointed language, but enunciated in the softest accents. The voice insinuated while the language knocked you down; the contrast was piquant. Withal Coralie had tact.

Ernest, her excellent British husband—a captain of artillery, with as little notion of sparing a situation as one of his own shells — looked, as he felt, the very image of awkwardness to find himself thrust into the centre of a family conclave upon a matter of so much delicacy. But Coralie's ease never deserted her for a second; nay, it almost seemed as if she enjoyed the horrible moments.

He had not wanted to go to Windsor at all, so soon as Coralie had made him understand for what purpose he was wanted there. She had divined the position from the first strained word of Lady Gertrude's telephonic communication. But when he had said how much rather he would not start on such an errand, Coralie had answered:

"Oh, my, Ernest, you've just got to go!" And when Coralie said, "You've just got to," Ernest felt he just had to.

All the way down he had lamented in her unsympathetic ear: "'Pon my soul, Coralie, this is a very silly business. This is a regular fool business!

artless confidence which was impervious to hint.

Coralie winked again at her husband as the Dowager took up the indictment, with a single "Ha!" that rang out with alarming abruptness. It was her first expression of opinion for some time; and though short was pregnant—a triumphant utterance of vindicated wisdom. Lady Florence's sigh was equally expressive.

Gertrude, whose calm eyes had been fixed upon her niece with great intentness, as if endeavouring to picture to herself her rival, proceeded now thoughtfully—after her fashion, ignoring interruption or reproach:

"I wonder, Coralie, that Mrs. Lancelot's reign should have lasted so long, with you under Reginald's roof!"

"Why—it's been a considerable surprise to myself. It's kind of brought me down in my own estimation. 'You bet your bottom dollar, Ernest Fitz-Esmond,' said I, the first night we arrived at Bombay, 'that creature will know her place before the week's out.' But she was rooted, regularly rooted, Aunt G. She had got a three months' start and she had got on to the soft side of poor Uncle Reggie with those widow's streamers, and I was beaten flat—out of sight. Didn't I make love to Uncle Reggie? Didn't I, Ernest? Didn't I wear my best frocks at him? Didn't I try to make him *beau* me? And wasn't I the most complete failure? My dear, that man remained hopelessly avuncular with your humble servant, while Emerald Fanny waltzed in sentiment. When Erny and I landed out there she had just nursed the General through his fever."

"That dreadful attack of fever of poor Reginald's," said her mother-in-law, with double-barrelled severity, rebuking at once the flippancy of the speaker and the heartlessness of her sister.

"Now, don't you run away with that idea, mom-ma." Mrs. Jamieson took fresh pleasure every time she saw her aristocratic relative wince under the appellation; being popularly supposed to be distinctly American, she carefully cultivated it for her special benefit. Coralie's natural pronunciation of the word would have been soft and flat. Her only regret, as she told her husband, was that there was no being on earth that she could address as Poppa. "Don't you run away with that notion, mom-ma dear, whatever you do. The General was only just bad enough to think himself dying, to lie picturesquely on a sofa, and have lemonade made for him and compresses for his throbbing brow, and be purred at and pitied. Emerald Fanny made a good deal of that business after we came—she had made a great deal of it before we came. Oh, she was still in her weeds then! Aunt G., she wore a Marie Stuart coif with jet nails, and a long, long veil down to the end of her dress, a kind of gossamer that floated out behind her. Ugh! I do hate a widow that kind of runs up her weeds like bunting on a ship! 'Don't you forget I'm a widow—a sad, sweet little widow, oh, so lonely! Will no one console a poor little widow?'"

"Coralie," said Lady Florence, drawing the limp folds of her perpetual crêpe about her massive shoulders, "there are subjects which should be sacred."

"That's what I think, mom-ma," said the irrepressible Coralie, "and that's why the widow Lancelot just sickened me of crêpe. If I never wear any for Ernest, he'll know the reason why, up there."

"Coralie! . . ."

But, having punished her mother-in-law, the gentle chatterbox proceeded with irresistible fluency:

"Well, the ministering angel in weeds was irresistible; and the dear little woman in half mourning, with her tags of mauve chiffon, is just as captivating. We allow ourselves to smile more often; and then the sigh that trips up our smile is even more pathetic. She calls Uncle Reginald '*Mon preux!*'"

"What?" ejaculated Lady Gertrude, shaken for one moment out of her preternatural serenity.

"I wouldn't tell a lie," said Coralie, with a happy reminiscence of a phrase recently come across in an American

magazine. "He's her *preux chevalier,* you know. You should hear her, '*Sans peur et sans reproche.*' 'My ideal!' "

"And what does he call her?" asked Lady Gertrude, a frown faintly visible on her fair brow, while a humorous smile twitched her lips.

"Oh, little *madame, belle madame,* and *belle dame!*"

"Why French?" ejaculated the wife.

"Deuce knows—as Ernest says—I suppose it is safer to be tender in French than in English."

"Gertrude," said Lady Enniscorthy, with an unexpected outburst of indignation, "it may be the modern fashion for a wife to sit in judgment on her husband, to invite gossip and scandal about his private life; but it is not a fashion which I intend to countenance. In my days a wife deemed it her duty to hide her husband's weaknesses, not to draw them to the light and discuss them in public."

"Oh, my!" said Coralie.

" 'Pon my word, I think grandmamma is quite right," said Ernest, standing up and stamping as if trying to rid himself of some physical tension.

"Dear mamma is always so right," said Lady Florence.

"Dear mamma," said Lady Gertrude, meeting without a tremor the glaring eye, the fiercely hooked nose of her redoubtable mother, "I think it is a wife's duty, in such a situation as mine, to know the full extent of her husband's state of mind. You are evidently all acquainted with what has happened in much fuller detail than I am. Why should I be kept in the dark, or try to keep myself in the dark, when it is so important I should see my way clearly? You might as well try and hide a patient's condition from his doctor or his nurse."

"That's so." Coralie sprang up to stand beside her aunt. "Isn't she just clever and lovely! Uncle Reggie has got a kind of moral measles. If anyone can pull him through without complication it's Aunt G. You may take my word for it, auntie: the temperature isn't so much above normal—but the rash is pretty bad."

"All the better," said Lady Gertrude, lightly accepting the simile. "It is when it is suppressed that it may become dangerous."

"Gertrude," said her mother, rising, "will you kindly order the meter—or whatever that dreadful machine is called—to come round for me. I have had quite enough of this . . . of this unprofitable conversation."

Captain Jamieson rose with great relief and rang the bell. Lady Florence became very assiduous with veils and wraps. When the taximeter was announced, she implored her mother not to come out into the hall until she had herself seen the car properly closed, the footstool in its due place.

"Sit down again, dear mamma, it has been such a tiring day.—No, Coralie, my mother likes a high chair.—No, don't sit there, dear mamma, there is quite a dangerous draught; it has been blowing on my neck all the afternoon. The chair near the screen, take that."

She had reached the door, when Lady Enniscorthy uplifted her voice in ominously sweet accents:

"And may I think while you are absent, Florence?"

The old lady was so pleased with the sharpness of her own wit that she forthwith developed an astounding good-humour, and only emerged from a fit of quiet chuckling to embrace the peccant Gertrude with unwonted tenderness before proceeding to the hall.

"Good-bye, dear child! You have all my good wishes, but it will take a cleverer woman even than you to undo the mischief; it has been allowed to go too far!"

"You bet she'll have that man back at her feet before the week's out," said Coralie, approaching with more than her usual undulation, "Emerald Fanny nowhere."

The Dowager turned for a second her wonderfully youthful eye piercingly on the pert interrupter; then she looked back at her daughter and shook her head.

"Only give me a few days to get back my own," said Gertrude in a low voice.

"A few days!" echoed her mother. "Forty against twenty-five! and you

artless confidence which was impervious to hint.

Coralie winked again at her husband as the Dowager took up the indictment, with a single "Ha!" that rang out with alarming abruptness. It was her first expression of opinion for some time; and though short was pregnant—a triumphant utterance of vindicated wisdom. Lady Florence's sigh was equally expressive.

Gertrude, whose calm eyes had been fixed upon her niece with great intentness, as if endeavouring to picture to herself her rival, proceeded now thoughtfully—after her fashion, ignoring interruption or reproach:

"I wonder, Coralie, that Mrs. Lancelot's reign should have lasted so long, with you under Reginald's roof!"

"Why—it's been a considerable surprise to myself. It's kind of brought me down in my own estimation. 'You bet your bottom dollar, Ernest Fitz-Esmond,' said I, the first night we arrived at Bombay, 'that creature will know her place before the week's out.' But she was rooted, regularly rooted, Aunt G. She had got a three months' start and she had got on to the soft side of poor Uncle Reggie with those widow's streamers, and I was beaten flat—out of sight. Didn't I make love to Uncle Reggie? Didn't I, Ernest? Didn't I wear my best frocks at him? Didn't I try to make him *beau* me? And wasn't I the most complete failure? My dear, that man remained hopelessly avuncular with your humble servant, while Emerald Fanny waltzed in sentiment. When Erny and I landed out there she had just nursed the General through his fever."

"That dreadful attack of fever of poor Reginald's," said her mother-in-law, with double-barrelled severity, rebuking at once the flippancy of the speaker and the heartlessness of her sister.

"Now, don't you run away with that idea, mom-ma." Mrs. Jamieson took fresh pleasure every time she saw her aristocratic relative wince under the appellation; being popularly supposed to be distinctly American, she carefully cultivated it for her special benefit. Coralie's natural pronunciation of the word would have been soft and flat. Her only regret, as she told her husband, was that there was no being on earth that she could address as Poppa. "Don't you run away with that notion, mom-ma dear, whatever you do. The General was only just bad enough to think himself dying, to lie picturesquely on a sofa, and have lemonade made for him and compresses for his throbbing brow, and be purred at and pitied. Emerald Fanny made a good deal of that business after we came—she had made a great deal of it before we came. Oh, she was still in her weeds then! Aunt G., she wore a Marie Stuart coif with jet nails, and a long, long veil down to the end of her dress, a kind of gossamer that floated out behind her. Ugh! I do hate a widow that kind of runs up her weeds like bunting on a ship! 'Don't you forget I'm a widow—a sad, sweet little widow, oh, so lonely! Will no one console a poor little widow?'"

"Coralie," said Lady Florence, drawing the limp folds of her perpetual crêpe about her massive shoulders, "there are subjects which should be sacred."

"That's what I think, mom-ma," said the irrepressible Coralie, "and that's why the widow Lancelot just sickened me of crêpe. If I never wear any for Ernest, he'll know the reason why, up there."

"Coralie! . . ."

But, having punished her mother-in-law, the gentle chatterbox proceeded with irresistible fluency:

"Well, the ministering angel in weeds was irresistible; and the dear little woman in half mourning, with her tags of mauve chiffon, is just as captivating. We allow ourselves to smile more often; and then the sigh that trips up our smile is even more pathetic. She calls Uncle Reginald '*Mon preux!*'"

"What?" ejaculated Lady Gertrude, shaken for one moment out of her preternatural serenity.

"I wouldn't tell a lie," said Coralie, with a happy reminiscence of a phrase recently come across in an American

magazine. "He's her *preux chevalier,* you know. You should hear her, '*Sans peur et sans reproche.*' 'My ideal!' "

"And what does he call her?" asked Lady Gertrude, a frown faintly visible on her fair brow, while a humorous smile twitched her lips.

"Oh, little *madame, belle madame,* and *belle dame!*"

"Why French?" ejaculated the wife.

"Deuce knows—as Ernest says—I suppose it is safer to be tender in French than in English."

"Gertrude," said Lady Enniscorthy, with an unexpected outburst of indignation, "it may be the modern fashion for a wife to sit in judgment on her husband, to invite gossip and scandal about his private life; but it is not a fashion which I intend to countenance. In my days a wife deemed it her duty to hide her husband's weaknesses, not to draw them to the light and discuss them in public."

"Oh, my!" said Coralie.

"'Pon my word, I think grandmamma is quite right," said Ernest, standing up and stamping as if trying to rid himself of some physical tension.

"Dear mamma is always so right," said Lady Florence.

"Dear mamma," said Lady Gertrude, meeting without a tremor the glaring eye, the fiercely hooked nose of her redoubtable mother, "I think it is a wife's duty, in such a situation as mine, to know the full extent of her husband's state of mind. You are evidently all acquainted with what has happened in much fuller detail than I am. Why should I be kept in the dark, or try to keep myself in the dark, when it is so important I should see my way clearly? You might as well try and hide a patient's condition from his doctor or his nurse."

"That's so." Coralie sprang up to stand beside her aunt. "Isn't she just clever and lovely! Uncle Reggie has got a kind of moral measles. If anyone can pull him through without complication it's Aunt G. You may take my word for it, auntie: the temperature isn't so much above normal—but the rash is pretty bad."

"All the better," said Lady Gertrude, lightly accepting the simile. "It is when it is suppressed that it may become dangerous."

"Gertrude," said her mother, rising, "will you kindly order the meter—or whatever that dreadful machine is called—to come round for me. I have had quite enough of this . . . of this unprofitable conversation."

Captain Jamieson rose with great relief and rang the bell. Lady Florence became very assiduous with veils and wraps. When the taximeter was announced, she implored her mother not to come out into the hall until she had herself seen the car properly closed, the footstool in its due place.

"Sit down again, dear mamma, it has been such a tiring day.—No, Coralie, my mother likes a high chair.—No, don't sit there, dear mamma, there is quite a dangerous draught; it has been blowing on my neck all the afternoon. The chair near the screen, take that."

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"Only give me a few days to get back my own," said Gertrude in a low voice.

"A few days!" echoed her mother. "Forty against twenty-five! and you

talk of a few days! Upon my word," cried the old lady then, "if you succeed in that, Gertrude, upon my word —yes, upon my word, it is you who shall have the tiara!"

"Oh, ginger!" exclaimed Mrs. Jamieson hilariously.

CHAPTER IV

The Countess of Enniscorthy possessed, by the generosity of her late doting lord, a tiara which was her own exclusive property, and did not pass from her with the family jewels. Each daughter had her secret hope that this crown, which was remarkable not only for the colour and size of its diamonds, but also for its artistic design, might one day become her possession. Lady Enniscorthy had announced her intention of making it a heirloom in whichever branch of the family she selected to be thus favoured. Lady Florence, as the eldest, considered herself thereby almost entitled to be chosen, putting aside the facts that she was, of the three, the sole possessor of a son, and that her hourly devotion might well call for some special recognition. Jane, "who was idiotic enough for anything," was actually idiotic enough to imagine that she might yet come in for the distinction—childless Jane, who had not even beauty to be made resplendent by jewels. Gertrude, the self-willed, was yet the favourite daughter; moreover she was the mother of the child who was the one deep affection of Lady Enniscorthy's old age. Nevertheless, the Dowager had been heard to threaten that she would will the tiara, after all, back to the family—which meant that young Enniscorthy, Norah's "Cousin Enn," might one day crown his bride with this incomparable glory. (And, heaven knows, as Lady Florence would lament, whom he'll pick up, if he is not already married on the sly to some dreadful actress or other.)

"Well," said Coralie, when the taximeter had bustled away, dropping her mock Americanisms as gracefully and carelessly as she would have dropped a cloak, "I shall see that tiara on your dear head the night you present Norah. —Erny, I'll have to go to that Court, just to see Aunt G. in her blaze."

Her husband turned his eyes fondly upon her. She might have a sharp tongue, his Coralie, but she had a generous soul. There was no mistaking the pleasure in her voice, her unselfish desire to inspirit her aunt. Gertrude smiled rather absently. Relieved from the not wholly benevolent scrutiny of her mother and sister, she now allowed anxious thought to write itself on her face.

"Would you mind, dear," she said, "letting me glance at that letter you spoke of—the letter Mrs. Lancelot wrote to you? Every little helps one to read character. It is curious," she added, as Coralie hastened to seek the document in the recesses of her gold-chain bag, "that you should be already in correspondence when you only parted a few hours ago."

"She didn't like the look of my eye when she and *mon preux* drove off together this morning, I take it," said the shrewd Coralie, "and she wants to keep well with me, now that I am with grandma and all that. She wants to be able to say: 'I have just been to tea at 178, Park Lane. Dear old Lady Enniscorthy's house.' Sounds well, you know. Oh, Erny, when she and *dear old Lady Enniscorthy* meet, may I be there to see! Ah, here we are, aunty: 'Yours sincerely, Emerald Fanny— . . .' "

Lady Gertrude took the document and moved into the window bow to peruse:

Dearest Mrs. Jamieson (ran the large, black, angular hand-writing), I was so rushed at that dreadful station, I don't think I half said good-bye, not that I want to say good-bye, but *au revoir*, and very soon I trust — we mustn't lose sight of each other, must we?—you've been so much to me all these months, I never can forget how much. May I come and see you to-morrow about tea-time? Don't trouble to write. I shall have found, I hope, a hole for my poor little head by that time. Your's sincerely,

EMERALD FANNY.

I'm writing this from the Bachelor's Club. Excuse scrawl. I begin my weary tramp immediately. How dreadfully lonely London is!

"'Your's,' with an apostrophe—I hope you noticed," said Coralie, anxious to do all the honours.

Lady Gertrude held the missive at arm's length; then drew it slowly nearer to her and sniffed once or twice gently.

"Yes, yes!" cried her niece, falling into a chair to give way to one of her abandoned gurgles of laughter. "She leaves the trail of it on everything she touches. *'You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,'* but the scent of Emerald Fanny (if she happens to have passed that way) *'will cling round it still.'* "

"What is it?" asked Lady Gertrude, with her pretty, smiling frown.

"It's *trèfle incarnat*—What? You don't know *trèfle incarnat?* It shows what high-class, moral circles you frequent. My dear, it's the kind of thing that catches you by the throat at the Savoy Restaurant and at Maxim's—it just floats down the river on Sunday afternoons."

"Look here, Coralie," put in Captain Jamieson, with an air of great determination, "we must get back to town, you know; and anyhow, Aunt Gertrude won't want us here when the chief arrives."

"You're not going before tea," said their aunt. "Ernest, ring the bell, twice; that's for tea. And, as far as Reginald is concerned, he'll be just as pleased to find you here as I am to keep you."

On his way to the bell, Ernest paused and looked helplessly at his wife.

"Well," said the latter, ignoring the appeal, "I'll be truly grateful for a cup."

Unseen by her aunt, she made a peremptory motion to her husband, who thereupon, in a state of deep depression, pushed the electric button, twice. He had given Coralie credit for more tact. As if the situation had not been atrocious enough already, they were actually to run the risk of being present at the prodigal's return. Of course, Aunt Gertrude had only spoken out of civility. No woman in her senses but would wish to have the first hour alone with her husband in such circumstances. In his masculine intelligence he could imagine no other mode of procedure than an immediate matrimonial inquisition, leading probably to condign punishment before reconciliation.

But Coralie settled herself down to tea and cakes with an air of complete repose. There had been some subtle feminine communication apparently, for Lady Gertrude showed the most unmistakable satisfaction: women were incomprehensible beings! The poor soldier, though he had made a very insufficient lunch, hurried by his wife's desire to start, could scarcely swallow a mouthful of the wonderful caravan tea, much less anything more substantial. His ear was strained for the sound of wheels without; he rebelled in spirit, and felt as near exasperation against her as was possible for a man madly in love with his wife, as she demanded a second cup, and drove her small white teeth into scone and sandwich with greedy deliberation. He felt certain they would be caught, and what would Sir Reginald think to find them thus installed in his house? What would he think but that they had hastened down, without losing a minute, to carry their tale of gossip? It was bad enough for a nephew to be found tattling about his uncle; but for a soldier to be reporting on his chief! Reporting, too, upon events which had come under the aide-de-camp's range of observation while enjoying the hospitality of his general. It was odious! He had been annoyed that Coralie should have spoken of it at all, even at Park Lane; but women, the best of women, had the most elementary ideas on the subject of what men call honour.

His forebodings were soon justified. There was a grating sound on the gravel of the sweep, and the silhouette of a fly, luggage-topped, lumbered past the window.

"There's Reginald," said Lady Gertrude, quietly.

She glanced at her watch: "Half-

past five. He's earlier than I expected."

She rose and laughed a little as she looked out through the distant window. "Home in a cab, poor Reginald! It's rather humdrum after three years! Well, if he had let me know he could have been met in state by the carriage, and we should all have been waiting on the doorstep for him in correct family style."

She took two steps and paused a second, gazing at her reflection in the mirror over the mantelshelf. There was not a tendril out of place on her head, where, like her mother's, the hair grew in crisp, thick waves. But she knew there were one or two streaks of silver in the lustrous black that had not existed when her husband last saw her.

"Forty against twenty-five," she murmured to herself, as she moved toward the door.

Sir Reginald's voice was already audible in the hall.

"Oh, look here, Coralie," said the soldier in an agony, "let's get out of this—let's make a bolt of it—there's the conservatory! This is a regularly impossible position. I'm not going to stay."

Coralie sprang to her feet and nipped her husband's arm with fierce fingers.

"You've got to stay," she whispered. "Oh, Erny, don't be more of a fool than you can help! Can't you see she wants us?"

He was destined to be spared nothing, for Gertrude did not even go into the hall to meet the traveller. She stood just inside the door; and Ernest was, if not witness—for he turned his back to look miserably out on the lawn—but auditor, of their first embrace.

Sir Reginald Esdale, exuberant in all he did, kissed his wife with unmistakable enthusiasm as he clasped her to him.

"My darling!"

Quite unconscious of any presence but hers, he held her from him, to look eagerly into the fair, serene face; then caught her to him again.

"My darling! Of all the unlucky things that I could not get to you before! The minutes have been simply burning me——"

The words died on his lips. He had caught sight of Coralie. For a second, discomfiture—the more marked because extremely unwonted—wrote itself on his features.

"Good heavens!" he exclaimed, then broke into a displeased laugh. "Certainly you have lost no time!"

In the window recess, Ernest could have groaned aloud. Coralie undulated forward. "No, dear uncle; you see, Aunt G. got a little anxious; just a little anxious at your not appearing. Telegrams are real evil things, if you're anxious. And so she telephoned to me, and I made Erny take me straight off, and we put her mind at rest at once."

"Yes, indeed, dear things!" said Lady Gertrude, disengaging herself from the arms that still mechanically held her. "Wasn't it good of them?" She was smiling her placid smile, without apparently a shadow behind it.

"That infernal War Office——" began Sir Reginald, clearing his throat.

"Erny told Aunt G. all about the War Office," pursued Coralie with her inimitable air of innocence. "And I told her all about Mrs. Lancelot."

Captain Jamieson, who had turned round in some relief, here hastened to conceal his blushing countenance again. Coralie was beyond everything. He could not even bring himself to picture his uncle's expression at this announcement.

"I'm so glad you stayed to help the poor little woman," Lady Gertrude's voice rang out sweetly and steadily. "It must be terribly sad for her. She is quite alone in the world, I understand. It was kind of you, Reginald."

Sir Reginald's fine brown eyes—eyes, as a rule, remarkable for their bold, frank outlook, but just now a little uneasy—shifted from one woman to the other. But Coralie, as has been said, wore her most convincing air of kitten innocence, and the serenity of Lady Gertrude's face was beyond doubt.

The General's brow cleared. After all, it had been sheer kindness of heart, nothing else, that had kept him occu-

pied for four solid hours that day, conducting Mrs. Lancelot from apartment to apartment. He had had no other intention, at the start from Southampton, than that of coming straight home; although his wife had shown no particular eagerness to forestall the happy moment of meeting. Yes, here was a fact that Gertrude must be made to feel. But when that little woman had looked at him with her plaintive eyes, and spoken with the quiver on her lips, he couldn't leave her in the lurch. She had stood by him in his hours of trouble; aye, loyally had she done so.

"Yes," he said, with recovered geniality. Talk of the voice of conscience, it is the most independable of monitors and will say white is black, and black is white, in the same minute, according to the effect produced by one's actions upon the world at large! Sir Reginald was now quite disposed to plume himself upon what had lain heavy as lead upon his soul. "Yes, I felt you'd understand; I felt you would not have wished me to act otherwise. Poor Lancelot was a very good friend of mine; he was swept away in a few hours. Dreadfully sad! His widow is quite unprovided for; homeless, friendless!"

"Not friendless," said Lady Gertrude. Somehow the gentle words robbed the General of his assurance.

Coralie gave a sniff which tilted her pert lip more pertly than ever; they had made it just a trifle too easy for him, she thought. So, apparently, thought Lady Gertrude also; for, her hand on her husband's shoulder, as she stood behind him, she sniffed, too, very delicately.

"You've got a new, strange scent about you, Reginald; I am not quite sure that I like it."

"Scent?" said the General. "Never used such a thing in my life."

"I perceive it, too," said Coralie, blinking and looking innocent. "Oh, what is it?"

Captain Jamieson retired precipitately to the window bow.

"It's some stuff you've got on, yourself, I should think," said Sir Reginald, not altogether pleasantly, and took up his cup again.

"I? Nothing ever approaches me but Florentine orris root," cried she. "This is quite different; yet strangely familiar, somehow."

"Some perfume of the East, no doubt," said Lady Gertrude suavely. "It clings to him still, Coralie. But our wholesome English airs will soon blow it away. I hope you were able to find nice rooms for Mrs. Lancelot, Reginald?"

"Well, as a matter of fact," said the General, and his roaming look of uneasiness became more pronounced. He feigned an extreme interest in examining each dish of cakes and sandwiches. "As a matter of fact, we saw one set of apartments after another, but there were drawbacks to every one of them."

It was strange how these insurmountable drawbacks had cropped up under the little woman's plaintive eye. He himself had been much taken with some of the rooms. The rent was not to trouble her. (It didn't trouble her; she had a touching confidence in his business powers, poor little thing.) But—well, she was sensitive. He cleared his throat. "She was so tired in the end that I just popped her into the Hyde Park Hotel. Told her she had better put up there for a few days; give her time to look round."

"Oh, I hope you made her take one of those darling little suites with balconies hanging over the park!" cried his niece fervently. "Ernest, when we quarrel with grandma, you'll take me to the Hyde Park Hotel?"

"I'm not a millionaire!" growled Captain Jamieson.

That was just what she wanted him to say. It was the dear thing about Ernest that he never failed to fall in if she laid the proper trap for him.

He choked now over the enormity of his remark, while she laughed luxuriously. The General eyed her hard. If he could ever have been said to dislike a pretty young woman, he might have been said to dislike Coralie. Had he not but just announced that Mrs. Lancelot was left totally unprovided for? There are times when the whole-

someness of the scriptural injunction: "Let not thy right hand know what thy left hand doth," seems to be particularly borne in upon the soul.

Now Lady Gertrude spoke again. This time he was less sure than before that there was nothing suspicious about her unruffled sweetness.

"In an hotel? Oh, no, Reginald, we must not have that, must we? We must think of something better for her."

"Well, I must think of going," said Coralie, who deemed that she had co-operated sufficiently and that the time had come to leave her aunt to deal with the culprit alone. But Ernest felt past being thankful. He could not meet his uncle's glance; he thought it was reproachful and astonished.

"There's just one little thing I want you to do for me on your way back," said Lady Gertrude, as she moved away towards her writing-table. "I want you to send a telegram. Oh, no," she went on, musingly, "we cannot leave the poor little woman alone in an hotel! Why, didn't she nurse you, Reginald, when you had that nasty little attack of fever?" She was writing rapidly as she spoke.

"It was touch and go!" said the General theatrically.

"I'm so glad I never knew till it was over!" said the imperturbable wife. She rose and came toward him. "Read it, dear," she said. "I feel it is what you would like me to do."

Was there a hint of malice in this repetition of his own phrase?

Coralie became absorbed in the tying up of her pretty little head before the mirror. Ernest had gone out into the hall; he could bear no more.

"Well, you know; really, Gertrude . . ." began Sir Reginald weakly, after he had read.

All at once his jaw dropped, his eye became fixed, as if fascinated. His wife's white hand had moved from his arm to his breast; and from thence the taper fingers picked off—oh, horror, a long hair; a long golden hair! He glanced despairingly at the smooth, parted tresses beneath which Gertrude's brow shone forth so untroubled. Impossible! No sane eye could connect that aggressive thread of yellow gossamer with those raven waves. . . . And now she was beginning to wind it round her finger, so that its colour grew more and more into prominence.

The telegram shook in his hand. As he had parted from Emerald, in the pretty bijou sitting-room overlooking the park, she had been overtaken by one of her touching fits of emotion while trying to thank him for "what he had been" to her, in her "sorrow." He could not let her sob without attempting some consolation; mere humanity forbade it. And though his soul was white as the driven snow—though there never had been anything, on either side, but the most virtuous attachment, yet—well, that was a most confoundedly yellow hair!

Lady Gertrude had made a complete ring of it. She removed it from her finger and gazed at it pensively. Then, turning to her niece, with a delicate little flip, she sent it into the ferns filling the grate.

"You'll send that telegram for me, before you leave Windsor, dear?"

Sir Reginald handed it without a word. He could not have framed one of his airy phrases to save his life.

"There's the car," said Lady Gertrude. "Good-bye!" She held Coralie, for a moment or two, very closely to her.

"Good-bye, honey!" answered the little American, with sudden tenderness. "That tiara," she whispered, as her uncle strode into the hall, "it's as good as blazing on your brow."

She had stuffed the telegram into her bag, without reading it.

Husband and wife were alone together. The man wheeled upon the woman, with a sudden displeased frown:

"And where's Norah?" he asked.

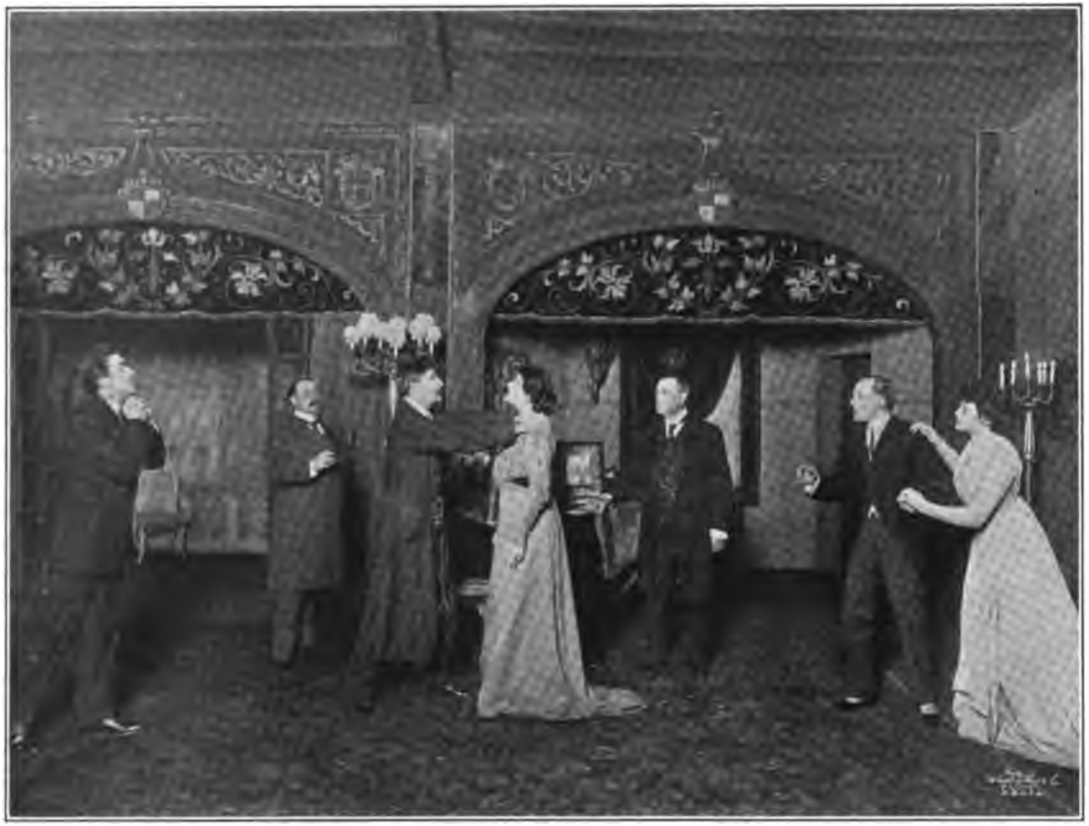
(*To be continued*)

THE MIDWINTER DRAMA



ETHEL BARRYMORE AS LADY FREDERICK BEROLLES, ARTHUR ELLIOT AS ADMIRAL CARLISLE, IN W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S "LADY FREDERICK"

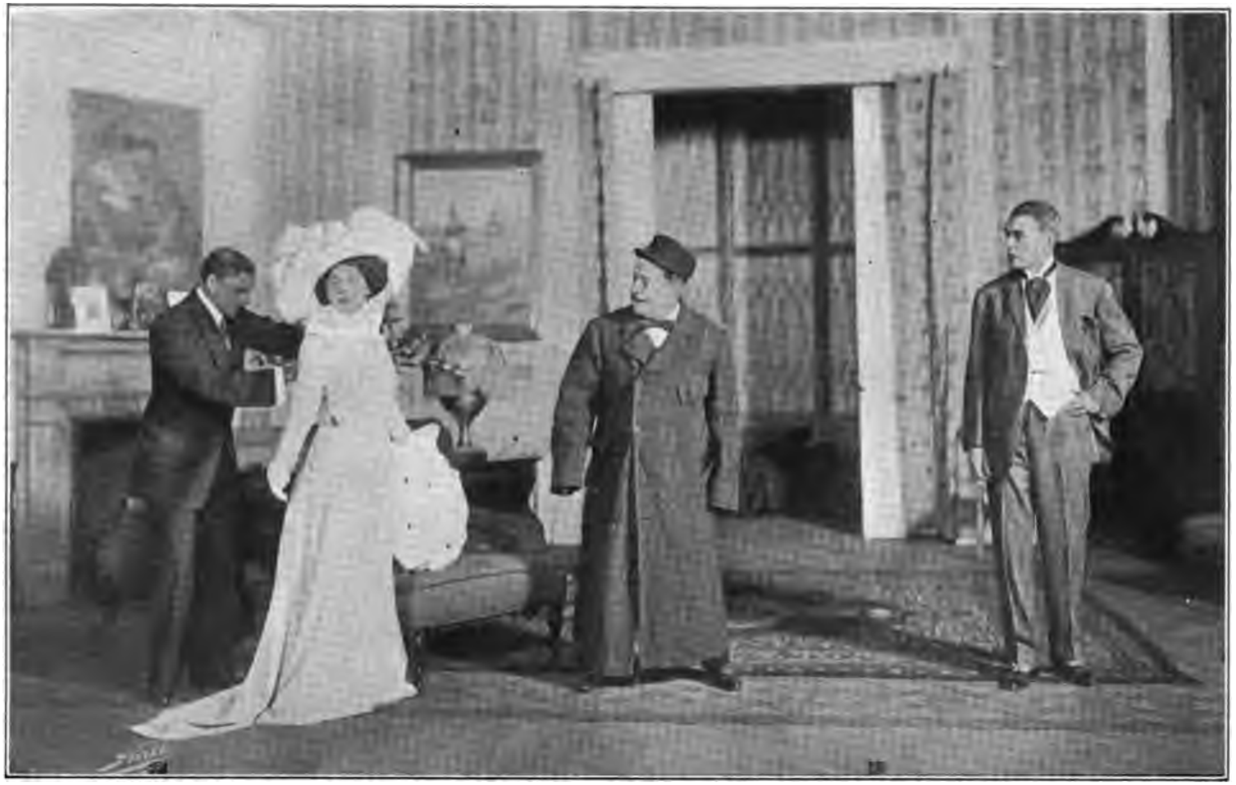
Lady Frederick Berolles is a high-spirited Celt, an aristocratic pauper. She lives like a princess at Monte Carlo, where she cozens tradesmen to her heart's content, till they, having come savagely to demand their money, refuse to accept it when she offers payment (an offer she could not have carried out), and end by humbly apologising for their incessant dunning. The young Marquis of Mereston has fallen in love with Lady Frederick, much to the dismay of his uncle, Paradine Fouldes, and his mother, Lady Mereston. Fouldes and Lady Mereston do their best to open the young man's eyes to the absurdity of his passion. Fouldes almost convinces the youngster, but his words of wisdom go in the ears of a nephew and out those of a lover. Lady Mereston is apparently equally unsuccessful in the attempt to extricate her son from what she considers a hopeless entanglement. Every device of a woman and of a mother—her open hostility to Lady Frederick, her touching appeals to the headstrong boy—avail nothing. It is only when Lady Frederick herself disabuses the young man's fancy, that the lad is at all rid of his love for her. Her device is as simple as it is effective—she merely shows him how much is art and how much nature in any woman's beauty.



ACT III OF "THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE"

WILLIAM FAVERSHAM	MORTON SELTEN	H. COOPER CLIFFE	JULIE OPP	CHARLES HARBURY	HARRY REDDING	OLIVE OLIVER
AS	AS	AS	AS	AS	AS	AS
ERNESTO	CAPTAIN BEAULIEU	DON JULIAN	TEODORA	DON SEVERO	DON PEPITO	DONNA MERCEDES

Charles Frederic Nirdlinger's *The World and his Wife* is based on the well-known Spanish play *El Gran Galeoto,* by José Eschegaray. As a direct translation *El Gran Galeoto* was produced in this country several years ago, Mr. John Blair appearing in the rôle of Ernesto.



ALFRED HICKMAN AS PHILLIP SCARSDALE, MABEL BARRISON AS THE BLUE MOUSE, HARRY CONOR AS LEWELLYN, JAMESON LEE TENNEY AS AUGUSTUS ROLLETT IN THE THIRD ACT OF "THE BLUE MOUSE," ADAPTED BY CLYDE FITCH FROM THE GERMAN OF ALEXANDER ENGEL, AND JULIUS HORST

The Blue Mouse deals with the adventures of a young man, Augustus Rollett, who hires Paulette Divine, a Salome dancer known as "The Blue Mouse," to impersonate his wife, in order to deceive his employer, Mr. Lewellyn, president of the New York Inter-County Railroad. Young Mr. Rollett seeks advancement in the employ of the company and discovers that the president enjoys the excitement of harmless flirtations with young women. Subsequent events entangle "The Blue Mouse," Mr. Rollett, Mrs. Rollett, her old father, Mr. Lewellyn and Mrs. Lewellyn in an extraordinary series of events.

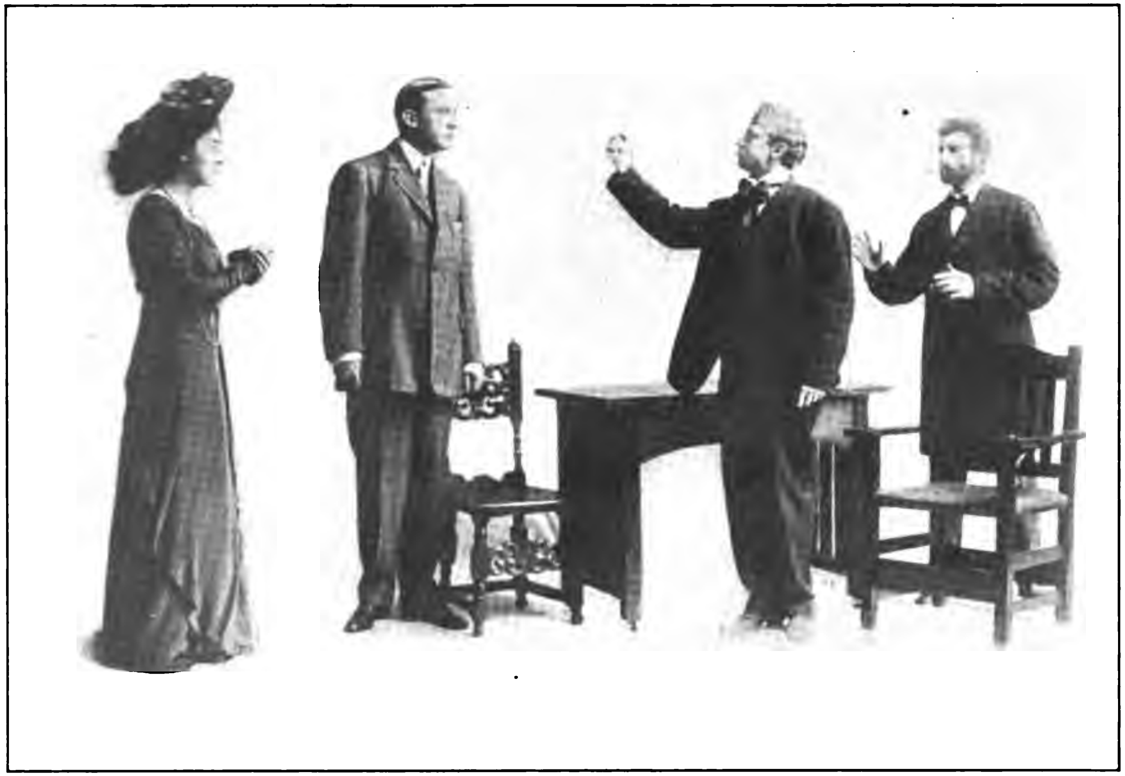


JOHN E. KELLARD AS PAUL HARTLEIGH (THE VAMPIRE), KATHERINE FLORENCE AS ALLENE ARDEN, JOHN WESTLEY AS CARYL FIELDING IN THE SECOND ACT OF "THE VAMPIRE"



MAUDE ADAMS AS MAGGIE WYLIE IN J. M. BARRIE'S "WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

Mr. Barrie has laid the scenes of *What Every Woman Knows* in Scotland and in London. The Wylies, three brothers, stone quarrymen, have risen by their own exertions from poverty and not over burdened with learning. They have a profound respect for books, however, and to prove it have established no less than "ten yards" of the best in the English language in their home. John Shand, an ambitious young neighbour, has been making use of this library without its owners' knowledge, entering the house by night to pursue his studies. One night they catch him, and compelled by their admiration of his enterprise, they agree not only to let him go free, but also to provide him with means to complete his education if at the end of five years he will marry their sister, Maggie—if she wants him then.



CHRYSTAL HERNE AS VERA, GRANT STEWART AS THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE, WALTER WHITESIDE AS DAVID, HENRY BERGEMAN AS THE UNCLE IN ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S "THE MELTING POT"

The central figure in *The Melting Pot* is David Quixana, a young Jew, a refugee from Kishinev, and the only member of his family who survived the massacre. He is a musician and composer. He comes to New York and lives with his uncle. There he falls in love with a young settlement worker, a Russian girl, also a native of Kishinev. This girl is a fugitive from Russian justice, she having been compelled to flee because she is a revolutionist. After he and the girl are betrothed David learns that it was her father, a nobleman, who directed the massacre in which his family was slaughtered. He puts the girl away from him, but she renounces her family ties, and in time their love again draws them together.



E. M. HOLLAND, WILTON LACKAYE, JOSEPHINE VICTOR, AND H. B. WARNER IN CLEVELAND MOFFATT'S SOCIALISTIC PLAY, "THE BATTLE"



BLANCHE BATES AS ANNA GRANGER, JOHN W. COPE AS BURTON TEMPLE IN THE THIRD ACT OF W. J. HURLBUT'S "THE FIGHTING HOPE"

The Gotham Trust Company has been forced to suspend payment owing to a loss of $700,000 arising from an overcertified cheque. The cashier, Robert Granger, is sent to prison. His wife, Anna, believes the president of the company to be the real culprit, and, under the name of Miss Dale becomes Temple's stenographer in the hope of discovering evidence that will exonerate and free her husband.



WILLIAM GILLETTE AS MAURICE BRACHARD, CONSTANCE COLLIER AS ANNE-MARIE IN HENRI BERNSTEIN'S "SAMSON"

Brachard, a copper magnate of Paris, who has risen from obscurity to great power and wealth, marries Anne-Marie, daughter of the Marquis D'Andeline. She is a beautiful young woman who has no particular love for her husband. She finds time while he is piling up money on the Bourse to indulge in flirtations with Jerome le Govain. Brachard has contributed to the success which Govain has made in business; indeed, he has enriched him. Govain's resources are copper stocks, the value of which Brachard, by reason of his leadership in the field of speculation, controls. This is the situation at the beginning of the play. Brachard is about to start for London on a business trip. He learns that Govain has not only ruined his wife, but that he is constantly parading her shame. He is told of a restaurant supper that very evening at which Govain in his vanity of conquest is showing her to his revelling companions. Brachard changes his plans, confirms the truth of the reports that have reached him, and plans a spectacular revenge. Securing rooms at the Hotel Ritz, he contrives to have Govain, who does not know that the escapade has been discovered, visit him there. In the meanwhile, he has summoned his agent or man of affairs, and directed him to sell out the stocks of his copper company, in fact to create a panic in them. Brachard finds it necessary to sacrifice his own entire fortune in order to reduce Govain to penury, but Brachard can stand the loss better than his victim, as he is more resourceful in money getting and may recoup his lost millions. To Govain ruin means the gutter. The copper magnate holds him prisoner in the rooms while newspaper venders in the street cry out about a panic in the Bourse. "A panic?" shrieks Govain. "Yes, a panic," Brachard replies. "Prices are going to the Devil! You are ruined!" Goaded to desperation Govain taunts Brachard with the conquest he has made of his wife, and the two men fight, Brachard choking the other into insensibility.

ETHICAL VALUES AND SOME RECENT NOVELS

IT is a popular fallacy that the novel with a purpose differs from other forms of fiction in conveying a certain lesson in morals or ethics; in other words, in possessing a certain educational value. As a matter of fact this popular view not only does injustice to fiction as a whole, but it attaches an altogether unjustified importance to a type of novel which to the lover of good art must always be recognised as distinctly objectionable. When we speak of a novel with a purpose we must mean one of two things: either that the author sets out with the deliberate purpose of teaching a lesson even at the expense of truth to life,—in which case he will necessarily produce an unworthy book; or else he is going to picture life faithfully, relying solely upon perfect truthfulness to teach the lesson that he has in mind,—and in that case it is not a purpose novel at all in the accepted sense of the term, because the lesson is there in the story, necessarily there in accord with the established laws of the universe, and quite independent of what the author himself approves or disapproves.

It is precisely here that the ethical value of a novel differs most widely from its artistic value. When we measure any piece of fiction as a work of art, we must seek first of all to understand what the author has attempted to do; we must study his methods of technique, and place ourselves so far as possible in sympathy with his artistic creed. We have no more right to quarrel with a Dumas or a Harrison Ainsworth for not being psychological than to scorn a modern sky-scraper because it does not follow the plan of a Doric temple. In other words, one of the essential questions in judging any work of art, whether it be a cathedral or a Grecian urn, an *Iliad* or a *Sherlock Holmes* story is, what was the artist trying to do? And how near has he come to his ideal? But when we judge the ethical value of a book, the author's intent is of quite secondary importance, excepting as a piece of extrinsic knowledge, an interesting explanation of how the book came to be written. If a story possesses an educational value, if it stirs the public conscience to some new conception of truth or reverence or civic duty, then the importance of the book and the value of its ethics depend upon the result achieved, and not in the least upon any conscious intent on the part of the author. And conversely, if the net result of any novel is to debase the public standards of morality, to belittle honour and faith and patriotism, then no matter how high a purpose the author may have had, his good intentions will not prevent the book from being ethically valueless.

Take for instance Zola's *L'Assommoir,* unquestionably the most powerful document on behalf of the cause of temperance that was ever put in the form of fiction. In literary technique and in moral influence, it is one of the most, if not the most, important of the whole Rougon-Macquart series. The whole world knows the essence of Zola's artistic creed. It was summed up in a single purpose: to tell the truth. But what was Zola's attitude on the temperance question? The answer is far more indefinite and of almost no consequence at all. *L'Assommoir* tells what he saw of the practical workings of alcohol in the lives of men. His sense of proportion taught him that it would have been superfluous to add what he personally thought about it. Or, on the other hand, take *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* the most famous and far reaching novel that was ever avowedly written with a noble purpose behind it. Of course, it would be extremely foolish to deny that it was the purpose

which gave Mrs. Stowe her inspiration and almost hypnotised her into carrying to completion a task disproportioned to her physical strength. Yet, there is no contradiction in maintaining at the same time that her conscious purpose had little to do with the magnetic thrill which the book sent forth throughout the world. Its magic lay, not in what one Northern woman happened to think about the ethics of slavery, but in the eternal truth of the picture that she drew,—not the truth necessarily of minor actualities but the big, fundamental truth of the situations that the institution of slavery had created in the past and would inevitably create again.

It is for such reasons as these that the realist feels himself justified in saying to every artist, Take care of your art, and the ethics will take care of themselves. Tell the truth about life, and it will follow as the night the day that the influence of your book must be for good and not for bad. It is a truism that life is the best of all the schools, that experience is the greatest of teachers. If this be so, then the more life you put into your book, the more valuable you make its lesson. Every one concedes the immorality of a story which pictures men and women breaking with impunity the laws of nature and of life. Defiance of law, human or divine, brings in time its own punishment,—not of course in the obvious, short-sighted way of the old-fashioned Sunday-school story, that prompt measuring out of just deserts as in the case of Thackeray's good little boy who had plum cake and the bad little boy who had a whipping, —but in accordance with the slower, more unerring equity of evolution that often postpones the judgment day, not only to the third and fourth generation but a good deal farther. Yes, every one cheerfully concedes the immorality of letting a sinner escape with no punishment at all, but most people fail to see that it is equally immoral to inflict a disproportionate punishment; that to write a novel representing an entire family relentlessly pursued by fate, one after another blotted out by fire and flood and famine, because forsooth they were Seventh Day Baptists, or Single Taxers, or Multimillionaires, or because they backed the races, or drank beer with their Sunday dinner, is a more flagrant offence, not merely against ethics, but against common sense than to burn a Salem witch or hang a child for stealing a loaf of bread. Yet this is precisely what is all the time being done by authors of the so-called novels with a purpose.

It would be a serious mistake, however, to argue that a man or woman devoid of moral or ethical convictions will make a better novelist on that account. Immoral and ill-principled writers are just as apt to obtrude their views upon us as any others, and far more apt to do harm by them. The artist with a clear eye and steady hand may paint as truthful a portrait of a drunken man whether he believes in signing the pledge or not. But the ethical value of his picture would certainly be diminished if, by some abnormal streak, he personally believed that wholesale intoxication was for the ultimate benefit of the human race. In practice, the purely objective, impersonal novel does not exist, whatever may be said of it in theory. You can usually make a pretty shrewd guess regarding any writer's private standards of manners and morals. And so when the ethics of a story are at fault it is only natural to assume that there is a certain obliquity in the author's mental vision; that the reason he fails to draw life as it is, is because he sees it in a distorted image. In either case, the result is the same. Whether the fault lies with the artist's hand or his eye, the result is bad art, and bad art inevitably means bad ethics because it rests upon a lie.

If this one important fact is once firmly grasped, that where the art of a book is sound the ethics will be sound also, a great deal of confusion is cleared away, concerning the morality of certain current novels. It becomes, for instance, very helpful in measuring the real worth of such an author as Mr. Filson Young. Two seasons ago, Mr. Young came into sudden notice as the

author of *The Sands of Pleasure,* his first serious attempt in fiction. It is worth while quite briefly to recall the substance of that book. It was a minute and searching analysis of a man's first tasting of the Tree of Knowledge, —a young man who has grown up in an environment of grey sea, grey sky and cold, grey stone, and who suddenly finds himself enthralled by the surface brilliance, the gay laughter of Paris, and the charm of just one woman whose clever alloy he mistakes for pure gold. Of course, his blunder might have wrecked him, but it did not, for Mr. Young preached the wholesome doctrine that it rests with ourselves to extract profit out of our experiences whether they be good or bad. That is why it was not an immoral book, in spite of its frank speech; but an even better reason is this: that it was sound on the artistic side, because it told the truth. Consequently, to the critic, if not to the general reader, a second book by Mr. Young is an event of distinct interest; and accordingly *When the Tide Turns* merits somewhat detailed consideration. It may be said at once unhesitatingly that many of the qualities which stamp Mr. Young as a writer of promise are manifest in his new book; his admirable gift of scenic description, his equally clever character drawing, that makes you feel that he must have personally known one and all of the people he depicts; and especially his understanding of that widely varied type of men and women which for lack of a more precise term is currently summed up by the convenient phrase, the Artistic Temperament. The central figure in *When the Tide Turns* is a young artist, an erratic genius, who from childhood has been struggling vainly to achieve the impossible, whose earliest attempts were to represent the wind pictorially; who spent the years of his boyhood when other boys were playing ball, in trying to express with his pencil the physiognomy of water, to catch the smile that he could see on the surface of a pool, the mocking sneer in a rippling wave.

"When the Tide Turns"

Plainly, he is a craftsman whose work will always have a certain morbid strain, a suggestion of something pathological; and it is not surprising that the chronicle of his life should be unclean. Here as briefly as possible is the sum and substance of it: he might never have made anything of himself had he not been awakened to ambition by a married woman with whom he promptly falls in love, because she happens to praise his drawings and whose refusal to meet his advances drives him into a five years exile. He returns to England to find himself famous. Some obliging friends have arranged an exhibition of his drawings and he is the talk of the hour. He makes the most of his little wave of prosperity and for a while is a shining light in the artistic and literary circles of London. But he is so short-sighted as to make the illustrations for a volume of poems by a certain decadent poet which he carelessly neglected to read. And the consequence is that he is cut by his friends, shunned by his patrons, ostracised by society at large. He has had time, however, to win the love of another married woman, and in his hour of need she leaves her husband in order to come and comfort him. And the book ends with the intimation that as soon as the husband secures his divorce the two would live happily ever after. Unlike *The Sands of Pleasure* this new volume is ethically unsound; and the reason is, that it is not true to life. Or, at least, while the separate episodes may be true, they are not so co-ordinated as to carry conviction with them. One is tempted repeatedly to interrupt the story to say, "No, that is not so. He would not have done quite that!" There is nothing to prepare you in advance for the artist's first success any more than for any of the vital moments of the book,—most notably of all the final action of the woman he loves, in leaving her husband. In fact, one cherishes a private suspicion that as an actual fact she did nothing of the kind, and that Mr. Young knew he was indulging in wild romanticism when he said she did. All of which does not alter the fact that *When the Tide Turns*

has its big moments and that its author is still a man of promise.

Mrs. Baillie Reynolds certainly has not the deep philosophic interest in life displayed by Mrs. Humphry Ward, with whom she has sometimes rather foolishly been compared; but she certainly has a greater sense of humour. *The Supreme Test* is a rather able book of its kind, admirably true in character drawing; and because so true, sane and wholesome in its general outlook upon life. The central theme is the awakening of a very worthy, but very austere, middle-aged English gentleman to a sense of his own narrowness through the influence of a young girl, who is neither wicked nor worldly, but simply and naturally human. As a matter of fact she possesses a fortune in her own right, but he does not know that because she comes to visit his home at the invitation of a poor girl who is dependent upon his bounty. It is a pleasant novelty for her to meet men who admire her for herself alone apart from her money; and her host is not the only man who succumbs to her attractions. And while the author has had the courage to remain true to life, and make the girl finally marry the other man on the principle that gay youth loves gay youth, the real value of the book lies in the slow awakening of a human being to the knowledge that he has wasted the best years of his life in senseless austerity and has quite needlessly missed the joy of living.

"The Supreme Test"

Miss Fallowfield's Fortune, by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, is a book in which the ethical values without being obtruded are quite distinctly emphasised. It is built around the theme that it is sometimes a bitter experience to have one's prayers answered and win one's heart's desire at all costs. A fortune was the one thing that Miss Fallowfield once thought she needed to complete her happiness; but when it came she realised that it was the price of all the real joy that life had held for her because her inheritance of it meant the death of the man she loved. The book, however, is not greatly concerned with Miss Fallowfield, but with the later destiny of her fortune after her own death. By a curious legal tangle, there are two claimants, a man and a girl, between whom a long and tedious process of law ensues with new evidence rising up every now and then to reopen the case and reverse the decision. Without the obstacle of this wretched money the two might long since have found happiness in each other. But while they both agree that it is to be expended in charity, the form which the charity shall take is a continual bone of contention, for the girl would found an orphan asylum, while the man has set his heart upon erecting a monastery. But in the end the story is symmetrically rounded out and every one made happy by the discovery that Miss Fallowfield has explicitly provided before her death just what should be done with the money, and that it was destined to endow an almshouse for indigent old women. In other words, just as Miss Fallowfield by having her prayer for money granted loses her chance of happiness, so these others who might have been her heirs find happiness in each other when their heart's desire has been taken from them.

"Miss Fallowfield's Fortune"

The Distributers, by Anthony Partridge, is a strange, clever, impossible sort of story with a curiously warped sense of right and wrong. Or rather the author has apparently not troubled himself in the least about the morality of his characters or their actions, but has simply striven to make as startling a narrative as possible out of a unique idea. In a word, the story deals with a secret society consisting of seven members, each of them of high social distinction in exclusive London circles, and purporting to be banded together for the purpose of mystical and esoteric studies. In reality, they are seven desperate, world-weary men and women, longing for new sensations at any cost, and finding a certain abnormal zest in daring robberies, devoting the proceeds of their crimes to anonymous contributions to the big public charities. It is this highly venerated,

"The Distributers"

awe-inspiring society of Ghosts that is really responsible for the theft of the Sultan of Duraskan's jewels, the Vanderheim diamonds, the Berteiner burglary and other crimes that have become the despair and mortification of Scotland Yard. Because of their high rank, these Ghosts bear a charmed existence; and it is only because a young American woman, not knowing that it is considered bad form to mention the society openly to any of its members, innocently breaks this unwritten rule, and is openly insulted in consequence, that a competent detective employed by her is put upon their track. Yet in the end nothing really happens. With the exception of one "Ghost," who atones for murder by suicide, they all abandon their dangerous amusement and drop back well contented into the peaceful routine of ordinary existence. Now, it would be foolish, of course, to censure a story simply because it tells of crime undetected and unpunished, because of course undetected and unpunished crimes crowd the records of every detective bureau in the world. The trouble with *The Distributers*, however, is that their misdeeds were so insanely rash, their position every minute so precarious, their detection all the time so imminent that it is an insult to our common sense to tell us that with all the resources of our twentieth century police service they should have got off scot-free.

"A Grand Army Man"

A Grand Army Man, Harvey J. O'Higgins's novelised version of the play by the same name, contains several points of interest which give it more claim to critical notice than is generally put forth by the type it represents. To begin with it is a distinctly interesting experiment in plot construction; for while the play covers an extended period of time, showing the principal events of the story in chronological order,—the raising of the money for the new Commandery Hall, its completion and dedication, the charge of embezzlement brought against the adopted son of Wes' Bigelow, Post Commander; the dramatic trial, the heavy sentence passed by the judge, who is Bigelow's personal enemy; and the boy's unexpected return home from prison New Year's Day under free pardon from the governor,—the novel, on the contrary, opens on New Year's Day itself, compressing the entire exposition of the story into the space of a few hours. It shows how a play with a typical Ibsen structure might have been made out of this same material and it raises at least a strong doubt whether such a play might not have had a better chance of success than the one actually given. Certainly *A Grand Army Man* in its novelised form is better both as literature and as human nature than the play from which it was taken. It is marred only by that touch of false sentimentality inherited from the play, that asks us to believe that the boy comes out of prison, not only wiser and better for his many months of association with felons, but also on the highroad to fame and wealth, through the inventions he has evolved and perfected during his period of confinement. False ethical values again, founded upon an astigmatic view of life.

"Captain Margaret"

Captain Margaret, by John Masefield, belongs to a class of fiction with which the present reviewer has scant sympathy, — the American colonial novel, —and yet it is so different from the usual example of the type, so vigorous in language and in action, so modern in its sense of life, that it almost converts one from certain settled and treasured prejudices, almost makes a confirmed realist own grudgingly that there may after all be something to say in favour of romanticism. Unlike the usual colonial novel, it has not much story to it; at least, not much that bears epitomising. There is, of course, a much-abused young woman, who loves and weds a man unworthy of her, and steadfastly refuses to have her eyes opened to his rascality, though to the rest of the world it is plain enough that he is a coward, thief and traitor. There is, also, of course, another man, the Captain Margaret of the title, who loves her all the time, in patience and in silence, accepting without remonstrance her unjust blame, doing his best to shield her from the pain of knowing her husband's real character, and placing his

own life and honour, too, in jeopardy, in helping him to escape the penalties of the law. There is much good fighting, much good seamanship, and the roll of waves and salt fragrance of the brine. In short, it is essentially a man's book, told with a virile touch,—while as for the ethics of the story,—well, here again, they take care of themselves because, whether romantic or realistic, the author's art is good.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

ELEVEN BOOKS OF THE MONTH

I, II, III, IV, V

Some Recent Classical Books*

Professor Ashmore's edition of Terence is one to be warmly commended for its many excellencies. It contains all the comedies, so that one may refer readily from each to any other of them. Its preface is evidently the work of years and of much reading, and it gathers together information which the undergraduate student would never find out for himself. Its notes are, in the main, judicious and illuminating. Furthermore, the volume is a pleasurable one to hold in the hand, being light, well printed in clear type, and surprisingly small considering the amount of material which it contains. We do not know of any edition of the whole of Terence which can be so unreservedly commended to the college student and to those who believe as we do that these six comedies contain the very cream of Roman literature in their ease and finish and accurate delineation of character.

*The Comedies of Terence. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Sidney G. Ashmore, L.H.D. New York: Oxford University Press (American Branch).

Horace for English Readers. Edited by Charles Loomis Dana and John Cotton Dana. Woodstock, Vermont: The Elm Tree Press.

The American College. By Abraham Flexner. New York: Century Company.

Epigrams of Martial. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By Edwin Post. New York: Ginn and Company.

Three Tragedies of Seneca. Edited with Introduction and Notes. By H. M. Kingery. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Having said this much in sincere praise of what Professor Ashmore has accomplished, we feel bound to set forth certain animadversions which have occurred to us during a very careful perusal of the book. It has some defects which are unimportant to the general student, yet which ought not to be passed by unnoticed. Its preface, also, raises a certain half-ethical question which we have often thought of in examining other editions of classical authors. In considering this question, we must be regarded as taking the present volume merely as a sort of text; since what we have to say of it might be said with equal truth of many other works prepared for university and college use.

A passage in the preface is so curious that we feel justified in citing it *in extenso* precisely as it stands.

> I wish to express my gratitude to friends who have aided me. To Professor Harold T. Johnston of the Indiana University I owe the suggestion in which the book originated, as well as other suggestions which were helpful while the manuscript was in course of preparation. To Professors Gonzalez Lodge and Charles Knapp of Columbia University I am under deep obligation for encouragement and assistance ungrudgingly bestowed while the book was passing through the press. Professor Lodge has read the larger part of the proofs and has made many important corrections and suggestions. Professor Knapp has read the proofs throughout, and in doing so, has given both the Introduction and the Notes a careful revision. His extensive familiarity with Plautine and Terentian usage,

his constructive scholarship, and his discriminating criticism have been continually at my service from the time when the first proof sheets were received from the press, more than two and a half years ago. To his corrections and additions the book owes much of any value it may be found to possess.

Were we to take these sentences literally, we should haye to say that the title-page of the book ought to display the names of Professor Lodge, Professor Knapp, and Professor Johnston; and that Professor Ashmore's name should appear only in the preface. Of course, however, we understand that this ascription of praise is really due to an extreme conscientiousness. In a way, we admire it as springing from the natural courtesy of a gentleman; yet every one must see that it is quite as likely to embarrass as to please. It robs Professor Ashmore of a great deal of the commendation which is his due. On the other hand, it may possibly bring upon Professors Lodge, Knapp, and Johnston an occasional word of censure which they may not have deserved. Thus, in the Introduction, when we find a paper by Dr. Fairclough apparently cited in precisely the opposite sense from that which its author intended, whom are we to hold responsible? Is it Professor Ashmore? Or is it one of his three generous collaborators? Under the head of metres, again, the choriambus is mentioned as occurring three times in the *Adelphoe.* Does this, perhaps, represent a change of heart in Professor Lodge, who in his revision of Gildersleeve's grammar accepts only one choriambic line as existing in the whole of Latin literature, while as to that he is not absolutely certain? For our part, we believe that every author, editor, and writer should stand firmly on his own feet and not encourage that scazonic sort of scholarship which leans heavily upon the support accorded to him by obliging friends.

Still again, in discussing the very interesting question of the so-called ictus and word-accent, the foot-notes put forward as the principal authority on the subject Professor Bennett's well-known papers in the *American Journal of Philology,* written ten years ago, and his monograph published in Boston at about the same time. No one would guess that Professor Bennett's theory was first suggested by him in a purely tentative sort of way and that it was soon badly damaged by Professor Hendrickson, and at last completely demolished by Professor Hale. Professor Hale, in fact, is not cited by Professor Ashmore at all, and the same may be said of Schöll, Lindsay and Otto Keller, with such recent publications in English as those of Schlicher (1900) and du Bois (1906).

In the notes we have looked very carefully at the translated passages. Any good teacher of Latin knows how important a good translation is. In fact, nine-tenths of the ordinary classroom work in our colleges—the grinding over grammar and the discourse as to style—could be obviated if students were compelled to render their Latin into neat and idiomatic English. Such a translation is at once a commentary upon the text and plainly shows whether or not the student understands the grammatical construction and feels the art of the author whom he is reading. Now the language of Terence is essentially the *sermo urbanus,* free from rusticity on the one hand, and from pomposity on the other. It is not book-language, but rather the easy, colloquial speech of every day, comparable with what we find in the letters of Cicero. Comparatively seldom is there any slang such as occurs in the *Andria* (369) "fish—little ones for a cent." It is with the interspersed translations that we have the most fault to find in looking over this edition of the Comedies. The language is not consistent. Sometimes it is decidedly idiomatic, and then again it is almost stilted. For instance—and we can cite only one or two passages of the sort—in the *Andria* (813-14) "already quite a well grown maid," the word "maid" for "girl" makes all the difference in the world. The first is not colloquial, while the second is. In the *Heauton Timoroumeno* (242) "while we are carving sentences" is neither fish, flesh, nor

fowl, but might be found in some very literal "pony."

After all, however, we come back to our original assertion that this edition is the very best one that exists for English-speaking students, and any faults in it which may be pointed out by the reviewer are very apt to represent a very meticulous and illiberal scholarship which noses out small matters and overlooks the larger merits.

It is proof of the enduring charm of Horace that every year or two sees some book issued by those who long since gave up their classical studies in general, but who still love the genial poet of Venusia. Such a book is the one prepared as a labour of love by Dr. C. L. Dana and his brother, Mr. John Cotton Dana, and issued in a limited edition of five hundred copies. It is beautifully printed and is full of quaint illustrations. Between its covers are a number of brief studies on Horace as a man and on the various phases of his life; and then we come to celebrated translations of his best known odes, grouped according to their subjects. Here we find renderings which go back as far as Dryden, and others which are as recent as Sir Stephen de Vere and sundry anonymous humourists of the last decade. We have been rather amused by one of the little essays which bears the title "The Life and Invalidism of Horace." It is from the pen of Dr. Dana, and as Dr. Dana is a specialist in neurology, he naturally discovers that Horace suffered from nervous prostration. If Dr. W. T. Bull had written an essay of this sort, he would in like manner have proved that Horace had something the matter with his vermiform appendix. Dr. Dana searches out and conscientiously misinterprets every passage in the poet which can bolster up the neurasthenic theory. We admire the sense of professional etiquette which leads him conscientiously to speak of Antonius Musa, Horace's hydropathic physician, as "Dr." Musa. At the end of the paper, Dr. Dana informs us regarding Horace that "he had an arterial sclerosis and a bad heart, and died either from a cardio-renal trouble, or from some form of cerebral apoplexy." Altogether Dr. Dana has divined a good deal about Horace which no one had before imagined, and which has only the possible drawback that it is not so. In other respects, the book properly belongs in any good Horatian collection. Its classical scholarship is about on a par with that of Mr. Clarence Cary, whose work on Horace we reviewed a year or two ago.

Mr. Abraham Flexner's little volume on the American college had an enormous amount of proleptic puffing before it appeared; and since then the bellows have still wheezed though with a rather laboured sound. It is perhaps sufficient to remark that Mr. Flexner takes Harvard to be the typical American college, which is about as near the fact as if he had picked out the University of Timbuctoo — assuming that such an institution is in existence. This, however, is not the head and front of his offending. He makes the original discovery that a knowledge of Latin is not required at Harvard, and therefore Mr. Flexner draws the inference that the typical American college regards classical study as worthless. He does not mention the fact that nothing whatever is absolutely required at Harvard except half a course in English, and that, in consequence, his argument against the classics applies equally well to history, mathematics, chemistry, physics, French, German, and indeed, to any other branch of human knowledge. If Mr. Flexner was aware of this, then his reasoning is decidedly disingenuous. If, on the other hand, he was not aware of it, then why on earth had he the presumption to write a book on the subject of the American college?

We are very glad to see at last a good edition of selected epigrams from Martial. Admirers of that poet have been obliged to content themselves for a long while with the unsatisfactory collection by Stephenson which leaves out too many famous bits of epigrammatic verse. It is likely that we shall soon consider the present edition by Professor Post at greater length; but for the present, we can only say that a

cursory examination convinces us that this is an admirable book with judicious and illuminating notes.

Professor Kingery's annotated *Three Tragedies of Seneca* is, on the whole, a disappointment. Twelve years ago the author published at his own expense an edition of the *Medea,* and he now augments this by adding the *Hercules Furens* and the *Troades.* In the twelve years which have followed the first book, we should have expected the author greatly to improve his former notes. As a matter of fact, he has not done so. The volume professes to have been prepared for "younger students in college classes." For such students the assistance which it gives is far too meagre. More difficulties should have been explained; and in the introduction on metres, the editor should not have retained the old choriambic rhythms in his explanation of logaœdic verse. This work forms one of a new series. We trust that the succeeding volumes may prove to be more generally helpful to the students for whom they are intended.

Harry Thurston Peck.

VI–VII

French Memoirs*

More and more books are published every day on French Romanticism. These two are truly captivating; they are not only literature, but as a matter of fact would rather rank as "Mémoires." They read like a novel, and indeed better than many of our successful novels of the day. But here the question arises, Is this not perhaps a danger? Of course, let it be well understood, everybody has the right to enjoy a novel or a book of literature, whichever he chooses, and when I speak of danger I mean only the danger that people too often will believe that they are studying literature when they are really studying nothing but social gossip in connection with literary people. Some, I know, call the social gossip a scientific treatment of the material on hand—and in a way, no doubt, it can under circumstances become that . . . . still that "science" is perhaps too charming to be true. At any rate, in the two books under consideration we read things about Chateaubriand's senile love for Hortense Allart de Méritens which, very human and maybe interesting, will in no way contribute to make us appreciate better the artist, nor render him more sympathetic. We will know one more man, but we will lose an artist; and as the first are very common and the second very rare, it is rather a pity. We may say whatever we please, we like a hero to remain a hero all through, and if we see *derrière les coulisses* he will surely lose his prestige. "Nobody can be a hero for his valet de chambre," says the proverb. Well, as things go we are pretty well all becoming valets de chambre in the way we study literature to-day. If we are going to deprive ourselves of the joys of art for the sake of truth, surely truth need not be any longer considered as sacred.

I hasten to add that others fare better in these books than Chateaubriand. Lamennais and Béranger lose nothing in the way they appear to us in this deshabille. Still Chateaubriand is the greatest artist of the three by far. Is it not a pity that he is just the one who loses so much in being shown in his relations with the pretty and witty Madame Allart? You will say, we knew it before that Chateaubriand was that way. Yes, but thanks only to similar illusion-destroying revelations.

What about Sainte-Beuve, the chief correspondent of Madame Allart? He will never be a very sympathetic personality. He betrays too much everywhere the feelings of a disappointed man. Jealous of Victor Hugo's fame, and of Chateaubriand's success with ladies, he seems to try and avenge himself on innocent women who are dazzled by his talents. He does it most decidedly with Hortense Allart, who indeed deserved a better treatment. Hortense throws herself at

*Léon Seché: Hortense Allart de Méritens, dans ses rapports avec Châteaubriand, Béranger, Lamennais, Sainte Beuve, G. Sand, Mme. d'Agoult. Paris: Mercure de France. 1908.

Hortense Allart de Méritens. Lettres inédites à Sainte Beuve, 1841-1848, avec une introduction et des notes par Léon Seché. Paris: Mercure de France, 1908.

the head of Sainte-Beuve, who takes advantage of her passion in a cruel fashion. The woman does not remain very dignified, although at times she makes fun of Sainte-Beuve in a very delightful fashion regarding his attitude toward women. But altogether, in this unequal duel, where one loves and the other not, Sainte-Beuve has the best of it, and he spoils Hortense for us, and we feel very angry at him for it. If he was the same with all women, we might pardon him; but when he tries to get the favours of some lady, he is much worse than Hortense toward him. It is so unjust to avenge his resentment against the sex on one who deserves it so little! For, although not the great intellectual woman that Seché thinks, Hortense Allart is really charming; so delightfully frivolous as we like a true woman to be; so witty and at the same time with so warm a heart; and so free of the prejudices of her sex; so thoroughly herself; just eccentric enough as not to be exasperating—a kind of tact which sprightly women almost always lack. She would never make use of her charms to hurt any man; she would never be neither cruel nor vain; finally a woman who will never lie, and yet is—except for that—a woman every inch; well, that is enough to assure her a prominent place among those whom Seché calls the "Muses romantiques."

To sum up: From the strictly literary point of view, Hortense Allart is not particularly interesting; but as a human being she is, with all her faults and because of some of them, more charming, more lovable than the whole battalion of men whom we see dancing around her.

A. Schinz.

VIII

W. J. Locke's "Septimus"*

There are several points of view from which a novel may be reviewed; and usually it matters little which of them we choose, provided we make clear beyond reasonable doubt which particular point of view is chosen. It is, for instance, equally fair to praise *Les Trois Mousquetaires* as splendid romance, or to condemn it as bad history; to discuss *Henry Esmond* as marking a stage of development in Thackeray or a stage of development in the English novel; to admire *The Golden Bowl* of Henry James for its wonderful psychology, or to quarrel with it on account of its involved style. So long as you do not confuse the point of view; so long as you do not call Dumas a second-rate romanticist because he blundered on a date, or claim that *Henry Esmond* is Thackeray's greatest novel because it set a new standard for historical fiction, or belittle Mr. James's knowledge of human nature because he chooses to juggle with the natural order of English words, then you are still within your rights as a critic. But it does sometimes happen that a novel should in fairness be seen from two different points of view at once in order to get a certain complete and comprehensive impression. A book, for instance, may very well be lacking in interest when taken by itself, and yet at the same time be of real importance as evidence of a most significant development in the author. Or again, when judged on its own merits it may be a story of undeniable cleverness, full of human nature, humour, philosophy of life—and yet when measured by the author's earlier achievements may show at least an arrested development, if not quite a distinct falling off. It is for some such reason as this that it seems most just to review *Septimus*, the latest volume by Mr. W. J. Locke, from two points of view—first independently, and secondly, in relation to his earlier work.

It should be borne in mind that while Mr. Locke has at least ten other volumes to his credit, a large proportion of his American readers have first become aware of his existence through the pages of *Septimus*. When *The Beloved Vagabond* appeared a couple of seasons ago, he was to all intents a new discovery. The mere fact that the

*Septimus. By W. J. Locke. New York: The John Lane Company.

rare and eccentric quality of his humour had for several years been the source of keen delight to a small and discriminating British audience meant little or nothing to the general public in this country. His dramatisation of *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* had not then been produced at a New York theatre, no novel of his had ever aspired to the ranks of the six best selling books; not one of them had run serially in an American magazine. But now all this has been changed. Mr. Locke is to-day receiving the cordial recognition which he so well deserves and which certain clear-eyed critics long since predicted for him. Naturally, *Septimus,* which has figured so largely in all this sudden *réclame,* looms up rather large in the public estimation. And in common justice, one is moved to ask, Is this popular verdict well founded? Is *Septimus* really deserving of quite so high a place?

In the first place, let us forget everything else that Mr. Locke has ever written, and ask in quite a detached way what is the sum and substance of *Septimus?* Well, in a word, it is the story of a man who, measured by the ordinary standards of practical common sense, is undoubtedly a phenomenal fool, and yet such an eratic, whimsical, paradoxical fool, and withal with such a great big tender heart, such absolute, unquestioning devotion to those he cares for, such impractical, visionary, and yet eternally right and noble standards of living that you simply love him from the first words he utters to the last—love his absurdities, his paradoxes, his quixotic blunders, even while you laugh over them almost until the tears come. That, without needless extravagance, is the sum and substance of Septimus Ajax Dix as he would appear to the average unspoiled reader of current fiction. And it is not extravagant praise to say that Mr. Locke is probably the only novelist of to-day who could give to such a character the semblance of reality, and convince us that he really did perform the extraordinary deeds, and say the extraordinary things with which the author has accredited him. For we are told that Septimus Ajax Dix, unprepossessing little man that he is, unlucky in everything he undertakes, with neither fortune nor family nor genius to recommend him, gives his heart to a fine, big, Junoesque young woman, who attaches to him the degree of importance that she might give to a pet poodle, neither more nor less. What she thinks of him, however, does not seem to weigh very greatly with him; he is all the time too deeply concerned with what he thinks of her. And when the chance comes, he makes the greatest, the most quixotic, most incredible sacrifice that a sane man can be conceived of as making for the sake of a woman who does not care for him —he marries another woman who is less than nothing to him, a frail, frivolous, wayward girl to whom in her hour of need he gives the shelter of his name and the comfort of his big-hearted sympathy—and all because he wants to keep from the woman he does love some facts that might cause her pain. Of course, one knows even before Mr. Locke sees fit to say so that Septimus, like most of the Don Quixotes of this world, has been living in a realm of his own creation, that he has not seen life as it really is, that he has not seen love as it really is; that he has been living within hand-touch of reality and love and happiness, and has not known it; and that while he has been eating his heart out for something he thought he wanted, he has unconsciously been waiting for the vital moment, the crucial word that should awaken him to the knowledge that what he really did want was his already.

Now, there is no question that the man who has achieved a story of this type—a story which convinces you against your sober second thought that it is all perfectly true; a story that shows you a sort of grown-up Simple Simon solemnly carrying water in a sieve, so to speak, and makes you rather proud of him for doing so,—deserves to have the full credit ungrudgingly conceded. At the same time there is no reason why one should lose a just sense of proportion in regard to

Septimus, or exalt it unfairly at the expense of earlier and it may be better books. Recall for a moment the plot of *The Beloved Vagabond*,—not the episodes, not the inimitable eccentricities of the unforgettable Berzelius Nibbedard Parigot, but merely the plot, the bare scaffolding of the story. Then, with that fresh in your mind, reread the foregoing epitome of *Septimus*, and you will realise that what but just now seemed to you a unique and unparalleled framework for a story would after all in most of its essential details fit *The Beloved Vagabond* quite as well. Had Mr. Locke deliberately set himself the task of discovering what were the elements of popular success in *The Beloved Vagabond*, and having discovered the recipe building a second novel in accordance with it, one feels that the result would necessarily have been something not greatly different from *Septimus*. As a matter of fact, it is extremely unlikely that Mr. Locke had in his mind any conscious intention of duplicating himself. The resemblance simply means that his mind works along certain grooves, that there are certain situations and certain types of character which appeal to him persistently at the expense of other types and other situations. It would, for instance, be quite safe to question whether he could write a story in which the hero did not make upon the altar of love some sacrifice as wildly romanesque as anything to be found within the pages of Ouida. There is just this one vital difference, that Mr. Locke has the trick of making us believe that they are true. Let us hope that he will continue for many years to give us other volumes equally characteristic of him, whether built upon the old formula or upon a new one. But when it comes to summing up the value of his various achievements let us make no mistake regarding *Septimus*. Let us place it unhesitatingly above such earlier books as *Derelicts*, and *Where Love Is*, but just as surely below *The Morals of Marcus Ordeyne* and *The Beloved Vagabond*.

Frederic Taber Cooper.

IX

Owen Johnson's "The Eternal Boy"*

Several years ago a painstaking but rather ridiculous person (his name, which has been temporarily forgotten, is a matter of no great importance) found a new field for muck-raking in American book reviewing. He took the back numbers for a year or two of three or four periodicals which discussed books, among them this magazine. He went over them with industry if not with perception. The final result was an imposing-looking table in which the reviews which the periodicals had printed were classified under the heads of "favourable" and "unfavourable." As one of the first principles of muck-raking is suspicion of all optimism, the fact that the reviews characterised as "favourable" (under this head came the work of any reviewer who did not actually scold) were found to be in the majority was made the basis of the sweeping contention that book reviewing in the United States was inadequate and subservient, if not given to positive log-rolling. Now this is not a place for discussion of a general subject. The reviewer simply wishes to say that if the compiler in question is contemplating another summing up along the same lines, there is no need of his reading very far in order to classify properly this review. For when a man comes upon a new book that he reads from cover to cover, and then turns back and reads again from cover to cover, and then does so again with unabated interest, it must be obvious that if he is to write honestly, it will be in a spirit of frank appreciation.

It is not the easiest matter in the world to place *The Eternal Boy*. It is a story for boys, but for boys of from fourteen to seventy, and for the mothers, sisters and wives of these boys. It possesses a humour that will cause the boy that has grown up and gone out into the world, and perhaps has a boy or two of his own, to lean back in his chair and roar with generous merriment. Here and there is a pathetic touch, such as in the chapter entitled "The Great Big Man," but in the

*The Eternal Boy. Being the Story of the Prodigious Hickey. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

main it is all written in a great spirit of laughter. For example, take "The Great Pancake Record." Little Smeed goes to the school. He is fifteen years old, weighs one hundred and six pounds, has never played football, baseball, or done anything on the track; in a word, he is regarded as a dead loss to his house. For a time he is oppressed by the enormity of his own uselessness. He fetches and carries like the grateful little beast of burden that he is.

With the long winter months he felt more keenly his obscurity and the hopelessness of ever leaving a mark on the great desert of school life that would bring honour to the Dickinson. He resented even the lack of the mild hazing the other boys received—he was too insignificant to be so honoured. He was only a "dead loss," good for nothing but to squeeze through his recitations, to sleep enormously, and to eat like a glutton with a hunger that could never be satisfied, little suspecting the future that lay in this famine of his stomach.

For it was written in the inscrutable fates that "Hungry" Smeed should leave a name that would go down imperishably to decades of schoolboys, when Dibbles' touchdown against Princeton and Kafer's home run should be only tinkling sounds. So it happened, and the agent of this divine destiny was Hickey.

Conover's, next to the Jigger Shop, was the most important institution in the school. Conover, aided by Mrs. Conover, supplied pancakes. The establishment had its traditions. Twenty-six pancakes, in one continuous sitting, was the five-years-old record, standing to the credit of "Guzzler" Wilkins, which succeeding classes had attacked in vain. To stimulate such profitable tests, wily Conover had solemnly pledged himself to the delivery of free pancakes to all comers during that day on which any boy, at one continuous sitting, unaided, should succeed in swallowing the awful number of thirty-two. Smeed, trained by a graduated system of starvation, is sent into the lists as the champion of Dickinson. The cohorts of his supporters are gathered about the table to see fair play.

"All ready," sang out Turkey, from the doorway.

"Six pancakes!"

"Six it is," replied Hickey, chalking up a monster 6 on the slate that swung from the rafters. The pancakes placed before the ravenous Smeed vanished like snowflakes on a July lawn.

A cheer went up, mingled with cries of caution.

"Six more."

"Six it is," said Hickey, adding a second figure to the score. "Six and six are twelve."

"Why, that boy is starving," said Conover, opening his eyes.

"Sure he is," said Hickey. "He's eating way back in last week—he hasn't had a thing for ten days."

"Six more," cried Macnooder.

"Six it is," answered Hickey. "Six and twelve is eighteen."

"Eighteen for Hungry, eighteen. Hurrah!"

"Thirty-two is a long ways to go," said Conover, gazing apprehensively at the little David who had come so impudently into his domain; "fourteen pancakes is a lot."

Soon twenty-seven pancakes have disappeared and the record of Guzzler Wilkins has been beaten. Conover, in the last ditch, suggests the possibility of fits, and alludes darkly to the awful results of the test on the former champion. He is cried down, and in a twinkling Smeed has devoured the thirty-third pancake. Conover, vanquished and convinced, has no further thoughts of intimidation. The record rises to thirty-nine.

"Hungry," said Hickey, entreatingly, "do you think you could eat another—make it an even forty?"

"Three more," said Smeed, pounding the table with a new authority. This time no voice rose in remonstrance. The clouds had rolled away. They were in the presence of a master.

"Three more."

"Three it is," said Hickey, faintly. "Thirty-nine and three makes forty-two—forty-two. Gee!"

In profound silence the three pancakes passed regularly from the plate down the throat of little Smeed. Forty-two pancakes!

"Three more," said Smeed.

Doc Macnooder rushed in hysterically.

"Hungry, go the limit—the limit! If anything happens I'll bleed you."

"Shut up, Doc!"

Macnooder was sent ignominiously back into the kitchen, with the curses of the Dickinson, and Smeed assured of their unfaltering protection.

"Three more," came the cry from the chastened Macnooder.

"Three it is," said Hickey. "Forty-two and three makes—forty-five."

Still little Smeed, without appreciable abatement of hunger, continued to eat. A sense of impending calamity and alarm began to spread. Forty-five pancakes, and still eating! It might turn into a tragedy.

"Say, bub—say, now," said Hickey, gazing anxiously down into the pointed face, "you've done enough—don't get rash."

"I'll stop when it's time," said Smeed; "bring 'em on now, one at a time."

"Forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine!" Suddenly, at the moment when they expected him to go on forever, little Smeed stopped, gazed at his plate, then at the fiftieth pancake, and said:

"That's all."

Thus "Hungry" Smeed came into his own.

The reviewer has quoted from the above story at length because in no other way can one so well convey the spirit of *The Eternal Boy*. The effect might have been obtained by quoting from any one of two or three others. In the same vein of rollicking mirth is "Baldwin's Political Education," "Making Friends," "The Protest Against Sinkers," and "The Run that Turned the Game." Another and deeper note is struck in "The Future President," to the mind of the present writer the most significant chapter of the twelve. "The Future President" alone would justify the reviewer in going on record as holding *The Eternal Boy* as a book very much out of the ordinary, a book that should be read and remembered for some years to come.

Although no one, after making the acquaintance of "Hungry" Smeed, "The Gutter Pup," "Beauty" Sawtelle, "Turkey" Reiter, "Doc" Macnooder, "Snorky" Green, "Lovely" Mead, and "The Triumphant Egg Head," will be inclined to question the beautiful fitness of the title *The Eternal Boy*, the sub-title has a significance quite beyond the significance of most sub-titles, for upon every page of the story is the shadow of Hickey, the Prodigious Hickey, the Inimitable Hickey, the Admirable Hickey, the Machiavellian Hickey. For the moment some other may hold the rôle of hero, but that does not lead you to forget. "Hungry" Smeed may be breaking the pancake record for the greater glory of his house, but it is Hickey at his shoulder, urging him on, cheering him to fresh achievement. "Lovely" and "The Gutter Pup" may battle to a finish under the auspices of the Sporting Club, it is the figure of Hickey in the centre of the ring, announcing that the referee of the evening will be "that upright and popular sportsman, the Honourable J. Hickey Hicks," that clings to the memory. "Hungry," "Gutter Pup," "Doc" Macnooder, "Crazy" Updyke, "The Triumphant Egg Head"—these may be the Marshalls, the Neys, Massenas, Soults, Murats, Grouchys; Hickey is the Little Corporal, the Great Napoleon. And when the Masters of the school, outwitted at every point, despairing of consummating another Waterloo, like malevolent gods of mythology, violate, to their own selfish ends, all mortal ethics of fair play, you thrill with an honest indignation, and, figuratively speaking, join defiantly, as Hickey departs for his St. Helena, in the great shout that goes up, "Vive l'Empereur!"

Arthur Bartlett Maurice.

X

W. H. Osborne's "The Red Mouse"*

Some twenty years ago several road companies were busy playing a very sensational melodrama of which no less a dramatic personage than Henry Arthur Jones was one of the authors. It was called *The Silver King*, and was lacking in none of the ingredients that went to make up the good old conventional melodrama of yore. At first sight the hero, Will Denver, appears in an exceedingly unamiable light. He seems a hopeless drunkard and ne'er do well. He threatens the life of an enemy and, his brain crazed with liquor, goes by night to that

*The Red Mouse. By William Hamilton Osborne. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

enemy's house for the purpose of killing him. The next day the dead body is found, with a bullet from Denver's revolver in his heart, and Denver, overcome with remorse and horrified at the murder he believes he has committed, is fleeing in disguise, hoping to escape to America. There is one line that used to thrill the galleries with delight. At the end of Act II the curtain goes down as the unfortunate hero holds up his hands despairingly toward heaven. "Oh, God! Roll back thy Universe and give me Yesterday!" The reason for this somewhat lengthy allusion to an old melodrama is that the plot of Mr. Osborne's story is in its general outlines the plot of *The Silver King* brought very much up to date.

If the reader is asking to be entertained, and is ready to accept a book in the spirit in which it was written, there is very little likelihood of any dissatisfaction with *The Red Mouse.* There is a legend, based on very good grounds, to the effect that the officers of the printing house where the book was "set up" regard it with an unfavourable eye. Compositors and proof-readers became so much absorbed in the narrative that the expected profit became a positive loss. The reviewer, in saying that he can quite well understand this, does not mean to imply that the story is good literature or even bad literature. On the contrary, *The Red Mouse* is one of the easiest books to riddle with criticism. But it is not nearly so easy to lay it aside unfinished if one has once given it a fair chance to grip the interest, for it is a real story and the work of a man who possesses the real knack of telling a story.

Lawrence Challoner, married to a woman of considerable wealth, has led a life of dissipation that has finally alienated the charitable tolerance of even the most easy-going of his fellow-clubmen. When the story opens he is engaged in an intrigue with Letty Love, a comic opera singer, and being in desperate financial straits, tries to borrow from his wife money that will enable him to cope, on terms of comparative equality, with Colonel Hargraves, his rival in the volatile affections of the singer. Failing in this, he seeks Hargraves in the home of Letty Love, making threats against his life and flourishing a pistol. He finally finds his quarry in Cradlebaugh's, a gambling house of national ill-repute, and engages him in play in a private room. There is a quarrel, a pistol shot, the lights go out, and early the next morning a dead body is found in a dimly lighted alley back of Cradlebaugh's. A few weeks later Challoner is in the tombs awaiting trial for the murder of Hargraves, and in addition to the damning chain of circumstantial evidence against him, is his own confession to the District Attorney, William Murgatroyd, that he had fired the fatal shot. So far the plot has been analogous to that of *The Silver King,* but at this point Mr. Osborne plunges his story into the intrigues and plots and counterplots of New York practical politics. The characters are not portraits, nor are they intended as portraits, yet they are just close enough to certain familiar figures to make the reader feel thoroughly at home. For example, Murgatroyd, who has as much claim to be regarded as the hero of the story as Challoner has, is the District Attorney who has been elected by the people in the face of the most violent opposition on the part of the organisation. Nor need one remain long at a loss to find the suggestion of Peter Broderick, who holds no office, yet who from his rooms on the ground floor of the Iroquois Club gave out the orders that must be obeyed, who was "higher than authority, stronger than civic force, who was power personified." It is when dealing with these men of action that Mr. Osborne is at his best. Then the dialogue is crisper and the story moves along with plenty of dramatic swing, and with a swiftness that makes one temporarily forget the tangled improbabilities on which it is based.

Rupert Ranney.

XI

BANZAI*

Banzai, by Parabellum, which is said to have sold between two hundred and fifty and three hundred thousand copies

*Banzai. By Parabellum. Leipzig: Theodore Weicher. New York: The Baker and Taylor Company.

in Germany, has just been brought out in this country. Its theme is the protracted war between Japan and the United States growing out of the looting of Japanese shops in San Francisco in 1907, and the voyage around the world made by the American fleet under Admiral Evans in 1908. It begins with a series of mysterious and totally unexpected attacks on Manila, on San Francisco, and other points along the Pacific coast, and ends with a great battle fought between the Japanese and American armies among the Blue Mountains of Oregon. Shortly before this battle Japan has offered to the United States terms of peace. These terms are as follows: "The States of Washington, Oregon, Nevada and California to become Japanese possessions; the United States to pay Japan a war indemnity of two billion dollars, in instalments, exclusive of the sums already levied in the Pacific States; San Francisco to be Japan's naval port on the Pacific coast, and the navy yards and arsenals located there to pass into the hands of the Japanese; and the Philippines, Hawaii and Guam to be ceded to Japan.

By alarmists *Banzai* is likely to be taken a little too seriously. By a certain class of professional optimists it will probably be regarded as a dangerous book that will stir up uneasiness and distrust for which there is no cause. Viewed apart from its political significance it will be found an exceedingly entertaining and spirited narrative that is second to none treating of the imaginary war of the future that has appeared since the late Frank R. Stockton published *The Great War Syndicate*. But it is not easy to look at it purely as a work of fiction. Parabellum is so plausible, and brings in so many convincing arguments based upon the war between Russia and Japan that the reader will be inclined, for the moment at least, to regard every Japanese cook or butler as a disguised navy or army officer working secretly for what he conceives to be the great glory of Nippon.

The story opens in Manila, which is shut off from communication with the rest of the world owing to the breaking of the cable through some unexplained agency. A Japanese ship brings news of a great marine upheaval, which news is apparently confirmed by the Hong Kong English papers brought on shore by the Japanese captain. To this upheaval the breaking of the cable is attributed and the American warships and soldiers in the Philippines remain idle in fancied security until it is too late. The scene shifts to San Francisco. Naval manœuvres are going on in the Pacific and the San Francisco newspapers publish blindly an inspired report that one of the American admirals is to conduct an imaginary attack upon the city. Consequently there is not the slightest uneasiness as a fleet creeps up through the Golden Gate by night, no significance is attached to the feverish activity manifested in the new Chinese quarter, but in the morning San Francisco awakes to find itself in the hands of Japan.

By far the most thrilling episode in *Banzai* is that dealing with the destruction of the American fleet commanded by Admiral Perry. Here Parabellum's descriptive writing is of the first order. The United States to all appearances is at peace with the rest of the world, and Admiral Perry on board his flagship, the *Connecticut*, is leading his squadron in manœuvres against another American squadron known as the Yellow Fleet. The telephone bell in the Admiral's cabin rings, and to his amazement he is told that what is supposed to be the Yellow Fleet has been sighted to windward three knots away. The Admiral rushes out on deck. There has apparently been no mistake.

> The silhouettes of six large battleships, looking like phantom ships rising from the depths of the boiling ocean, could be plainly seen through the rain and waves about six thousand yards to starboard of the *Connecticut*.

But when the sun breaks through the black clouds the American squadron is quickly undeceived. In the turret of the leader of the strange ships two enormously long gun barrels swing slowly over to starboard, a tongue of flame leaps out and three seconds later a shell bursts with a fearful noise on the deck of the *Connecticut*.

For several seconds every one on the bridge seemed dazed, while thoughts raced through their heads with lightning-like rapidity.

Could it be chance . . . ? Impossible, for in the same moment that the two shots were fired by the leading ship, the whole fleet opened fire on Admiral Perry's squadron with shells of all calibres. The admiral seized Farlow's arm and shook it to and fro in a blind rage.

"Those," he cried, "those . . . why, man, those are the Japanese! That's the enemy and he has surprised us right in the midst of peace! Now God give me a clear head, and let us never forget that we are American men!" He scarcely heard the words of the flag lieutenant who called out to him: "That's the Japanese *Satsuma,* Togo's *Satsuma!*"

There will inevitably be some curiosity as to the nationality of Parabellum. The fact that *Banzai* appeared originally from the press of a Leipzig publishing house leads one at first to take it for granted that Parabellum is a German. Then, too, throughout the story there are evidences of strong Teutonic sympathies. On the other hand he writes about "our fleet," "our armies," and "our country," and his knowledge of the United States seems to be not only sound, but profound. There is one chapter describing an attack on New York's Chinatown by a New York mob, and here Parabellum displays an intimacy with the streets of the American metropolis that would put very many New Yorkers, born and bred, to shame. But this matter of nationality is perhaps one of minor importance. That Parabellum has written a spirited and vigorous story is, after all, what chiefly counts.

Beverly Stark.

LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON AND HER LONDON FRIENDSHIPS

WHEN Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton went to London in 1876 she was scarcely yet past her first youth. For some years, however, she had been drawing about her in Boston that circle of writers, artists and musicians which formed the nucleus of an American salon destined for half a century to become the chief artistic centre of Boston life; for a drawing-room such as Mrs. Moulton's bore no more relation to the conventional receiving day than any meaningless thing might bear to something vital. Those who frequented her house had usually been drawn there through the Fridays of many years. Nearly all were distinguished in some art, and gained from this association the stimulus of the personal touch, to which there is nothing comparable.

It must be remembered, too, that Mrs. Moulton's Boston drawing-room dated from the luminous days when Lowell, Longfellow, Holmes and the others were her friends and guests. To pass, therefore, from Boston to London life was not so great a step as it might seem. Her work, also, which never met in America the recognition it should have commanded, received in England from the outset the most generous appreciation, so that she was not indebted wholly to the charm of her personality for the ease with which London opened its doors to her.

It would, however, have been a far slower and more difficult task to build up a drawing-room which soon attracted the choicest spirits both from literary circles and the nobility, had it not been that Mrs. Moulton was introduced to London life by Lord Houghton at a breakfast to which Browning, Arnold and others only less prominent had been bidden. While Monckton Milnes, Lord Houghton, was not himself a great creative writer, he had what is perhaps more

rare, a creative personality. His gift for stimulating the genius in others was in itself a magnet and drew about him the greatest minds of his time, particularly Browning, Tennyson and Arnold, so that to be introduced to London life by Lord Houghton meant to be free henceforth of the best that London had to give.

At the breakfast which introduced Mrs. Moulton one incident may show the informality which prevailed. Upon her arrival the guests were all in the drawing-room, and in the several presentations she failed to distinguish Browning. Waiting an opportune moment, she asked the nearest gentleman, in an aside, to relieve her perplexity. Instead of doing so, however, he announced gaily to the company, "Mrs. Moulton wants to know which is Browning!" At this the poet turned, and striking an attitude of obsequious gallantry, bowed low, exclaiming, "*C'est moi!*" Thus began a friendship which lasted without interruption until Browning's death.

Of Lord Houghton's immediate friends Mrs. Moulton had the least acquaintance with Tennyson, whose visits to London were growing infrequent, but one story remains in mind, very characteristic of the testy laureate and of interest to Americans as showing Tennyson's literary opinion of us. The poet was a guest at an evening company in London where two American girls, whose beauty outshone their intelligence, were presented to him. Wishing to introduce some topic of common interest, he began speaking of Whitman. The girls looked politely vague. The poet grew more explicit, his hearers still more vague. This was too much, and turning away in disgust, the irritable laureate exclaimed to a friend, "Only *one* poet in America, and those girls never even heard of him!"

Another typical story of Tennyson Mrs. Moulton had from Lord Houghton, one illustrating the poet's well-known consciousness of his own fame. They had been together in the Alps and one day Houghton had some difficulty in keeping his companion to the path, which led down a hill into a valley where were gathered a host of people, apparently waiting. "Those dreadful Americans," Tennyson said, "are waiting to see me!" However, when they crossed the valley no one seemed to pay them the least attention and Tennyson afterward said, "I guess they didn't know who I was." It was evident the poet was disappointed.

In Mrs. Moulton's early seasons in London she often met Carlyle, at whose wonderful conversational power she never ceased to marvel. On a certain evening, after a dinner at Lady Ashburton's, Carlyle had been talking on his favourite subject, the French Revolution, a subject that always inspired him more than any other. To hear him, Mrs. Moulton said, held every one spellbound, and one could not but look forward with regret to the time when he must cease. On this particular occasion he talked on and on, and late in the evening, when good-byes were being said, Mrs. Moulton turned enthusiastically to Mrs. Carlyle—who had been out of the room the entire time—telling her how much she had missed. "I have heard him before," the lady replied. "But he is the most interesting, the most wonderful talker I ever heard!" insisted Mrs. Moulton. "Well, remember," abruptly concluded Mrs. Carlyle, "you have never lived with him; I have." Mrs. Moulton confided this occurrence to Lady Ashburton and was assured that it "was always like that." One can well understand Tennyson's remark when asked his opinion of the Carlyle marriage, that it was better for two people to be unhappy than for four.

When Mrs. Moulton first went to London the Pre-Raphaelite movement was at its height, and she was soon thrown with the group who represented it, and came to know quite intimately Holman Hunt, Madox Browne, Burne-Jones, the Rossettis and Morris. Aside from the introduction by Lord Houghton, it was, indeed, at the drawing-room of Ford Madox Browne, whose house in the seventies was one of the chief magnetic centres of literary and artistic London, that Mrs. Moulton formed many of her early friendships. Those delightful evenings in Fitzroy Square were given up after the death of the son, "that marvellous boy," Oliver Madox Browne, poet, painter and novelist, but while they lasted what *noctes ambrosianæ* they had been! Mrs. Moulton has herself left a delightful

record of them in her introduction to the poems of Arthur O'Shaughnessy, now, unfortunately, out of print; but, trusting to memory, she mentions there that the house in which Madox Browne lived, the oldest and largest in solemn old Fitzroy Square, was the very house Thackeray had peopled with the Newcomes. Rossetti was often there, with his sister Christina and his brother, William Michael, who married a daughter of the Madox Brownes. William Morris came, too, and with him his wife, whose beauty, through his own songs and Rossetti's pictures, became a part of the artistic history of the Victorian epoch. Years afterward Mrs. Moulton described her as "still a striking figure, with her remarkable grace, her deep eyes, her heavy dark hair and her full, sensitive red lips." Swinburne and Theodore Watts, now Watts-Dunton, were frequent guests, and Arthur O'Shaughnessy, with his "handsome, sensitive, clearly cut face, his bright, earnest eyes, behind the glasses which gave him a student-like appearance; his rather slight, well-knit figure, with the noticeably small hands and feet, in which he took an innocent pride."

Mrs. Moulton loved also to look back to the wonderful evenings of Westland Marston, the dramatist, father of the blind poet, Philip Bourke Marston, whose drawing-room was established prior to that of Madox Browne and became an even greater centre. "There are few homes," she said, "to which such visitors came as to that London house near Regent's Park, where Browning and Thackeray and Dickens and Rossetti and Swinburne and many more of the best and brightest men and women of the time were frequent visitors."

Of Philip Bourke Marston, the son, she became the inspirer, and at his premature death the biographer. Among the literary effects that came to her from Marston were important letters from Rossetti and others, which remained in her possession and will doubtless be published with her life. Upon his death-bed Marston gave her a beautiful scarf-pin, which had been given him by Rossetti, a rare legacy, which Mrs. Moulton in the last year of her own life gave to one of her younger friends, Mr. Arthur F. Johnson, of Boston.

Mrs. Moulton's friendship with Burne-Jones began with the publication of her poem "Laus Veneris," suggested by one of his pictures, a poem which pleased him so much that he came to see her and presented her with a photogravure of the picture, the original having been sold. They were ever after the warmest friends, and Mrs. Moulton had in her home in Boston one of his most characteristic paintings, which he had given her. It was Burne-Jones, if I remember correctly, who told her the amusing story of how he had once sent to Ralph Waldo Emerson, upon his birthday, a small picture and had later received back the frame, accompanied by a note, full of gratitude and containing at the end this explanation, "But I never could think of accepting so lavish and costly a gift as the frame." Could there be a more delicious example of the Puritan spirit!

During the Pre-Raphaelite period Mrs. Moulton had an acquaintance, which never developed into intimacy, with Christina Rossetti, whose painful piety could scarcely be illustrated more characteristically than by the following incident, connected with a matter of the most trivial importance. During the last years of her life she was seldom seen outside of her own home, and it was there that Mrs. Moulton found her one afternoon, whither she had gone with Jean Ingelow to pay a brief visit. She was urged by her hostess, "a tall, slender woman, very formal and dignified," to take a low, trundle-like chair instead of the one she had already chosen. At this Mrs. Moulton said carelessly, "I invariably prefer a high chair. In fact, I have gone so far as to hope that when I get to heaven, if I ever do, the chair allotted to me will be high." She had not dreamed of giving offence, and what was her amazement when Miss Rossetti, with unbending austerity, responded, "For my part, I shall be content with whatever chair the Almighty may choose for me."

Among Mrs. Moulton's friends in London allied with the Pre-Raphaelite coterie on the purely social side was Whistler, whom she had known from early childhood and whose boyhood

friendship was associated with a picturesque incident. Whistler was exactly one year older than she, and as children they had both lived in Pomfret, Connecticut, and attended the same school, from which they often walked home together. On a certain day Whistler had drawn a map of the United States, a marvellous map in many coloured crayons, which so far surpassed those of his classmates as to excite the envy of all. On the way home from school Mrs. Moulton, or little Louise Chandler as she was then, began to bewail the appearance of her own map, a sorry specimen, awry in drawing and discordant in colour, and to praise with worshipful enthusiasm the beauty of Whistler's.

"Humph! you think that's anything?" retorted the lad; "you ought to *see* what I can do if you think that's so wonderful. Here, take the map; I don't care anything about it. I'll bring you something to-morrow worth looking at." And without a hint as to the marvel in store, they parted, the precious map in her possession. The next morning on the way to school Whistler handed her a carefully wrapped package, which revealed, upon opening, a beautiful little painting. The subject, an old monk stooping under a Gothic arch, foreshadowed those wonderful doorways and arches of his Venetian period. This painting always hung in Mrs. Moulton's home, and at the Whistler Memorial held in Boston the year after his death both the painting and the map were on exhibition as the earliest specimens of his work. Throughout Mrs. Moulton's London life she and Whistler were in frequent touch, always remaining "James" and "Louise" to each other.

Mrs. Moulton had a long acquaintance with Meredith and Hardy, much closer, however, with the latter, who often visited her in London, and at whose country house in Wessex she had been entertained. One delicious incident may be recalled in relation to a dinner given in London for Hardy at the publication of *Tess*. The dinner was naturally in the way of an ovation, and Hardy was showered with all manner of compliment. In the midst of it all, however, one English dowager sat silent and forbidding, and with each new word of enthusiasm stiffened more perceptibly. At length some one exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Hardy, it was all so wonderful, but why did you let poor Tess commit the murder?" This was the moment for the dowager, and drawing herself up to the final inch of rigidity, she said in measured and awful tones, "For *my* part, I wish they'd *all* been murdered!" This incident delighted Hardy more than all the encomiums, and he never tired of repeating it.

À propos of dinners, when I visited Mrs. Moulton in London in 1905 she had in one week over a score of dinner invitations to the houses of the most prominent and delightful people, and with that naïvete which always characterised her she said, "I don't see why they invite me. I wouldn't invite me if I were in their places." With another person this remark would have been egotism; with Mrs. Moulton it was pure humility. As another illustration of this naïvete and also of the fact that Mrs. Moulton's association with the greatest people of her time had become so much a matter of course as to present no novelty, one day in Boston she chanced to be holding a very rare lace handkerchief, which I admired.

"I had a far more beautiful one," she answered, "but lost it at a dinner given in London for the knighting of Henry Irving."

"You were almost willing to lose the handkerchief for the sake of the dinner, weren't you?"

"No, indeed," she replied, a little petulant at my want of sympathy; "I was very sorry I went."

It was in Mrs. Moulton's earlier years in London that she first met Watts-Dunton, whose friendship with Rossetti and Swinburne has already become a matter of literary history. Even to-day in his advancing years London scarcely holds so brilliant a mind, so delightful and sympathetic a personality as that of Watts-Dunton. He was a frequent guest at Mrs. Moulton's Fridays, and through him she formed the acquaintance of Swinburne, who by reason of his deafness mingled little in London life. During her subsequent seasons the friendship developed, and one day in reviewing

certain influences of his life Swinburne told her his love story and why he had never married.

Mrs. Moulton chanced to tell me this in connection with a request she had just received from a prominent publisher to write her memoirs. Requests of this nature were, indeed, constantly coming to her.

"I cannot write my life," she said, "because the only things which would make it of any real charm and value, the personal side of my friendships, I should hardly feel at liberty to publish. For instance, I could not tell Swinburne's love story."

And just here one may pause to say that Mrs. Moulton was, of all women, least prone to reminiscence, least given to discussing her personal relationships. Only, indeed, at those rare moments when some association was recalled, and this only in the privacy of the closest friendship, did one gain stray glimpses into the great lives which had touched hers. Had she known anything derogatory to a friend, or, indeed, to any human creature, it could never have passed her lips; but what was amusing, without sting, or beautiful in itself, or illuminating to some great personality, she might discuss in an intimate hour, and it was because of its beauty that, at my solicitation, she told me the Swinburne story, repeating it with so much feeling, so much sense of its delicacy, that one cannot hope to reproduce it.

She had, one day in conversation with Swinburne, been speaking of "The Triumph of Time," and with her usual enthusiasm when touched by great poetry had exclaimed, "How did you—how could anybody have written it!" Swinburne was greatly moved by her earnestness, so much so that he begged her to listen to a story of his earliest life.

When a very young man, he told Mrs. Moulton, his father had a ward, a young girl of exquisite delicacy and beauty, who came to live in the Swinburne family, and for whom the poet, in the first spring of song, conceived an ardent passion. It seemed to Swinburne that the gods had brought her to him by some divine and beautiful favour and that he had only to await the perfect hour of her unfolding; for she was a young girl of so spirituelle a type, so like a white bud that a breath might sully, that he feared to anticipate nature, feared to disturb by a word or look the serenity of her awakening spirit.

Thus time flew by, and Swinburne, in daily companionship with her and looking upon her as predestined for him, deferred from day to day his declaration, the hour never seeming quite accomplished, until one day she came to him in the garden and confessed that she had grown deeply attached to a young friend of Swinburne's and begged him to use his influence with his father to permit her to marry him.

Swinburne could not believe in this treachery of the gods. Without betraying himself, he questioned her deeply to learn if it were irrevocable; he pleaded her youth; but when convinced that her heart was wholly given, though tortured by a passion which he could now never reveal, he did intercede with his father, whose scruples were chiefly on account of her age, and the marriage was soon celebrated. "Then," said Swinburne to Mrs. Moulton, "I wrote 'The Triumph of Time'!"

In recent years Mrs. Moulton had seen the poet only infrequently, though keeping to her latest season in London the friendship of the Watts-Duntons, of whose devotion to Swinburne she could never cease to speak; but one charming picture of him as he now is may be given: Mrs. Moulton was one day entering a confectioner's shop in London when she saw Swinburne standing outside in the street giving away cakes and candies to an excited group of children. Upon entering, one of the saleswomen pointed to the scene and tapped her forehead ominously. "Poor fellow," she said, "he comes every day to do that, but then, *la vie est bien dure!*" Upon which Mrs. Moulton told her who the distinguished customer was and assured her of his complete sanity.

Mrs. Moulton had a delightful acquaintance, extending through some years, with Walter Pater and his sister, and one of closer intimacy with the Meynells, at whose house she spent many of her Sunday evenings during her last

seasons in London. Mrs. Meynell draws about her the most gifted spirits of present-day London, particularly among the poets, and to her is due much of the reclaiming of Francis Thompson and the recognition that softened the bitter memories of his life. With John Davidson, whose ballads Mrs. Moulton could read with so much dramatic fire; with Stephen Phillips, Yeats, and many other English and Celtic poets of to-day, she had the pleasantest relations, often receiving them at her London Fridays.

Of greater interest, however, is her acquaintance with another poet whose genius is being more and more divorced from his baleful memory, Oscar Wilde, whose meteoric career Mrs. Moulton witnessed in all its phases. In the days of his popularity, when he frequented the best London houses, he came often to her drawing-room, was "always kind about making himself agreeable to her guests," who enjoyed his whimsicalities. One day he threw a bomb into the camp of her American friends by saying interrogatively, "And they tell me you have a man in America named Longfellow whom you call a poet?"

Mrs. Moulton had also an acquaintance with his mother, Lady Wilde, and went occasionally to her famous teas when the shades were drawn and the rooms suffused with a sickly pink light. She was the lineal source of her son's artificiality and extravagance, but not, we are told by Mrs. Moulton, of his brilliancy. She, too, was a poet, though this fact is little known. The last time Mrs. Moulton saw her, she was taken to a corner of the crowded drawing-room, where Lady Wilde held up her hands in a dramatic manner and sententiously exclaimed, "I have read your poems, but they deal with the sorrows and emotions of one individual; they have naught in them of the passion of the world!"

Among the group of young men coming prominently to the fore in Wilde's day was George Moore, whom Mrs. Moulton greatly liked, though noting as she would any quality that went to the making of so pronounced a personality, the self-appreciation which distinguished him. He was a great favourite with women, and conscious, too, of his charm in this regard. Mrs. Moulton had a keen admiration for his art and looked back with pleasure to the days when they had gone over the unfinished manuscript of *Esther Waters* together, a book which called out her warmest enthusiasm.

With the late William Sharp, also, she had a close friendship, dating back to the days of their common devotion to the poet, Philip Bourke Marston. She never ceased, even after Sharp's death, to be interested in the truth about Fiona Macleod, who, she professed to know, in the face of all declaration to the contrary, was not Sharp himself, though she would never commit herself further than to say that she had seen her picture and that she was both young and beautiful.

As to her own poetry, though expressing her life in it so completely and wishing above all else to be valued by her work, rather than by her social side, she had in this, as in all things, the most unaffected humility. Though able to repeat, with that marvellously flexible and musical voice, the best poems of many of her contemporaries, she rarely remembered verbally her own, and this often gave rise to amusing situations, such as that which occurred during her last season in London, when, sitting beside the Archbishop of York at dinner, he turned to her with a pleasant passage of poetry. "Oh, but I like that," she said, "it is beautiful, what may it be?" Whereupon his grace was beside himself with laughter, so much so that she grew embarrassed and begged an explanation. "It is you, yourself!" he cried, but could not believe that she had been unable to recognise her own poems.

This incident, together with many others contained in this intimate record, was related to me by my friend, Mr. Arthur F. Johnson, of Boston, who was closely associated with Mrs. Moulton during the closing years of her life and to whom she chanced from time to time to give some of her happiest recollections.

No woman in America, indeed few women in any country or epoch, had such friendships as Mrs. Moulton, having known in varying degrees of acquaintance or intimacy nearly every writer of note in England and America during the last half century; and not only with writers

and artists but with many of the oldest and most delightful families of the English nobility she had the closest friendships, particularly with Lady Ashburton, Lady Seton and Lady Wynford, the last, one of the most beautiful and brilliant women of the Victorian period and once asked to be Lady in Waiting to the Queen.

Jessie B. Rittenhouse.

AS OTHERS SEE US*

IN 1778 a British patriot, Captain John Heinrichs of the Hessian Yager Corps, who was fighting the American rebels, wrote home that in America the milk is not so rich as in Germany, the bread is not so nourishing and many of the people are mad. We have no statistics of insanity for those primitive days and we lack official tests of the milk and bread. But we do know something of the witness. This thin red hero was fighting in a foreign land for a foreign king, he was being beaten, and he was a German disguised as an Englishman. The critic was not in a good frame of mind.

Since the days of the Yager Grenadier many foreigners have written their opinions about America. Some of these opinions Mr. Brooks has arranged and elucidated with shrewd commentary. It is his commentary that makes the book worth while, that makes it, indeed, a book about America by an American. The bibliography at the end of his volume contains a hundred titles. Mr. Brooks has digested everything in that list and compressed the result into three hundred and fifty pages. Without sacrificing the humility which Mr. Brooks recommends to us in his final words, we may still believe that America is a very large subject and praise him for his skill in condensation.

Mr. Brooks thinks that our critics have done us good or that some of them might do us good if we would listen. But many of us will share the doubt expressed by Mark Twain in his remarks on "What Paul Bourget Thinks of Us:"

> M. Bourget would teach us to know ourselves; that was it, he would reveal us to ourselves. That would be an education. He would explain us to ourselves. Then we should understand ourselves and after that be able to go on more intelligently. It seemed a doubtful scheme. He could explain *us* to *himself*—that would be easy. That would be the same as the naturalist explaining the bug to himself. But to explain the bug to the bug—that is quite a different matter. The bug may not know himself perfectly, but he knows himself better than a naturalist can know him, at any rate.

The touring critic who ventures to instruct his host about the host's manner of life shows that he knows little about human nature, and we may, I believe, in all humility assume that American nature is more or less human. The plea that a foreigner can see things from a fresh point of view is not sound. The layman who strolls into a laboratory where men of science have been at work for years brings a fresh point of view to their subject, but if he talks about it he makes a fool of himself. Or to take a humbler illustration (for we must not forget that ultimate lesson in humility) a scholar and artist watching bricklayers at work brings to his scrutiny of their labours a superior intelligence, and his point of view is of virgin freshness. He can be eloquent to other people about bricklaying, but he cannot teach the bricklayers anything about it. The manifest value of Bryce's *American Commonwealth* and Lowell's *Government of England* does not offer an opposing case in point, for these men are professional students of universal theories of

*As Others See Us: A Study of Progress in the United States. By John Graham Brooks. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1908.

government and they are competent to analyse the way in which any civilised community manages its public affairs.

Besides the Bryces and Lowells and other specialists, there is once in a century a man of penetrating vision, like Dickens, who is an expert in the entire province of mankind, who can see something interesting in human nature anywhere and say something illuminating about it. His notes on England or Siam make good reading for Frenchmen and Hottentots and Zionists. But the usual travelling writer is no such genius. He has no special knowledge to share with us. He is not in anything wiser than the common run of men.

It is not through critics that nations learn from each other. Japan did not learn from us by buying our bargain counter opinions or even our most expensive kinds of advice. She walked right past the talk department and selected the best samples of the things that we could do. Berlin cannot teach Milwaukee about the temperance question, but she can show the Western city how to brew better beer. The opinions of Denver about the London slums are of no value, but Denver teaches London just one thing, her specialty, an improved juvenile court. France having had bitter experience with a deforested land is able to teach us forestry. Only through an exchange of specialties do the nations receive benefit from each other's wisdom.

Now literary tourists in America have assumed, what they would not assume in other nations, that they are better experts in all branches of life than the natives of the land. The German in England and the Frenchman in Italy feel the limitations of a foreign intelligence applied to a strange civilisation. Even the Englishman on the continent of Europe sometimes forgets that the English way of doing things is an unshakable absolute standard. But when these foreigners visit us, they leave courtesy and tolerance at home. They assume that they belong to a superior order of being and that we need their advice about all things, about Life itself. When we ask for their credentials they complain that we are sensitive to criticism.

As a matter of fact, it is the critics that we dislike and not the criticisms. We thrive on criticism and make a good deal of it ourselves. We are almost the only people who proclaim our vices by the right names and in loud tones. We call graft, graft, and bosses, bosses, and theft, theft, and protective tariff, robbery, which is crude English but true. The Englishman calls the House of Lords, the House of Lords, he speaks of stealing as "regrettable practice," of graft as the spirit of British institutions, all of which is excellent English but inadequate to the facts.

Flinching from criticism is a different thing from challenging a self-constituted authority. We do not object to the proposition that Cornell University is not an institution for the fostering of sweetness and light. We do object to that proposition as coming from Matthew Arnold, for he cannot possibly know how well the college is realising the purpose for which Ezra Cornell (a self-made mechanic) founded it, if indeed he has taken pains even to inquire what that purpose is. Arnold's wan ineffectual ideas are not offensive, but Arnold is. There is something the matter with him, just what we do not know until he dies; and then Stevenson says it: "He won't like God." After that we understand better why he could say that Lincoln lacked distinction. Meanwhile, we have been courteous enough to let him go home unconscious of the fact that his monumental blunders of judgment have vitiated all his pretty definitions of culture and sweetness and light. His essays on England had already made culture a bore. After his remarks on America culture became a crime. Never did a preacher so utterly spoil his cause.

It is the assumption of superiority on the part of foreign critics, their meanness, jealousy, rudeness, ingratitude, stupidity, cupidity, insolence and other gentle characteristics that have induced in us the vice of bragging. If they had not begun their long course of gratuitous faultfinding we never should have needed or wished to praise ourselves. Much of our bragging was necessary as a matter of business to boom the country. When an American "cracked up" his town, he was not expressing emotions, he

was advertising property. The habit grew on us so that we continued to boast when there was no longer any need of it, but originally our bragging was the effort of a struggling nation to make its wares attractive, to draw buyers and settlers, in spite of the attempts of foreigners to "run down" our enterprises and so retard and deflect immigration. The foreign critic, far from doing us any good, has done much to corrupt our manners and morals. He is arrogant; we brag. He is gullible; we lie to him. He is discourteous; we make fools of ourselves by entertaining him and trying to help him.

We have always tried to be courteous to literary ambassadors from England, France, Russia and the Yappi Yappi Islands, and to give them valuable information. The efforts we lavish on most of them, especially Englishmen, are wasted. I told an Englishman once that in most of the States there are laws forbidding murder and that in three of them the laws are enforced. He thought that I was bragging because murder is immoral and the *Saturday Review* had said that Americans are an immoral people. But when I directed his attention to an article by a third-rate journalist on "The Shame of Keokuk," he put that in his chapter on city government which followed immediately after the chapter on the American habit of exaggeration.

Nowadays every English writer sooner or later makes the grand tour "out to America." He must pay his passage, and like an invading army he must make the enemy's country support him. Coming from a monarchy he is a worshipper of royalties. With sublime contempt for American commercialism he manufactures thrills to sell. He has to see something strange in America. If he tells the simple truth, he cannot sell his book at home. We offer the scribbling tourist hospitality and then he makes abusive comments on our prevailing habit of eating with our knives and shaving at the breakfast table, two privileges specifically granted to us in the Constitution. If he is allowed to talk to the President for half an hour (or rather to listen to him) he does not see in that a sign of such democratic intercourse as is not granted to him at home; oh, no, he thinks that the President receives him because he is an important person. If an American publisher refuses his books he gives that publisher a dig in his volume of impressions. If he is an amateur in democracy, a literary sociologist with a good income, a friend of Poet Markham and lover of the slums, he discharges against a few hastily arranged facts a whole battery of theories about poverty, penology and populism, theories with which he could not make a small dint in the institutions of his native land.

Why does Europe, the home of literature and art, send such foolish scribes to investigate the sanitary conditions of the poor tenements in which we Americans live? And why does England send the choicest compounds of effrontery and complacency? The Englishman ought to be the most intelligent of all tourists in America because he has the advantage of a slight acquaintance with our language. With a little diligence he can master it thoroughly. But he does not wish to learn, his nature impels him to try to teach. We refuse to learn from him and there is no gain.

Mr. H. G. Wells differs from most of his countrymen. He dislikes Oxford. He is quick, clever, slangy, and his brand of cant is up-to-date. He has a little wit and a picturesque style. We all enjoyed his comments on the Boston first families who were foolish enough to lionise him. But I am surprised that a sound sociologist like Mr. Brooks should make so much of him, that any thoughtful critic should take him seriously, that the resignation of this sublimated dime novelist from the Fabian Society should be regarded as an event in sociological circles. His science is toy science. He does not know social facts or even take the trouble to go to the simplest sources of facts. Here is his statement with regard to one of our greatest problems: "This richest, greatest country the world has ever seen has over 1,700,000 children under fifteen years of age toiling in fields, factories, mines and workshops."

This is a reflection of the statistics given in the Bulletin of Child Labour of the United States Census. The figure

1,700,000 is correct for the total number of minors between ten and fifteen reported as employed. Those under ten are not reported, but they cannot be many, for the inefficiency of babies makes them undesirable employees, and even American manufacturers do not conduct their factories primarily as chambers of torture for the innocent.

Now, the majority of the minors reported as employed are farm boys, and of these 800,000 are working for their fathers—the very stock that makes the first chapter of biographies of great Americans. The special agent, warning literary socialists and other passionate pilgrims not to let the figures run away with them, says, "There is one broad class of occupations in which child labour is not open to most of the objections ordinarily urged against it. These are the occupations connected with agriculture. The work of the child on the farm is usually not injurious to health and morals and does not necessarily interfere with the opportunities for schooling." Of those not employed on the farm 500,000 were either fourteen or fifteen, and at that age, opines the special agent, "the evils of child labour are not generally regarded as serious." We might also take out the messenger boys and office boys, who never labour. But if we leave them in, we find the real "child labour problem" to consist of about 250,000 children. Enough, the Lord knows, to torture the national conscience without adding fictitious numbers!

Perhaps Mr. Wells, being a reporter of the future, does not go to documents which are unimaginatively restricted to the past. But if he is to deal in statistics at all he should get his figures right and understand what they mean. I suspect, though, that his scientific attitude is warranted less by his knowledge than by the habit of the world to allow anything that looks like science to go unchallenged. There are even those who regard Bernard Shaw as a scientific analyst of life. He serves up the child labour problem in America in this ecstatic outburst: "A million and three-quarters American children [did he get his figures from his fellow Fabian?] of from *six* to *twelve* [my italics: those figures show how much he knows of the minimum physical requirements in a manual labourer] are being debauched, murdered and sweated as no horse can be sweated in a London street without the arrest of the sweater by a policeman."

Mr. Shaw is on safe grounds because he does not pretend to truth or courtesy. One cannot feel sorry for him as one does for that most unfortunate Briton, the rare visitor who wishes to be polite and generous in praise. For he is as offensive to us as his censorious compatriot, another indication that it is not censure which irks us but manner, tone, attitude. Last year the London *Times* published a series of articles from a special correspondent who came here determined to please and to be pleased. Lord Northcliffe was perhaps meditating his visit to this country and beginning to look to his American circulation. If he hoped to conciliate us he chose an unfortunate emissary. The very compliments of the *Times* correspondent were insulting. For instance, wishing to indicate the soundness of a periodical from which he was quoting, he spoke of it as "one of the least sensational of American journals." You would never guess that he meant the *Outlook!* True, the *Outlook* is one of the least sensational of our journals. It is also true that Queen Victoria was one of the least immoral of English women, but one would hesitate to put it that way.

If I were an Englishman and undertook to write a book about America, I think before I tried to solve the negro question I should go south of Washington. It is said that there are people in Alabama and Georgia who have had experience with negroes and one might learn from them. Even an Englishman bent on monocular investigation of marvels might learn something from the people who have abode long in the land. Also, before I wrote about America, I should think it necessary to go west of Chicago into the corn fields. Probably I should waste some time telling the farmer that his wheat is corn and his corn is maize; so much would be due from an Englishman. No doubt as I sat on a fence in a position to observe a series of harvesters go whirring through the grain,

my eye would grow glassy while I meditated my next article, that on "Divorce in America," and pondered what an American had told me, that in Pittsburgh people's faces get so black with soot that several white men have been lynched by mistake. Then when reflection had penetrated an accumulation of raw material previously stowed away and my wits were not so far in arrear of the experiences of preceding weeks, I should contemplate the corn field and try to understand that millions of Americans live prosperously in small communities and on peaceful farms far from New York and London publishers.

Striking proof of the inability of the Englishman to understand other peoples is to be found in the failure of the Anglo-American Colossus, Mr. Henry James, to realise what America is, even where it is. He had an unusual opportunity to combine old knowledge of his native land with his acquired British habits of mind. But his book, *The American Scene,* is as hopelessly English in thought as it is hopelessly un-English in style. He writes about Newport and Boston and Washington but says little about America. Considering that he has no trace of the American spirit left in him, it is a bit annoying to find British journalists assuming that they know a great deal about Americans because they have met Mr. Henry James at the Authors' Club.

When we consider that of the hordes of predatory critics who have swarmed over our peaceful land not one has been lynched, we cannot but be impressed with our national tolerance and good humour. There have been the commercial adventurers like Mrs. Trollope, who castigated the nation that failed to patronise her notion shop. There have been the wild-eyed prophets like Gorky, who came to collect money for his cause and to teach us poor barbarians about brotherly love as practised in Russia. We have been good natured, but I think we are growing a trifle suspicious and that our suspicion, long accumulating, spilled over upon Gorky in a bigger deluge than he deserved.

We have every reason to be suspicious. The torches of so many, many light-bearers and touring emancipators have left a bad odour in our innocent atmosphere. So many European illuminators who have come to throw their rays into our aboriginal darkness have set fire to the straw thatch of our huts. So many brands of imported light have sputtered, exploded and frightened the women and children. So many European book agents have stolen our umbrellas. Not long ago the *Academy* broke into sweet song as follows:

> That an American should venture to criticise anything whatever in England is passing strange . . . it is amazing that an American should dare to utter anything in England except thanksgiving that he has left the foul soil from which he sprang.

After that we are not surprised but amused when the little lordling of the *Academy* takes Upton Sinclair seriously, as do also the *Saturday Review* and Mr. H. G. Wells. And when another apparently cultivated Englishman writes a vulgar novel with some scenes laid in New York, and in those scenes tries to give a phonetic representation of a New York belle talking a mixture of New England Yankee, Virginia negro and Arizona cowboy, we begin to wonder just what is this old-world culture which is said to be at a premium in Chicago and South Bend.

No, I do not think we need the foreign critic. I do not think we can even use him. Of late years we have been manufacturing a superior variety of domestic criticism. Mr. Brooks is one of the wisest of our critics and he has in this volume put the foreign critic out of business. For he has condensed, canned and labelled for home consumption all possible foreign opinions about this humble nation.

Only one thing is lacking, and that is a detail of distribution for the publisher to consider. I should like to be one to subscribe for the publication of a special edition containing Lowell's essay, "On a Certain Condescension in Foreigners" by way of introduction and Mark Twain's note on Paul Bourget by way of appendix. A copy of this edition might be given free to every literary foreigner as

he lands from the steamer. If he had any sense he would see that further lucubrations about America would be superfluous. Everything that can be said has been said and is down in this little book.

John Macy.

TOWARDS THE LIGHT

By Princess Karadja

In Two Parts—Part I

Preface

The poem that I now publish was composed under strange circumstances.

One midsummer night, 1899, I was alone in the chapel at Bovigny Castle, praying on the tomb of my husband and eldest son, when I suddenly heard a voice whisper: "Fetch pen and paper."

I obeyed. My hand drew automatically a sun, and wrote the words "Mot Ljuset" ("Towards the Light") without help of my personal will. When I took the pen in my hand, I had no idea about what I was going to write, but nevertheless I wrote fluently hundreds of verses. I must have become entranced. . . . It seemed to me that the temperature fell quickly. . . . I felt chilled, although the summer heat was oppressive. My soul was detached, all my senses were sharpened and acquired an extraordinary lucidity. I was so distinctly conscious of the spirit voices, that it was almost as if I had written under dictation.

Everybody who reads this poem will probably believe it to be the result of long religious meditation, but such is not the case. The soul, whose evolution is narrated, was an utter stranger to me. Most of the thoughts contained in this poem were not mine five minutes before I wrote them down.

Where Did They Come From?

No satisfactory answer can be given to that question. Telepathy is the only possible explanation of such phenomena. Telepathy—transmission of thought—must take place in some way similar to wireless telegraphy.

Vibrations of thought flash through the Eter as well as electric waves. This now little known psychic force will probably be mastered in the future. Living men will then, without difficulty, be able to communicate with their disembodied friends. Fifty years ago the idea that two people might exchange thoughts at a distance of a hundred miles by telephone would have been considered preposterous. For my part I am absolutely convinced that free intercourse between liberated spirits and incarnated souls is simply a question of time.

In every period of history each new idea has to fight its way. Most people consider everything that they have not personally experienced to be more or less incredible. I shall therefore not be in the least surprised if my statement, concerning the origin of this poem, is doubted, contradicted or ridiculed, but I have decided to endure with resignation the annoyances to which I may consequently expose myself.

Nobody who is not willing to endure personal inconvenience for the sake of truth, is worthy to bear witness of eternal verities.

Oh! Watcher in the silent hours of night,
Art thou prepared to greet thy noiseless guests,
The messengers from distant spirit worlds?
On rapid wings they now are speeding hither.
They float around thee; canst thou not perceive them?
Soon shall thy spirit's eye discern their forms.
Hark, child of earth! A chime of silver bells
Descends to thee from starry worlds above,
While gentle fragrances enchant thy sense.
The darkness dies. . . . A radiant light appears.
Behold the ambient flame encircling thee,
That flame of living Light—it is my soul!

My voice now whispers gently in thine ear:
I, too, was once a mortal such as thou.
I am not dead although my dust has lain
Deep in the silent tomb for many years.
I am not dead! My spirit still is living,
Serene and strong, robed in immortal garb.
I will to thee my earthly life unfold,
Then shalt thou comprehend thy future fate,
For I shall show thee all the path I trod
From earthly darkness to the spheres of light.

Thou art a tool, chosen by Higher Powers
To tell the world what thou shalt here behold.
The gift of words is thine; thou shalt express
My mighty thought, which dominates thy mind.
Unknown to thee I hither led thy steps;
Thy destiny I welded link by link.
My hand, oh woman! chiselled out thy soul:
Resist thy Guide no more! Submit in peace!

No blessed crop can grow on untilled ground;
Deep furrows have been driven in thy heart,
And now at last I sow: mine hour has come!
May God in mercy overshadow us!
I lift thy soul up to the source of Light;
Help others as I now am helping thee.
Write down the message that I bring to-night
With humble thanks because thy hand was chosen!

"Who art thou?"—doest thou ask.—I am a sinner,
Who through repentance has atoned his crimes.
My name on earth is utterly forgotten;
My race is swept away from off its face.

I was a man who once had rich possessions;
Alas! A sorry use I made of all. . . .
No gentle memories of loving deeds
Survived me in the dismal hour of death.
Yet once I did possess a thousand treasures—
Rank, beauty, health and riches—all were mine.
Men envied me as fortune's petted child.
I deemed myself created to enjoy
And carefully fulfilled that pleasant mission.
No broken sob could reach my deadened ear,
Nor raise an echo in my empty heart,
Where on a throne of ice my spirit dwelt,
Adoring as supreme Divinity,
As centre of the world, as Lord and God
The only being whom I loved—*Myself!*

But years rolled on . . . ever the same old tale!
Earth had no pleasure left for me to taste.
I was so weary that life's pageant palled
And duller, greyer grew the lengthening days.
My empty soul was filled with blank despair.
I grew to hate the joys that could not still
My craving after *something* I had missed,
A precious *something* I had failed to win.
What it might be, I knew not—only this,
Without it life was wasted, drear and void.

At last when I had emptied to the dregs
Life's pleasure-cup, I longed for dreamless sleep.
The chill embrace of death would cool my brain. . . .
Rest! Rest! Eternal rest—oh, priceless boon!
I had no terror of the starless night
And scorned the thought of coming Judgment Day.
Annihilation seemed to me elysian,
For I was weary—weary unto death.

But in farewell I first would summon round me
All that in former days had charmed me most,
Wine, women, music, light and fragrant flowers—
And so surrounded I would breathe my last.

It was a merry night and I the gayest
Because life's dreary farce so soon would end.
'Twas my last pride to smilingly approach
Without a trace of fear my yawning tomb.

The flickering lights burned low; the flowers drooped;
The hour grew late; my noisy friends had gone.
One guest remained—I was alone with Death,
Whom I had dared to summon to my feast.
A flash—a shot—then deepest silence reigned.
One thrill of anguish quivered through my frame—
Then all was still! A sense of dreary numbness
Crept slowly, surely over all my limbs.
Around me deepest night. . . . Yea . . . pitchblack darkness.
If death had come why did it fail to bring
The blessed sleep for which I yearned so long?
When would oblivion sweep away the past?
Why this delay? At last a dawning fear
Shook me that something would *begin*—but what?

I waited thus with panic-stricken soul. . . .
Death I had courted to escape my thoughts;
I had destroyed myself, I must be dead.
I felt my body growing stiff and cold;
The heart had ceased to beat, the pulse stood still.
I was a corpse—mere matter—nothing more,
A thing which surely was bereft of sense—
Yet—after death—how could my body think?
I was aghast, for now at last I knew
That I failed to murder all me in me.
One part was left—*my thought was still alive!*

No mortal words can ever paint the terror
That seized me when I grasped that awful fact.
My senses seemed to whirl in stormy chaos—
What would my future be? When should I know?

The night was dark; nowhere a ray of light. . . .
And I must wait . . . for what? I dared not guess.
Was it eternity—was it an hour
That I endured this torture of suspense?
I cannot tell! It seemed a thousand years. . . .
To be alive against my will!— What doom
For me, who hoped the grave to be the end.

Could there be truth then in the Devil's creed
Of an avenging God, who merciless
Condemns all sinners to eternal hell?
If so, I meant to bravely meet my Judge
And to receive erect the cruel sentence.
I courage felt to calmly all endure
If but the torture of suspense might end.

Still time went on. . . . In vain I claimed my doom.
No Judge appeared! A cry of keen distress
Broke forth at last, deep from my frenzied heart;
I clamoured wildly: "Oh, have mercy, Lord!"
A voice at once replied from out the gloom:

"What is thy wish? What favour doest thou claim
From God, whom thou hast all thy life denied?"

I murmured humbly: "Lord, a ray of Light!"
At once a flash of radiance fell on me,
And I beheld myself! Oh, bitter shame!
Most ghastly is that moment for the man
Who veiled his deeds in darkness here on earth.
Pray for the blind that they may not despair
When after death at last their opened eye
Shrinks from the sight, which they are forced to see—
A human heart in hideous nakedness!
The angels of the Lord behold it trembling
And turn away at once their shuddering glance.
In abject shame the soul attempts to hide,
And full of anguish, begs for solitude.
God grants that grace. The soul is left alone—
Alone with all the shadows of the past.

I saw my earthly life glide past in vision. . . .
Scene after scene, forgotten long ago.
How blind—insanely blind, had I not been!
The sight of all my crimes confounded me.
They crushed my spirit with their leaden weight. . . .
At last I whispered: "Punish me, oh Lord!"

The voice replied: "God claims no penalty.
Sin punishes itself. Each evil seed
Allowed to grow in wanton liberty
Must bear its bitter crop of pain and woe.
The angels of the Lord no anger feel
At human crime; they see its fruit and mourn.
Unhappy spirit, thou hast asked thy sentence!
Learn then, that long ago thy fate was sealed.
"There where thy treasure is, thy heart will be."
Thus spake the Christ. These words contain thy doom.
Each man has something which he dearest holds—
His God—a fellow-creature or himself.
On earth he is at liberty to choose
A treasure to be kept eternally.
The soul can after death no more abandon
What during life it found most fit to love.
What was thy treasure? Hapless fool—behold it!"

A flood of light streamed down and I perceived
A lifeless body stretched upon the floor
Amidst a pool of blood. It was my corpse.

(*To be concluded*)

THE BOOK MART

READERS' GUIDE TO BOOKS RECEIVED

BELLES-LETTRES.

The Macmillan Company:

The Friendly Craft. A Collection of American Letters. Edited by Elizabeth Deering Hanscom, Ph.D.

The writers range all the way from Increase Mather and Benjamin Franklin to Thomas Bailey Aldrich and Edwin Lawrence Godkin, and such famous letter writers as Aaron Burr, Washington Irving, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, Daniel Webster, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and James Russell Lowell are included. The letters are arranged in sections under appropriate headings, as The News from Home, Little Men and Little Women, Students' Tales, Lovers and Friends, Genial Gossip, The Fine Art of Living, etc.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Blackstick Papers. By Lady Ritchie.

A volume of essays for which the author, who is the daughter of Thackeray, states she has taken the title from the character in her father's *Rose and the Ring*, known as the Fairy Blackstick. Her reason for this is that the essays concern certain things in which Fairy Blackstick was interested, such as old books, young people, schools of practical instruction, rings, roses, sentimental affairs, etc., etc.

VERSE.

Richard G. Badger:

The Days of Long Ago and Immortality. By Warren E. Comstock.

Containing two poems. The first, "The Days of Long Ago," being the recollections of life on a farm; the second, "Immortality," is described as an antithesis of *The Rubaiyat.*

Nancy MacIntyre. By Lester Shepard Parker.

A romantic tale of life on the prairies told in verse. The poem is illustrated.

Poems. By Frances Rawlins Iles.

Consisting of about sixty miscellaneous poems.

Broadway Publishing Company:

Victor and Other Poems. By Gerald Arundel.

The title poem is one in which Victor, the hero, tells his unfortunate love story to an intimate friend. The scene is in Peru. Besides this there are about ten short poems in the volume.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

Poems of American History. Collected and Edited by Burton Egbert Stevenson.

This volume of poems, which includes those most important and interesting in relation to American history, are arranged in chronological order. The poems have been divided in five parts: I, The Colonial Period; II, The Revolution; III, The Period of Growth; IV, The Civil War; and V, The Period of Expansion. In the back of the volume have been given notes explaining obscure allusions and making whatever connections are necessary between the events celebrated in the successive poems, and also indexes of authors, titles and first lines.

Little, Brown and Company:

The Poems and Sonnets of Louise Chandler Moulton. With an Introduction by Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Including Mrs. Moulton's three collected volumes of verse: *Swallow Flights; In the Garden of Dreams;* and *At the Wind's Will.* In the introduction Mrs. Spofford refers to the rare qualities of Mrs. Moulton's personality and to the greatness of her character. She mentions Mrs. Moulton's position in the world of letters and quotes the opinions of the highest critics on her poems and sonnets.

John W. Luce and Company:

The House of Falling Leaves. With Other Poems. By William Stanley Braithwaite.

Containing over sixty miscellaneous poems, many of which have appeared in various magazines.

Love Songs and Lyrics. By J. A. Middleton.

Twenty short poems and a poetic narrative relating an incident in the life of Heinrich Heine.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

Drifted In. By Will Carleton.

A story in verse. A Western express having become "drifted in" a heavy snow storm the passengers, in the long hours of waiting, amuse each other by telling stories.

Privately Printed:

Poetische Auslese. By Hugo Andriessen.

A volume of short poems in German.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Molière. The Affected Misses, Don Juan, Tartuffe, The Misanthrope, The Doctor by Compulsion, The Miser, The Tradesman Turned Gentleman, The Learned Ladies. A New Translation, the verse plays being for the first time rendered into English verse. In Two Volumes. By Curtis Hidden Page. With an Introduction by Brander Matthews.

In the introduction is given a sketch of Molière's life and work. Following this Prof. Page has written a preface to his translation treating of the style of Molière and of French and English verse. Each play is prefaced by a descriptive note.

A Parable of the Rose and Other Poems. By Lyman Whitney Allen.

Containing over fifty short poems.

DRAMA

The Baker and Taylor Company:

The Appreciation of the Drama. By Charles H. Caffin.

The aim in this volume is to deduce from the experience of the past and the present certain salient principles that will form a basis of critical appreciation, on which the playgoer may establish his own judgment. The author shows the division between the plastic and the pictorial. He traces its development through the Greek Tragedy, Christian Morality and Miracle Plays, Italian and French Farce, Pageant and Allegorical presentations, through Shakespeare's plays, through the dramas of Ben Jonson, Congreve and Sheridan, down to our own time. Several chapters are given to the work of our modern playwrights, Ibsen, Shaw, Hauptmann, Belasco, Fitch, etc., etc.

Duffield and Company:

As You Like It. Edited by F. J. Furnivall, M.A., Ph.D., D.Litt. Introduction and Notes by F. W. Clarke, M.A.

Being in the series of the Old Spelling Shakespeare, a section of the Shakespeare Library In this series are given the works of Shakespeare in the spelling of the best quarto and folio texts.

The Taming of the Shrew. Being the Original of Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*. Edited by F. S. Boas, M.A.

In the series of Shakespeare's Classics, which is a section of the Shakespeare Library. This series includes the romances, histories, plays and poems used by Shakespeare as the originals or direct sources of his plays.

Harper and Brothers:

The Man from Home. A Play. By Booth Tarkington and Harry Leon Wilson.

The "Man from Home" is Daniel Voorhees Pike, of Kokomo, Indiana, who goes over to London to look after the affairs of two young people, a brother and sister, over whom he has been appointed as guardian. He comes upon them while they are endeavouring to establish a social position for themselves by means of their fortune and trying to forget Kokomo, Indiana. He succeeds in preventing the girl from marrying a young Englishman, heir to a title for which she was to pay £150,000.

D. C. Heath and Company:

The Spanish Gipsie and All's Lost by Lust. By Thomas Middleton and William Rowley. Edited by Edgar C. Morris, A.M.

The Orphan and Venice Preserved. By Thomas Otway. Edited by Charles F. McClumpha.

These dramas are the latest additions to the Belles-Lettres Series, which now includes thirty-two volumes. Each book contains a short biography, an introduction, notes, bibliography, and glossary.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

Give Up Your Gods. By Arthur Dougherty Rees.

A drama in three acts of Pagan and Christian Russia. Dedicated to the "Heroes, Heroines, and Martyrs of the Russian Revolution Who Have Striven So Nobly to Compel the Romanoff Dynasty to Give Up Its Gods."

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Maid's Forgiveness. A Play. By John Jay Chapman.

A play in three acts. The scene is laid at the Castle of Menneberg somewhere near the Ardennes and the Rhine in about the year 1120.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The American Stage of To-day. By Walter Prichard Eaton.

Made up principally of articles which the author wrote for the New York *Sun* while acting as dramatic critic for that paper.

MEMOIRS, BIOGRAPHY

Duffield and Company:

Letters of Mrs. James G. Blaine. Two Volumes. Edited by Harriet S. Blaine Beale.

These letters, written mostly to members of Mrs. Blaine's family, cover the period from 1875 to 1890 and afford glimpses of an American political family, as well as views of social and political happenings in Washington during the administrations of Presidents Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur and Harrison,

William Heinemann (London):

Recollections of a Spinster Aunt. Edited by S. Sophia Beale.

Being the correspondence and diary of a member of English society in the latter half of the nineteenth century. These recollections portray something of the political and social life in England and on the Continent in that period.

Longmans, Green and Company:

The Journal of Elizabeth, Lady Holland (1791-1811). Two volumes. Edited by the Earl of Ilchester.

In the brief sketch of Lady Holland's career, which prefaces her Journal, it is stated that Lady Holland is known to the readers of memoirs and biographies of her time as the domineering leader of the Whig circle; as a lady whose social talents and literary accomplishments drew to her house the wits, the politicians, and the *cognoscenti* of the day, but that as yet little has been written of her earlier years, on which her Journal will throw much light.

The McClure Company:

The Reminiscences of Carl Schurz. Volume III. 1863-1869. With a Sketch of his Life and Public Services from 1869 to 1906 by Frederic Bancroft and William A. Dunning.

Before completing this third and last volume of his Reminiscences, General Schurz died. He had carried his work down to the middle of Grant's administration, and the notes which he left behind were turned over to Mr. Bancroft, who, with the assistance of Mr. Dunning, constructed out of them an account of the latter part of the life of Carl Schurz.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Women Bonapartes. The Mother and Three Sisters of Napoleon I. Two Volumes. By H. Noel Williams.

Mr. Williams traces the careers of the mother and three sisters of the great Napoleon, all women of striking personalities though vastly different in character. The changes of fortune and position which they experienced, and the important events with which they were associated make the record of their lives a very interesting one. The illustrations are chiefly portraits of the Bonapartes and their most prominent favourites.

The Family Letters of Christina Georgina Rossetti. With some Supplementary Letters and Appendices. Edited by William Michael Rossetti.

The aim of the editor in this volume "has been to present a selection from the family letters of Christina Georgina Rossetti, supplemented by a very few letters of hers addressed to persons out of the family, and by quite a moderate number of those addressed to herself—as for instance by her brother Dante Gabriel."

RELIGION, SCIENCE, POLITICS, PHILOSOPHY

American Unitarian Association:

The Origin and Character of the Bible and Its Place Among Sacred Books. Being a Revised and Enlarged Edition of "The Bible: Its Origin, Growth and Character." By Jabez Thomas Sunderland, A.M.

Brought up to date in every particular and embodying the results of the latest scholarship; with illustrative tables, lists of the best books for reading and study, and several entirely new chapters.

The Century Company:

The American Executive and Executive Methods. By John H. Finley and John F. Sanderson.

The latest addition to the American State Series, which aims to show how the governmental agencies of the American State, federal, commonwealth and local, are organised and administered. Starting with a study of the Colonial Governors, the authors trace the power of the American executive through its different stages of development.

B. W. Huebsch:

The Spiritual Significance of Modern Socialism. By John Spargo.

A discussion in which the author admits the truth of many of those allegations against Socialism which have kept conservatives outside its ranks. He explains, however, why and how the Socialist party became the victim of every fallacious theory grafted on it, and the successful efforts of modern Socialists to rid themselves of these adventitious features.

Rand, McNally and Company:

Presidential Campaigns. By George Murray McConnel.

In which the author gives brief accounts of the Presidential campaigns from that of George Washington to that of Theodore Roosevelt, together with a record of the events which led to the election of each. The volume contains a portrait of each President and also various other illustrations.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

The Psychological Phenomena of Christianity. By George Barton Cutten, Ph.D. (Yale).

The whole range of the phenomena has been covered, both the normal and

the abnormal, the pathological and the healthful, the first half of the book being devoted to the abnormal and the latter to the normal. The author has, he states, tried to keep in mind the general reader as well as the psychological and theological student.

E. E. Sherman and Company (Boston, Mass.):

Physical History of the Earth in Outline. By James B. Babbitt.

The author expresses the hope that the book will clearly show that all the changes in both the organic and inorganic worlds have moved on in the regular sequence and in close harmony with a basic law or cause determining in stated times complete revolutions or geologic epochs. The various chapters are: "History of the Earth"; "The Polar-Ice Period"; "The Inter-Glacial Period, or the Ice Era Within the Tropics"; "The Drift Era as a Phase of the Inter-Glacial Period"; "A Brief Review of Various Hypotheses Advanced to Account for the Climatical Vicissitudes of Former Times"; and "Further Observations and Conclusion."

HISTORY, TRAVEL, DESCRIPTION.

William Heinemann (London):

After Waterloo. Reminiscences of European Travel. 1815-1819. By Major W. E. Frye. Edited with a Preface and Notes by Salomon Reinach, Member of the Institute of France.

In speaking in his preface of Major Frye and his reminiscences, Mr. Reinach says: "He was a friend of liberty, a friend of France, an admirer of Napoleon, and a hater of the Tory régime which brought about Napoleon's downfall. 'France's attempts at European domination, in the Napoleonic era, are graciously described as but so many efforts toward spreading the light of civilisation over Europe.' These words, written about a quite recent work and à propos of the 'Entente cordiale,' apply perfectly to Frye's reminiscences. Travelling immediately before and after the Emperor's collapse, he found that everywhere, excepting in Tuscany, the French domination was regretted, because the ideals of liberty and equality had shone and vanished with the tricolour flag. He admires the French people, though not the *Ultras* and bigots, and has fine words of praise for the French army."

J. B. Lippincott Company:

An English Honeymoon. By Anne Hollingsworth Wharton.

Letters written by a bride on her wedding journey through England. She writes of the charm and beauty of the country through which they travel, and something of the historical and literary events connected with the places visited. There are letters from Canterbury, Winchester, Keighley, Warwick, London, Bowness, Chester, Oxford, Glastonbury, Biddeford and Exeter.

Little Brown and Company:

Sun and Shadow in Spain. By Maud Howe.

The author gives the result of her observations during the many months in which she travelled about Spain. She gives many pictures of life in Seville, tells of her visit to Cordova, Granada, Tangiers, Madrid, and other places of interest. There is a chapter devoted to the wedding of the King of Spain, which took place in the year of the author's visit to that country. The volume is illustrated with four full-page plates in colour and many other pictures from photographs.

Paris the Beautiful. By Lilian Whiting.

In speaking of Paris, in a prefatory note, Miss Whiting says: "The French capital is the most prismatic of cities. It is all agleam and aglow with a radium-like brilliancy. When it is not mediæval, it is the most modern of all great cities. Art and Science are its handmaids. And always is it seen through this very atmosphere of fascination—under a spell which eludes analysis or definition, but which holds for every visitor its dream of enchantment, investing Paris, the Beautiful." She goes on to give descriptive and historical accounts of Paris, dwells upon the Champs Élysée region, the art galleries, the annual exhibitions of paintings, the scientific progress in Paris, and other interesting topics.

The Macmillan Company:

Alaska. The Great Country. By Ella Higginson.

Mrs. Higginson gives a picturesque description of Alaska, or Al-ay-ek-sa, the old Indian name for it, which means "The Great Country." She also gives entertaining accounts of the life of the people. Mrs. Higginson has made several trips to Alaska, and in this work gives a great deal of information, which reveals pictures of advanced civilisation very different to the usually conceived Alaska of snow and ice. In discusssing the climate, she writes: "Were Alaska possessed of the same degree of civilisation that is enjoyed by St. Petersburg, Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, and New York, we would hear no more of the rigours of the Alaskan climate than we hear of those of the cities mentioned. It is more agreeable than the climate of Montana, Nebraska, or the Dakotas."

The Neale Publishing Company:

The Battle of Franklin. November 30, 1864. By Col. R. W. Banks.

A description of one of the bloodiest engagements of the war between the States. A participant in that battle has written it in order to commemorate a deed of valour performed by a friend and comrade. This is the deed of "Ed" Russell, now Major E. L. Russell, who "reached the inner breastworks of the Federals and planted his colours there."

The Outing Publishing Company:

The Conquest of the Great Northwest. Being the Story of the Adventures of England Known as the Hudson's Bay Company. New Pages in the History of the Canadian Northwest and Western States. Two volumes. By Agnes C. Laut.

The author has gathered her material for this work from the company's own documents in Hudson's Bay House, London. In defining the scope of her work Miss Laut writes: "In this account, I have attempted to tell the story of the Company only as adventurer, pathfinder, empire-builder, from Rupert's Land to California—feudal lord beaten off the field by democracy. Where the empire-builder merges with the coloniser and pioneer, I have stopped in each case. In Manitoba, the passing of the Company was marked by the Riel Rebellion; in British Columbia, by the mad gold stampede; in Oregon, by the terrible Whitman massacres; in California, by the fall of Spanish power. All these are dramas in themselves worthy of poet or novelist; but they are not germane to the adventurers. Therefore, they are not given here."

L. C. Page and Company:

Old Edinburgh. Being an Account of the Ancient Capital of the Kingdom of Scotland, including its Streets, Houses, Notable Inhabitants, and Customs in the Olden Time. Two volumes. By Frederick W. Watkeys.

In the Travel Lovers' Library and uniform with *Venice, Rome, China,* etc. The volumes contain eighty full-page plates in duogravure from the original photographs. The author's intention has been "to bring before the reader the principal and interesting events in the history of the Old Town which have made her famous."

In Viking Land. Norway: Its People, Its Fjords and Its Fjelds. By W. S. Monroe.

A work which is the result of two trips the author made to Norway. While a chapter is devoted to the geography of the country and a couple to its history, the book treats mainly of the people, their habits, customs, traditions, and the progress in civilisation. As of chief historical interest among the cities of Norway the author has given accounts of Trondhjem, Bergen and Christiania. The volume is illustrated in duogravure from photographs taken by the author.

G. P. Putnam's Sons:

Lorenzo the Magnificent, and Florence in Her Golden Age. By E. L. S. Horsburgh, B.A.

Designed to present to the general reader a view of Lorenzo de Medici as the central point of Florentine life during the latter half of the fifteenth century. While entering with some fulness into the political history of Florence under the Medici, and while aiming especially at an impartial presentment of Lorenzo's character, the author seeks to give a vivid picture of Florentine life under Lorenzo, in all its aspects. The art, literature, and philosophy of Lorenzo's age, as contributing to the life of the times, are reviewed, and the manners, customs, costumes, and amusements of the people in all grades of society form the subject-matter of several chapters.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Through Southern Mexico. Being the account of the Travels of a Naturalist. By Hans Gadow.

An account of a trip through the little known parts of Southern Mexico. In the preface the author says: "This narrative is based upon two journeys through Southern Mexico during the months of June to September of the years 1902 and 1904. Eight months—most of them spent in roaming about, off the few tourist-tracks, through some rather wild and little known districts, from the regions of snow down to the sweltering, tropical lowlands—afforded more than hasty impressions of this wonderful country." There are one hundred and fifty illustrations of every phase of the life of the people and animals and plants of the country.

A Literary History of Russia. By A. Brückner. Edited by Ellis H. Minns, M.A. Translated by Havelock, M.A.

The ninth volume in the Library of Literary History. The series already includes volumes on the Literary History of India, Ireland, America, Persia, Scotland, France, and the Arabs, and volumes on the Literary History of Rome and of the Jews are to come later. In the introduction the editor states that the author has traced the reaction of politics upon letters from the time of Gógol to that of Górky; that he presents a picture of the growth of Russian literature, showing the causes it served, its prominent personalities, the lesser figures that surrounded them, and the background upon which they stood out.

Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Impressions of Travel in Body and Spirit. By Henry Van Dyke.

Dr. Van Dyke and three companions travelled with their own caravan through the Holy Land, visiting the famous places and familiar scenes of the Old and New Testament. The book is, as Dr. Van Dyke describes it, "a long journey in the spirit and a short one in the body." Not only does he picture the country and the biblical scenes, but tells of the experiences of his party; of their camping outfit, of their dragoman, how they swam in the Sea of Galilee and fished on the shore of Capernaum and in the Jordan. There are twelve full-page illustrations in colour.

Country Walks About Florence. By Edward Hutton.

Mr. Hutton pictures the charm and beauty and interest of the country around Florence. By easy pleasant walks in every direction from the city he takes the traveller to the out-of-the-way little towns with their treasures of churches and views, of paintings and statues, their memories of the past and their picturesqueness of the present. The volume is illustrated with pen and ink sketches as well as reproductions from photographs.

Charles L. Van Noppen (Greensboro, N. C.):

History of North Carolina. Volume I. By Samuel A'Court Ashe.

This volume covers the period from 1584 to 1783, which the author has treated in epochs as follows: First Epoch, 1584-91, Raleigh's Explorations and Colonies; Second Epoch, 1629-63, Permanent Settlement; Third Epoch, 1663-1729, Proprietary Government; Fourth Epoch, 1729-65, North Carolina as a Royal Province; Fifth Epoch, 1765-75, Controversies with the Mother Country; Sixth Epoch, 1775-83, the War for Independence. The work is to be complete in two volumes.

EDUCATIONAL

American Book Company:

Bataille De Dames Ou Un Duel En Amour. Comédie En Trois Actes. Par Scribe Et Legouvé. Edited with Introduction, Notes, and Vocabulary by Charles A. Eggert, Ph.D.

In the preparation of this edition the needs of elementary students have been constantly kept in view. For this purpose the notes have been made particularly full on the use of the tenses and of the subjunctive, and on special difficulties in the use of certain model verbs. Special attention is also given in the notes to the explanation of idioms, the translation of which is to be found in the vocabulary, and to comparison with English uses.

Songs Every One Should Know. Edited by Clifton Johnson.

A collection of two hundred favourite songs for general use in schools and homes.

Die Harzreise. Von Heinrich Heine. Edited with Notes and Vocabulary by Parke R. Kolbe.

This edition of Heine's masterpiece was in large part prepared among the scenes it describes. The editor had, as well, free access to the Heidelberg University Library, thus making it possible for him to give to the story of Heine's wanderings from Gottingen through the Harz Mountains a greater feeling of reality and nearness to the author. The notes are concise, but treat at sufficient length of the places of interest, the life of the German student, and the personal relations of Heine to his work.

Funk and Wagnalls Company:

A Working Grammar of the English Language. By James C. Fernald, L.H.D.

Designed to give in simple statement the principles and methods of correct English speech and writing. A companion volume to *Connectives of English Speech* and *English Synonyms, Antonyms, and Prepositions,* by the same author.

Ginn and Company:

Readings in Modern European History. A collection of extracts from the sources chosen with the purpose of illustrating some of the chief phases of the development of Europe during the last two hundred years. Volume I. *The Eighteenth Century:* The French Revolution and the Napoleonic Period. By James Harvey Robinson and Charles A. Beard.

This work has been prepared to accompany chapter by chapter and section by section the text-book *Development of Modern Europe,* by the same authors.

Readings in English History Drawn from the Original Sources. By Edward P. Cheyney.

Intended as a companion volume to the author's *Short History of England.* It corresponds chapter by chapter and, in most cases, subject by subject, to that text-book, and is of about the same length. It is intended to add greater life, clearness, and meaning to the statements of fact contained in the text-book by giving the contemporary narratives on which these statements of fact are based.

The Macmillan Company:

Special Method in Reading in the Grades. Including the Oral Treatment of Stories and the Reading of Classics. By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D.

Discussing the problem of introducing children to the best reading material and to the art of reading. This book

is a combination of the author's two earlier volumes, namely, *The Special Method in Primary Reading and Oral Work with Stories* and *The Special Method in Reading of English Classics.*

Charles E. Merrill Company:

The Vision of Sir Launfal and Other Poems. By James Russell Lowell. Edited with an Introduction and Notes by Julian W. Abernethy, Ph.D., Principal of the Berkeley Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The introduction includes a brief sketch of the author's life, discussions and critical opinions of his work, tributes to him, and a bibliography. In the back of the volume has been included a number of examination questions used in recent years in college entrance papers by two eminent examination boards.

Silver, Burdett and Company:

Recollections of a New England Educator. Reminiscences—Biographical, Pedagogical, Historical. By William A. Mowry.

Designed to "show the educational conditions in this country fifty, sixty and seventy years ago, and to compare with them conditions existing at the present time."

Studies in the History of Modern Education. By Charles Oliver Hoyt, Ph.D.

The author's object is to direct the student to discover the relation between education and civilisation. He helps him to see how educational doctrines have evolved and have influenced present day theory and practice. By considering the great educators in their historical setting he leads him through a study of their theories to work out his own doctrines.

FICTION

D. Appleton and Company:

Rosnah. By Myra Kelly.

The story is set in Ireland and pictures the life of the owners of great estates and their poor and dissatisfied neighbours. The principal character is Lady Rosnah Creighton, who, when Sheila, the girl whom her brother is to marry, is called to London by parents whom she has not seen since infancy, having been left by them with relatives when they departed for India, where the father had a government commission, is persuaded to impersonate the girl. She goes to London and lives as the daughter of the house and becomes a great favourite with the four brothers. She finally makes known her real identity, after which Sheila joins the family circle and Lady Rosnah is married to one of the sons.

Richard G. Badger:

The Country Band. By Henry A. Shute.

The author gives in a humorous vein a youth's experiences with a country band, telling of early recollections, how he became connected with an orchestra, his first band engagement, and his handling of all the different instruments.

Menotomy. A Romance of 1776. By Margaret L. Sears.

The scene of this romance is set in the town of Arlington, Mass., known in Revolutionary times as Menotomy. The story centres about the battles of Concord, Lexington and Bunker Hill.

Mrs. John Vernon. A Study of a Social Situation. By Julia De Wolf Addison.

A story of social life in Boston, the scenes being laid chiefly among the artistic and musical people of that city. The principal character is a rich widow.

Lila Sari. By William Lee Howard.

A young man and two girl cousins, the only survivors of a vessel wrecked in the Southern Pacific, are picked up by a pirate boat and later landed on a strange island ruled by a beautiful but fiendish queen named Lila Sari. Coming under her displeasure the three Americans are obliged to submit to torture and cruelty, and in the end escape only in time to save their lives.

The Baker and Taylor Company:

In Calvert's Valley. By Margaret Prescott Montague.

A story of West Virginian life. It tells of a tragedy and a noble expiation. In accepting the responsibility of Calvert's sudden and tragic death Emlyn Page undertook another man's life burden.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Enchanted Hat. By Harold MacGrath.

Four stories of enchantment, in each of which the hero meets a charming girl. In the first story, which gives title to the book, he wins the girl he loves through circumstances attending a mix-up of hats in a public dining hall.

Broadway Publishing Company:

The Burnt Offering. By Edith Nicholl Ellison.

Michael Wilmer, a young physician who comes from the North to take up his practice in Virginia, falls in love with a Southern girl. She, some time before the date set for their marriage, contracts a heavy cold, which, through neglect and carelessness, develops into consumption. Dr. Wilmer, who has made a special study of tuberculosis and intends to make his life work a fight against it, refuses to marry Lucy Carter. For this he is censured by many in the

community. After a time the girl marries a clergyman, who takes her to live in the West. When the dread disease has almost done its work Lucy's husband sends for Dr. Wilmer, and she dies in his arms. The physician then takes up his work in the Southwest, where those afflicted with tuberculosis flock in large numbers, striving to relieve their suffering. When he has reached middle age he finds the woman who is to crown his life with sympathy and love.

Cochrane Publishing Company:

A Lovable Degenerate. By William B. Stoddard.

Creston Matthews, always frank and merry, is greatly loved by all his friends despite his many faults and failures. He sacrifices his life for that of Marriene, the girl with whom he is in love.

A Happy Night. By William J. Patmore.

The extraordinary adventures of a young man on one stormy evening in New York. At the end of the story the reader learns that it has all been a dream, the young man having been knocked down by a sleigh and carried into a hotel, where he remains for some time in an unconscious state. He awakes only to find that his beloved Felice has been but a dream.

Cupples and Leon Company:

The Yellow God. An Idol of Africa. By H. Rider Haggard.

The story opens in London. Major Alan Vernon returning from Africa interests two older men in his scheme to improve the Sahara. A syndicate is formed, but Major Vernon, learning that it is merely a swindle, withdraws from the partnership. To repair his fortunes he goes to Africa, taking with him the golden idol which originally came from that country, and about which his negro servant, Jeekie, tells a story to the effect that the little yellow god brings good luck and great wealth. Arriving in Africa he goes to Asikiland, where he becomes a great favourite of the Asika, a strange and beautiful woman, who rules the land. She decides to marry him at the end of the year, when her present husband is doomed to death. Anxious to flee from the savage queen and to get back to England to marry Barbara, the niece of one of the syndicate leaders, Major Vernon, with Jeekie and the doomed husband, on the day previous to that set for the wedding, escape and make their way toward the coast. They are amazed to come upon Barbara, who has set out in search of Vernon, and has been followed by Sir Robert Aylward, her guardian, who tries to force her to marry him. Sir Robert meets his death in the forest and the two young people return to England and to happiness.

Dodd, Mead and Company:

An Idyll of All Fools' Day. By Josephine Daskam Bacon.

Anthony accepts, unwillingly, the duty of showing a young girl about town. Nette is pretty and fascinating, but Anthony resents her treating him as a small boy. They start out for the college buildings, but are turned from their course and visit a tent on the outskirts of the town, where an enormous snake is on exhibition. Here they are wrongly accused of exciting the reptile and causing a great disturbance. Rather than face the law they jump into a strange automobile and ride off. Unable to stop the machine they whirl along a country road, through a village where they frighten the inhabitants, out into the woods and finally down an embankment into the river. The auto is lost, but the two swim to the opposite shore. A couple of dress-suit cases float in to them and they deck themselves in the clothes of the former occupants of the car. They are taken for the delayed usher and bridesmaid at a fashionable wedding, in which they are obliged to take part. This step leads to no end of trouble, but through their quick wit they escape and find their way back to the town from which they started. The ending of this first day of April, started badly and full of foolish experiences, is a happy one for the young people who had met that morning for the first time.

Passing of the Third Floor Back. By Jerome K. Jerome.

Containing six short stories. The tale which gives title to the book is a story of boarding-house life in London. It tells of the influence of one man, humble and quiet, who comes as a stranger to No. 48 Bloomsbury Square, on the lives and characters of all the inmates of Mrs. Pennycherry's boarding house. This story has been produced as a play in London.

B. W. Dodge and Company:

An Adventure in Exile. A Sentimental Comedy. By Richard Duffy.

A wealthy young American artist, tiring of the gay social life of Paris, rents a château in Normandy, where he goes with the idea of again taking up his work. Here a friendshhip develops between the artist and a charming French woman, who is known to him as "Madame La Sainte." The story shows pictures of the rural French life.

The Marooner. By Charles Frederick Holder.

A story of shipwreck on the Florida reefs. Stuyvesant Morley's yacht is

wrecked among the rocks on the coast, and he is left destitute on one of the reefs without food or water. Growing desperate he determines to make for a small island across the channel and starts out in a little boat made of brush. Just as his attempt is about to prove futile, when he is almost crazed by the sharks which surround his boat and threaten to overturn it, he is rescued by a revenue vessel.

The Sundial. By Fred M. White.

A tale of mystery which centres about an old-fashioned sundial in an English country garden and which brings death to one person after another.

The Stuff of Dreams. By Edith Sessions Tupper.

A story of New York society life.

Dana Estes and Company:

Queen's Gate Mystery. By Captain Henry Curties.

Opening with a crime, the murder of a London tradesman, the story is devoted to the solving of a mystery which involves many surprises and complications.

When the Tide Turns. By Filson Young.

Dealing with the perplexities which confront Margaret Kendall, a girl of great wealth, in her efforts to solve the problem as to the best method of sharing her riches with the poor. Having lived among the poor, as one of them, Margaret realises their condition, and when she returns to a luxurious home, which had been lost to her for four years, she at once sets out to do her share in bettering it.

Gilman's Sons Company:

Her Caveman's Letters and Hers in Reply. By Lance Swift and Carol Steele.

Here a romance develops through a correspondence which started with a simple discussion of art.

B. W. Huebsch:

The Spy. The Story of a Superfluous Man. By Maxim Gorky.

The story is set in Russia of the present day and portrays the existing social and political conditions. It deals with the secret service and the mysteries connected with it, and shows the heroism and self-sacrifice of the revolutionists, both men and women.

George W. Jacobs and Company:

A Venture in 1777. By S. Weir Mitchell.

The story is set in the winter of 1777, when the city of Philadelphia was occupied by the British, while Washington and his half-starved army were quartered at Valley Forge. Three Tory officers had made their headquarters in the home of Mrs. Markham, the wife of a colonial patriot who is being held a prisoner in another city. The young son of the house, John Markham, Jr., overhears them planning an attack upon the continental army at Valley Forge. He also learns of the existence of a map, which he at once decides to gain possession of and place in the hands of Washington. The story tells how Tom and his two younger brothers delivered the map at Valley Forge, of the Christmas Day they spent with the army, their return home, the capture of one of the British officers who is held at Valley Forge until an exchange of prisoners is made and Colonel Markham, the boy's father, is turned over to the Continental Army.

J. B. Lippincott Company:

My Lady of the Fog. By Ralph Henry Barbour. With Twelve Illustrations by Clarence F. Underwood and Decorated by Edward Stratton Holloway.

Judith Sypher, a wealthy New York girl, tiring of the gay round of pleasures at Newport and being desirous of thinking over in quiet what answer she shall make to Count Salzsladt's proposal, goes to an island off the New England coast and stays in the home of the keeper of the lighthouse. One day, while drifting around in a dory, the girl suddenly discovers that she has been enveloped in a fog, and that one of her oars has been lost. Thus handicapped she is obliged to call for help. A young man in a launch responds to her cries and rows her safely back to the island. He makes repeated visits to Sweetwater Island and the two become good friends. Tom Randall is a civil engineer from the West, where he has been working on one of the railroads belonging to the Sypher System, of which Judith is the owner, although she at first conceals this fact from the young man, simply giving her name as Miss Judith. When Tom learns of the girl's wealth and position, and realises that he is really one of her employees matters become much complicated for the engineer, the two having fallen in love and having become engaged. Judith, however, refuses to release him.

Longmans, Green and Company:

Leonore Stubbs. By L. B. Walford.

Leonore Stubbs learns after her husband's death that instead of having considerable means she has been left penniless. Much to her father's displeasure she returns to his home. He, however, insists that she keep the fact of her poverty a secret, and, believed by the young men of the country round about to be the wealthy widow, is surrounded by suitors. She finally marries

a rich man, whom the scheming father had picked out for one of his other daughters.

Mayhew Publishing Company:

A Pilgrim's Progress in Other Worlds. Recounting the Wonderful Adventures of Ulysum Storries and His Discovery of the Lost Star "Eden." By Nettie Parrish Martin.

The author states that this work was suggested by a dream in which her two little boys came from some other world and took her away with them among the stars.

The John McBride Company:

The Harvest Moon. By J. S. Fletcher.

Described as a great heart-throbbing story—the love problem of unthinking youth; its penalty; its great reward when the price has at last been paid. The principal scenes are laid in Yorkshire, England.

Moffat, Yard and Company:

The Mallet's Masterpiece. By Edward Peple.

A Grecian story which centres about the statue of the Venus de Milo, and in which two sculptors are in love with Adonia, the daughter of the King of Melos. The King offered a great prize for the sculptor that should carve a statue worthy the place or honour in the marble theatre connected with his palace. Philotias and Vasta both enter the competition. The day previous to that on which the statues were to be exhibited Vasta enters the house of Philotias. Wandering about, not finding the sculptor in his accustomed place, he comes upon the almost completed statue upon which Philotias has permitted none to gaze save the fair Adonia and that only at her most earnest pleading. Gazing at the work of Philotias, Vasta realises how far superior it is to his own, and then looking down into the garden he sees his rival, in art and love, in the company of Adonia. Mad with jealousy, he seizes the sculptor's mallet, which lies on the floor, and, as he believes, destroys the work of Philotias. Later, when Philotias returns to the statue, the sight which greets him almost crushes the sculptor, but he sees suddenly that the mallet in the hand of an enemy has only made doubly sure the place of honour for his statue, "The Mallet's Masterpiece," as Philotias calls it.

The Neale Publishing Company:

Tamam. By Charles Chilton Moore.

Telling the story of a strong man's love for a beautiful girl. The two, though estranged by the girl's brilliant coquetry, remain faithful to their mutual unspoken love.

The Heart of Kentucky. By Mrs. H. D. Pittman.

This is a story of Kentucky in 1825, when the State was almost rent in twain b·· two political factions, the outgrowth of financial disturbances, and is based on the killing of the Attorney-General at his own door by a midnight assassin, presumablv a political adversary.

Fun and Pathos of One Life. By James T. DuBois.

A story of the varied career of a young American, Jack Stanley, who proceeds to take advantage of what his father had bequeathed to him in his will: "To my son Jack I bequeath a strong frame and a true heart, together with as much of the earth as he can occupy by his own efforts."

Rand, McNally and Company:

My Lady's Kiss. By Norman Innes.

A romance of the seventeenth century, the scenes of which are laid in Germany amid the struggle between the Catholics and Protestants, when one neighbour fought against another. The Count of Neufel's plans to besiege the estate of his neighbour, Conrad of Kemmel, and to accomplish this sends out a company of his men headed by a daring captain, Giers de St. Eu, who, at the last moment, offers to turn from his purpose provided he may have as a ransom a kiss from Ertha, the niece of Conrad. This is granted and the estate of Conrad saved, but the feud continues, the young people fall in love, and after many complications, imprisonments, and narrow escapes, they are happily married.

Fleming H. Revell Company:

The Sky Pilot. A Tale of the Foothills.

Black Rock. A Tale of the Selkirks.

By Ralph Connor.

The first two volumes to appear in the uniform de luxe edition of this author's books.

Charles Scribner's Sons:

Kincaid's Battery. By George W. Cable.

The story opens in New Orleans at the outbreak of the Civil War. Kincaid's Battery, of which the most gallant and well-known young men of New Orleans were members, is called to the front. Hillary Kincaid, captain of the battery, is in love with Anna Callendar, who returns his love. But Flora Valcour is also in love with him, and through her intriguing succeeds for a time in keeping Kincaid away from Anna. Flora's love for the young man leads her to become an army nurse. Thus she is enabled to follow him to the front. Anna, equally anxious to lend her services, is held a prisoner in Vicksburg. At the close of the war, when Hillary re-

turns to New Orleans, all Flora's scheming is brought to naught, even her mad attempt to take his life and end her own, for Hillary remains true to Anna and Flora, though she never loves the man, marries Hillary's wealthy cousin.

Sherman, French and Company:

The Miller and the Toad. By Richard Clifton.

The miller is a young man who, while resting one night in his mill, falls asleep and dreams a strange dream. A frog appears with a bright jewel in its head. This stone, as he watches it, changes to the girl he had loved. Together they wander through the spirit world and many things that have puzzled him are made clear. He bids tradition farewell and welcomes the Light of the World.

Stone and Barringer Company:

For the Love of Lady Margaret. By William Thomas Wilson.

An historical tale set in the Virginia of the eighteenth century and described as "A Romance of the Lost Colony."

JUVENILE

The Abbey Press:

Little Letters to Boys Grown Tall; or The Secret of Succeeding. By "Uncle Ned."

A series of letters written for the purpose of aiding boys to lead a happy and successful life. The author takes up such subjects as Business Life, Education, Choosing a Vocation, Reading, Obeying and Commanding, Self Trust, Ambition, Executive Ability, and many other topics of special interest to the boy and young man.

The Bobbs-Merrill Company:

The Wolf Hunters. A Tale of Adventure in the Wilderness. By James Oliver Curwood.

Two boys, with their Indian guide, spend the winter hunting wolves in the Canadian wilderness. Here they have many wild adventures and are attacked by a tribe of Indians. They come upon an old deserted cabin in which they find the skeletons of two men. They also find a bag of gold nuggets and a map which indicated the existence of a gold mine in the section. They at once start off in search of this mine.

The Live Dolls' Play Days. By Josephine Scribner Gates.

In which the dolls and the Teddy bears come to life and vie with each other for first place in the affections of their little mothers.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The Life and Strange Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe. Two Volumes. By Daniel Defoe.

A notable feature of this new edition is the inclusion of some sixteen illustrations which consist of beautiful reproductions of the fine engravings of Thomas Stothard.

Small, Maynard and Company:

The Land of the Lost. By Allen Ayrault Green.

Little Dorothy tells about her visit to that wonderful land to which all lost toys and pets are transported.

MISCELLANEOUS

D. Appleton and Company:

Camps and Cruises of an Ornithologist. By Frank M. Chapman.

The author, who is curator of birds in the American Museum of Natural History, has spent the past eight years in the preparation of a series of groups of American birds, known as "Habitat Groups," for the Museum. With his artist and preparateur, he has spent each nesting season of the birds in making the field studies on which this series of groups is based. In this work he tells of his many expeditions made in search of specimens, describing the bird life of two Atlantic Coast islands, that of Florida, the Bahamas, California, Western Canada, and other sections. There are about two hundred and fifty illustrations from photographs showing many pictures of bird life and some of the groups themselves.

Richard G. Badger:

Wisdom for the Foolish. By Lambkin Sphinx.

About three hundred epigrams with a comment on each by the compiler.

The Century Company:

The Mystery of the Pinckney Draught. By Charles C. Nott.

The author, ex-Chief Justice of the United States Court of Claims, discusses at length a much disputed point in the history of the Constitution of the United States, namely, how much of the work of Charles Pinckney, of North Carolina, is embodied in that document.

Thomas Y. Crowell and Company:

On the Open Road. Being Some Thoughts and a Little Creed of Wholesome Living. By Ralph Waldo Trine.

A little volume of sermonettes. The text on which the first is based is as follows: "To live our highest in all things that pertain to us; and to lend a hand as best we can to all others for this same end."

Government Printing Office (Washington, D. C.):

Report of the Librarian of Congress and Report of the Superintendent of the Library Building and Grounds. For the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1908.

Report of the Commissioner of Education for the Year Ended June 30, 1907. Two Volumes.

Houghton, Mifflin and Company:

The History of the Boston Theatre. 1854-1901. By Eugene Tompkins, Manager from 1878 to 1901. Compiled with the Assistance of Quincy Kilby, Treasurer from 1886 to 1901.

A volume which will interest many classes of readers—theatre-goers, dramatic collectors, librarians, actors, singers and theatrical people in general. It is the history of a theatre which has sheltered a wide range of celebrities, from tragedians and grand opera stars to negro minstrels and vaudeville performers; from statesmen and clergymen to athletes and pugilists. The volume contains over six hundred portraits, together with many reproductions of old wood-cuts from the illustrated newspapers of the early days of the theatre.

Mitchell Kennerley:

Health, Strength and Happiness. A Book of Practical Advice. By C. W. Saleeby, M.D., F.R.S. Edin.

The author's object has been to write a text-book of physical morality from the point of view of what he calls "The New Asceticism"—the doctrine that in man the original relation of the physical and the psychical has been reversed, and that large muscles, for instance, are only to be of value and to be desired if they serve their owner's mind; believing that while the cure of disease is only possible for the practitioner, the prevention of disease and the maintenance of bodily and mental health can be effected and practised through the art of writing.

Little, Brown and Company:

Naval Administration and Warfare. Some General Principles. With Other Essays. By Captain A. T. Mahan, U.S.N.

A series of ten articles which have been reprinted from various American magazines. The titles are: "The Principles of Naval Administration"; "The United States Navy Department"; "Principles Involved in the War Between Japan and Russia"; "Retrospect Upon the War Between Japan and Russia"; "Objects of the United States Naval War College"; "The Practical Character of the United States Naval War College"; "Subordination in Historical Treatment"; "The Strength of Nelson"; "The Value of the Pacific Cruise of the United States Fleet, 1908"; and "The Monroe Doctrine."

John W. Luce and Company:

Little Stings. By T. W. H. Crosland.

A volume of brief fables.

The Simple Jography, or How to Know the Earth and Why it Spins. By Oliver Herford.

Purporting to be a new work on geography by Peter Simple, F.T.G. (Fellow of the Terrestrial Globe). With pictures of Peter Simple, Theodore Roosevelt, the Earth and Others; and some imitations of pictures by Cecilia Loftus.

The Macmillan Company:

The Psychology of Singing. A Rational Method of Voice Culture Based on a Scientific Analysis of all Systems, Ancient and Modern. By David C. Taylor.

The author's thesis is a denial of the validity of the accepted mechanical methods of so-called scientific vocal culture, and assertion that the method of teaching by imitation—the sole method of the old Italian teachers—is actually founded on sound psychological principles.

The American As He Is. By Nicholas Murray Butler.

Containing the substance of a series of lectures which the author delivered some months ago at the University of Copenhagen, where he appeared at the invitation of the rector and faculty as an interpreter of American life. The book is divided into three parts: The American as a Political Type; The American Apart from his Government; and The American and the Intellectual Life.

The John McBride Company:

More's Millennium. Being the Utopia of Sir Thomas More Rendered into Modern English by Valerian Paget.

The aim of the present edition has been, as is stated in the introduction, to render Ralph Robinson's mediæval English translation, from the original Latin in which More wrote the Utopia some four hundred years ago (1516), into modern English, with a view to opening the pages of one of the most wonderful bits of romantic imaginative writing in the whole range of English literature to the general reader of to-day.

The McClure Company:

Justice and Liberty. A Political Dialogue. By G. Lowes Dickinson.

By means of a dialogue, carried on by Martin, a professor, Harrington, a nobleman and a man of leisure, and

Stuart, a business man, the author makes a study of the Forms of Society, the Institution of Marriage, the Institution of Property, Government, and other topics of political and social interest.

The Pilgrim Press:

The Gospel of Good Health. By Charles Reynolds Brown.

The Keen Joy of Living. By John Edgar Park.

Two new volumes in a series of little gift booklets. The covers are of heavy stock, double folded, printed in two colours. Each booklet is enclosed in an envelope ready for mailing.

SALES OF BOOKS DURING THE MONTH

The following is a list of the six most popular new books in order of demand, as sold between the 1st of December and the 1st of January.

NEW YORK CITY, UPTOWN

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Camp-Fires on Desert and Lava. Hornaday. (Scribner.) $3.00.
5. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill. Cornwallis-West. (Century Co.) $3.50.

NEW YORK CITY, DOWNTOWN

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.75.

ATLANTA, GA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Long Arm of Mannister. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.
6. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

BALTIMORE, MD.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
6. The Diva's Ruby. Crawford. (Macmillan.) $1.50.

BOSTON, MASS.

1. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. By the Christmas Fire. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Why Worry. Walton. (Lippincott.) $1.00.
6. Reminiscences of Lady Randolph Churchill. Cornwallis-West. (Century Co.) $3.50.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Kincaid's Battery. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.

CHICAGO, ILL.

1. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Shepherd of the Hills. Wright. (The Book Supply Co.) $1.50.
6. The Leaven of Love. Burnham. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. In the Iron Time. Hart. (Jennings & Graham.) $1.50.

CINCINNATI, OHIO

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. A Spirit in Prison. Hichens. (Harper.) $1.75.
6. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

1. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

DALLAS, TEXAS

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The City of Delight. Miller. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

DENVER, COLO.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

DETROIT, MICH.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. Arnold's Tempter. Comfort. (Clark.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Web of Time. Knowles. (Revell.) $1.50.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.

1. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
2. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
3. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Anne of Green Gables. Montgomery. (Page.) $1.50.
5. The Guest of Quesnay. Tarkington. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Hole Book. Newell. (Harper.) $1.25.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Circular Staircase. Rinehart. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
6. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

MEMPHIS, TENN.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Fly on the Wheel. Thurston. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Mr. Crewe's Career. Churchill. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
3. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.

5. Friendship Village. Gale. (Macmillan.) $1.50.
6. The Post Girl. Booth. (Century Co.) $1.50.

NEW HAVEN, CONN.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. By the Christmas Fire. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Simple Jography. Herford. (Luce.) $1.00.
5. Chateau and Country Life in France. Waddington. (Scribner.) $2.50.
6. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

NEW ORLEANS, LA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Long Arm of Mannister. Oppenheim. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

NORFOLK, VA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Bachelor Belles. Fisher. (Dodd, Mead.) $3.00.
3. Riley Love-Lyrics. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. A Million a Minute. Douglas. (Watt.) $1.50.

OMAHA, NEB.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. A Little Brother of the Rich. Patterson. (Reilly & Britton.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
6. Alice Freeman Palmer. Palmer. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.

PITTSBURG, PA.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Firing Line. Chambers. (Appleton.) $1.50.
4. The Lure of the Mask. MacGrath. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ME.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
5. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

PORTLAND, ORE.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Riley Love-Lyrics. Riley. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $2.00.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. Kincaid's Battery. Cable. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. By the Christmas Fire. Crothers. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.25.
4. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. Jennie Allen's Letters. Donworth. (Small, Maynard.) $1.50.

RICHMOND, VA.

1. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
2. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Robert E. Lee, Southerner. Page. (Scribner.) $1.25.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
6. Robin Aroon. Gordon. (Neale.) $1.25.

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.

3. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Cy Whittaker's Place. Lincoln. (Appleton.) $1.50.
5. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

ST. LOUIS, MO.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
3. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Little Brown Jug at Kildare. Nicholson. (Bobbs-Merrill.) $1.50.
6. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Cupid's Almanac. Herford. (Houghton, Mifflin.) 90c.
5. Luther Burbank. Jordan. (Robertson.) $1.75.
6. The Lady of the Decoration. Little. (Century Co.) $1.00.

SEATTLE, WASH.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
3. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
4. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. Alaska: The Great Country. Higginson. (Macmillan.) $2.25.
6. The Heart of the Red Firs. Anderson. (Little, Brown.) $1.50.

SPOKANE, WASH.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
5. The Riverman. White. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

TOLEDO, OHIO

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
4. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
5. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.
6. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. The Testing of Diana Mallory. Ward. (Harper.) $1.50.
4. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50.
5. The Guest of Quesnay. Tarkington. (McClure.) $1.50.
6. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.

WORCESTER, MASS.

1. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50.
2. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50.
3. Flower of the Dusk. Reed. (Putnam.) $1.50.
4. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50.
5. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50.
6. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50.

From the above list the six best selling books are selected according to the following system:

A book	standing	1st	on any	list	receives	10
"	"	2d	"		"	8
"	"	3d	"		"	7
"	"	4th	"		"	6
"	"	5th	"		"	5
"	"	6th	"		"	4

BEST SELLING BOOKS

According to the foregoing lists, the six books which have sold best in the order of demand during the month are:

	POINTS
1. The Trail of the Lonesome Pine. Fox. (Scribner.) $1.50	339
2. Peter. Smith. (Scribner.) $1.50	240
3. Lewis Rand. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin.) $1.50	195
4. The Man from Brodney's. McCutcheon. (Dodd, Mead.) $1.50	116
5. The Red City. Mitchell. (Century Co.) $1.50	78
6. Out-of-Doors in the Holy Land. Van Dyke. (Scribner.) $1.50	77

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THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE & LIFE



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Vol. XXVIII No. 6

THE BOOKMAN

AN ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND LIFE

CONTENTS FOR FEBRUARY

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Strong lust of gear shall drive him out
and hunger arm his hand
To wring his food from a desert nude, his
foothold from the sand.
His neighbours' smoke shall vex his eyes,
their voices break his rest,
He shall go forth till South is North,
sullen and dispossessed;
And he shall desire loneliness, and his
desire shall bring
Hard on his heels a thousand wheels, a
people, and a king;
And he shall come back in his own track,
and by his scarce, cool camp;
There he shall meet the roaring street, the
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